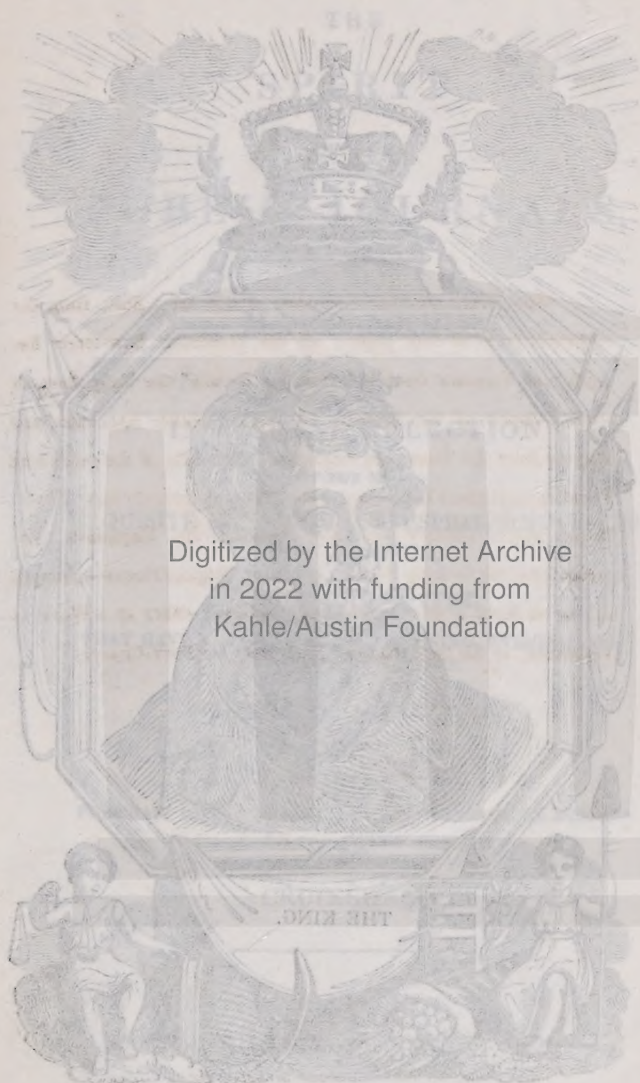


SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

1823.

THIS Work contains the Poetry of the John Bull, from the commencement of that paper ; all the humorous Bow-street Reports and Varieties from the Morning Herald ; the Epigrams and *Jeux d'Esprit* of the Morning Chronicle ; choice Anecdotes and *Facetiæ* from the Times and Examiner ; the whole of the celebrated Parodies on Moore's Melodies ; witty *Morceaus* from the New Times, British Press, Literary Chronicle, Museum, and Magazines ; Varieties from the Evening Papers ; and many Original Pieces—arranged so, as to form a most entertaining Volume, either as a Work of Reference, or for the LIBRARY, FIRE-SIDE, or POST-CHAISE.



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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS,
FOR THE YEAR
M.DCCC.XXIII:

BEING AN
IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST
EXQUISITE ESSAYS, JEUX D'ESPRIT, AND TALES
OF HUMOUR,

Prose and Verse,

THAT HAVE APPEARED IN THE MORNING, EVENING, AND
SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.



ILLUSTRATED WITH A
PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY, AND SIX HUMOROUS DESIGNS

BY
CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1824.

ADVERTISEMENT

OF

THE EDITOR.

IN selecting the Spirit of the Public Journals, from an enormous mass of chaotick matter, the Editor has endeavoured to divest this Volume of any thing like a political tendency, or affection for any particular party.

It was equally his wish and interest to gratify all sides, while, by so doing, he secured to his Readers the choicest Essays, without prejudice or partiality. If, on perusal, it should be admitted that he has displayed the industry so essential to such an undertaking, he will have obtained the highest reward he seeks. A great portion of the *Jeux d'Esprit* thus rescued from oblivion, are little, if at all inferior to the best papers of the English Essayists; and have been extracted from publications which are now scarce, or considered valuable, on account of these whimsical productions.

Of the few Notes and Alterations introduced, he will only say, he thought the former necessary; and,

in respect to the latter, he has been most desirous, in every instance, of preserving the spirit and wit of the originals; and where it was found essential to divest them of their locality, he has also been carefully attentive to the intentions of the writer.

It is intended that this Work should be continued at the commencement of every succeeding year. As there will be more time for its production, the plan will receive every improvement of which it is susceptible; and the selections being made from day to day, will contribute greatly to their variety.

THE EDITOR.

NOTE.—*It is more than probable, that, in quoting the various Journals from which the articles have been taken, several errors may have been made. It is hardly possible, particularly in the Sunday and Evening Papers, to distinguish borrowed articles from originals.*

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

NEW SERIES.

FOR 1823.

THE NEWS-PAPER ;

OR,

READY-MADE IDEAS.

I SING not of a tale of woe
That happ'd some ninety years ago :
I urge a theme that all must *know*—
The Paper.

At morn, when tea and toast appear,
And to the table all draw near,
What gives a zest to welcome cheer ?
The Paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
If the vile Newsman has forgot
The Paper.

What is't can draw the Vicar's eye,
E'en from the tithe-pig smoking by,
To mark some vacant Rectory ?
The Paper.

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs
Of Ensign gay, when fortune show'rs
Down prospects of " a step " in " ous ? "
The Paper.

Who is't can make the Man of Law
Neglect the deed or plea to draw—
Ca. Sa.—Fi. Fa.—Indictment, Flaw?

The Paper.

What is't can soothe his client's woe,
And make him quite forget John Doe,
Nor think on *Mister* Richard Roe?

The Paper.

What is't absorbs the wealthy Cit,
The half-pay Sub, the Fool, the Wit,
The toothless Aunt, the forward Chit—

The Paper.

What is't informs the country round
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer, and rise of bread,
And what fair lady's brought to bed?

The Paper.

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?

The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory?

The Paper.

What is it gives the price of Stocks,
Of Poyais Loans, and patent locks,
And Wine at the West India Docks?

The Paper.

What tells you too who kill'd or hurt is,
When turtle's fresh arriv'd, whose skirt is
Much relish'd by Sir William Curtis?

The Paper.

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,
 And murders done, and maids forsaken,
 And average price of Wiltshire bacon?

The Paper.

Abroad, at home, infirm or stout,
 In health, or raving with the gout,
 Who possibly can do without

The Paper?

It's worth and merits then revere,
 And since to-day begins our year,
 Think not you e'er can buy too dear

The Paper.

A PUNNING EPITAPH ON AND BY A PUNSTER.

A REPORT having been circulated in the Four Courts, of the death of a certain great Law Lord, he himself was supposed to have been the author of it, for the purpose of affording him the opportunity of giving the following lines to the public, and of enjoying the merit of them in his lifetime:

He's dead! alas! facetious punster,
 Whose jokes made learned wigs with fun stir:
 From Heaven's high court, a tipstaff's sent,
 To call him to his punishment—
 Stand to your ropes, ye sextons, ring,
 Let all your clappers ding dong ding!
 NOR BURY him without his due,
 He was himself a TOLER* too!

* Lord Norbury's name.

LIFE IN THE CHAMBERS, AND LOVE IN THE STREET.

THERE is not in this great metropolis, any place more prolific in love adventures than the various inns of court. Here are congregated together every variety of male biped, from the steady old bachelor of sixty, who shudders at the very name of wife, to the frisky young student of twenty-one, who is eating his Terms, and preparing himself for the forensic robe. Here too live in solitary singleness, many a London Reporter, and shoals of mad wags, Eccentrics, and Peep-o'-day Boys, who in chambers are under no restriction as to hours; and if they bribe the watchman, experience very little difficulty in *any other way*. Most of the latter are more occupied in their devotions at the shrine of beauty or of Bacchus than in the dull study of the law; and out of these very natural propensities arise many an adventure, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen.

Late one evening a fair damsel, in a richly-braided blue pelisse and plume-crowned bonnet, was brought into the office, faintly struggling—by two gentlemen. The lady was weeping—dropping tears “as fast as the Arabian trees their med’cinal gum,” as Othello says. Having deposited her on the long seat at the lower end of the office, they waited patiently for their turn to approach the magisterial table.

At length the approach being clear, the gentleman in the spruce olive surtout stepped forward, and leaning over the table as far as he could, for he was but a little one, he said his name was Barraclough; and

that he had been dreadfully annoyed by the lady at the lower end of the office.

“ Let the lady, then, be brought forward, if you have any charge to prefer against her,” said the Magistrate, and the officers in waiting led her forward: but she had not half crossed the room before her feet refused to walk, and the officers bore her to the table stiff and slantingly—her sable plumes drooping in sorrow, as it were, over her brawny shoulders, her eyes closed, and her whole countenance of that pallid death-like hue which distinguishes a full-blown Provence rose. In this state they held her before the bench, whilst Mr. Barraclough essayed to go on with his story: but the Magistrate being somewhat of opinion that the lady was in an *actual* swoon, directed the officers to carry her carefully into the open air, and endeavour to recover her; and Mr. Barraclough was desired to remain silent till she came in again, inasmuch as it was right she should hear what he had to say against her.

In a quarter of an hour the officers again led her in, and again she became stretched out and stiffening in their arms as they advanced, and they carried her up to the table again, as lifeless and blooming as ever.

The Magistrate was doubtful how to proceed, but as it was growing late—much beyond the usual time of sitting, and all other business disposed of, he told Mr. Barraclough he might proceed—so Mr. Barraclough began again.

He was a man of mild speech and few words; but it was clear to every body that he felt deeply. By what little he did say, however, we gathered that he and the lady *had been* very much enamoured of each

other's charms, but that latterly "the *reciprocity* has been all on one side"—the lady's side; for somehow or other the love of Mr. Barraclough—such love as it was, had evaporated.—(By the by, "Barraclough" is but an unlovely sort of name for a lover).—Well, they had been enamoured, and might have been so still, as Mr. Barraclough seemed to signify, only he found out that "she had got—to her heart a *second* lot," and, therefore became extremely desirous of cutting the connection; but the lady would not be so cut; she had no idea of being "whistled off" so easily; and so, the more he tried to cut, the more she stuck true. She almost "built her a willow cabin at his door, and call'd upon her love within *his chambers*," knocking and calling continually till the whole inn re-echoed to her love, and Mr. Barraclough was, of course, greatly scandalized. She even went so far as to intrude upon him in his tenderest moments, viz.—when he was walking along the Strand with *another* young lady!—She came up to him, whilst he was so walking, split the young lady's Leghorn by one thump of her fist, and boxed his ears, at one and the same moment. He bore these annoyances as long as he could, and then made up his mind to put an end to them.

"Aye," said his Worship, "you begin to find it is easier to get into a scrape of this kind than to get out of it; and you want me to assist you?"

In reply, the lady stated that her name was "Miss Ann Gerald"—(*fits*-Gerald, we presume), that her father resided three miles and a half out of town; that she had no other love in the world but Mr. Barraclough; and that Mr. Barraclough had used her very ill by deserting her, to take up with another. But as she promised *faithfully*, as she said, that she

never more would trouble herself about him, she was suffered to depart ; and sometime afterwards the following pathetic lines, written on the back of a feather-dresser's card, were picked up, near the spot where the officers had endeavoured to recover the lady from her fainting fit :—

“ O, Mister Barraclough,
“ If your love had been tough
“ As that of your true love—Anne,
“ You ne’er had felt the weight
“ Of her fist upon your pate,
“ Like a false-hearted man
“ As you are—Barraclough.”

ON A SWINDLING MUSICIAN,

WHO TOOK ENTRANCE-MONEY FOR A CONCERT, AND RAN OFF
WITH IT.

THO’ short his *tune*, his *touch* was neat,
Our gold he freely *finger’d*;
Quick both with *fingers* and with *feet*,
His *movements* have not linger’d.

Where lies the wonder of the case?
A moment’s thought detects it:
His *practice* has been *thorough base*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash ;
Has not a traveller the right
To change his *notes* for cash ?

THE SQUABBLE OF THE 'SQUIRES;

OR,

BELLY *versus* HEAD.

JOHN TURTEL, *Esq.* was brought to the office, charged with assaulting David Tullock, *Esq.* at an oyster-shop in Brydges-street.

'Squire Turtel had chosen to amuse himself by the intellectual gratification afforded in a dramatic representation, and therefore, as a matter-of-course sort-of-thing repaired, very naturally, for such purpose, to the Play-house.—On coming out of the Theatre a dispute appeared to have arisen between two noble (*not* men, but) *Members*, *Caput* and *Venter*, both equally dear friends of 'Squire Turtel, and to whom, after much reciprocal ratiocination, the point at issue was referred. In plain English, the *Head* of 'Squire Turtel took into its head, that it would be best to steer home to bed—but Mr. Turtel's *Belly* was of a totally different opinion, inasmuch as it felt assured that *Head* would be as sure of getting home as itself, let the hour be what it might, therefore suggested, that taking a few *oysters* could be but of little moment, and this it preferred to do, politely hoping that *Head* would not object to so trifling a request.—*Head*, on the other hand, "protested with equal obstinacy and good breeding," that it was impossible for *Belly* to foresee of *what* "moment" it might be, should *Head*, out of a blind partiality to a neighbour's opinion, give up the exercise of its own more sober judgment on a question of so much importance as it felt this to be.

The response of *Belly* to a hint of "*not foreseeing*," was somewhat ironical, and to this effect:—"Oh, certainly, where the *pocket* is concerned, it must on all hands be admitted that *Heads* are more competent judges of what is best, than *Bellies* dare presume to be; but in these cases it often unfortunately occurs, that the boasted wisdom of *Heads* is totally absorbed in *parsimony*, which makes them even forget that to *Bellies* alone are they indebted for the very faculties upon which they pride themselves; since, without *Our* support what a contemptible figure would the *Heads*, even of the HOLY ALLIES, cut, in the course of one little week?"—*Belly* smiled in the sleeve as the last sentence closed, well knowing that *Head* could not go home alone; whilst, on the other hand, *Head*, who had more than once felt the effects of contending obstinacy, felt it to be the best plan to *compound*, and offered to refer the debate to 'Squire Turtel, to which *Belly* (best acquainted with its own grounds of acquiescence) grumbled assent.

Just at this time the 'Squire came in full view of the oyster-shop; and *Belly* (as *Head* was proposing the subject in debate) giving him a most ill-natured pinch, 'Squire T. declared "upon his honour, that he spoke *conscientiously* whilst he voted for *Belly* without reserve." Upon this decision *Head* muttered between his teeth, whilst *Belly*, victoriously triumphant, was borne into the oyster-shop, regardless of all consequences that might ensue through a rapacity of the moment.

Now it chanced so to occur, that just as the question had been disposed of, 'Squire Turtel, with his usual liberality, seeing a *friend* of *Belly's* restrained

from following the bias of its own inclinations, by the pretty little *Head of Miss Nancy Night-ramble*, and which had lately *calculated on consequences*—the 'Squire, we say, observing that there was a *coincidence of opinion* of the said *Bellies* in question, commissioned the lips of his own *Head* to apply to the oral member of *Miss Nancy Night-ramble's*, to know if the lady had any objection to accompany him into the *repository* of fish?—The prudent *Head of Nancy* now bowed assent to the proposal, and the 'Squire and the *Lady* took their seats in a snug little box, waiting the event of the commands which the former had imparted to the waiter, who soon obeyed them, in producing a dish of natives, with the requisite *et ceteras* of the table. The *Bellies*, having professed a great partiality towards each other, had just began to partake of the fare thus provided for them, when, to their great annoyance, in marched 'Squire Tullock, who, as it should seem, being upon pretty fair terms with *his own Belly*, cared very little about any inconvenience to which he might put those of other people.

'Squire Tullock threw an expressive sort of look toward the 'Squire Turtel's box, but which was however, returned by 'Squire Turtel with a *rather blueish*-looking kind of frigidity of aspect: as who should say, "your absence will be the best company"—but 'Squire Tullock, not seeming to care for the *looks* of a phiz which shewed the chagrin of a *Head* previously disordered, (by an opposition from the *Belly*), sat down in the box opposite to the "happy [oyster-eating] pair," looked wicked at the *lady*, and observed to 'Squire Turtel himself—"I say, *Mister*, "you have nibbled a prime article here!"—But, alas! no sooner had the unfortunate expression escaped

him, than 'Squire Turtel felt his muscles contract and expand as though he had been under a galvanic operation;—and in one of those expansions, it was that his leg flew up *under* the table, and the “foot at the end of it” coming in contact with much force against the sensitive 'Squire Tullock's coat pocket, he, the said 'Squire Tullock, felt his honour insulted, and his person assaulted. *Honor* rose up in arms on the instant, his seat was invaded by the intrusive *toe* of the long-legged 'Squire Turtel—but *prudence* interfered, and assured the boot-kicked 'Squire, that the obtrusive foot *must be* attached to the leg of some low fellow, beneath 'Squire Tullock's dignity to *shoot at*—and honor was satisfied.—*Safety* then peeped in, and whispered that the surest way of obtaining *satisfaction* would be to go to Bow-street, and this hint meeting the views of 'Squire Tullock, he gallantly—took a cooling draught of soda-water to slake his irritation, whipt the affront in his pocket, and brought it to the office, in consequence of which he obtained a warrant, and *upon* which 'Squire Turtel was brought up to the office, where, upon a confession of the *kicking* concern in the *repository* of fish—he was held to bail for the rebellion of his leg, to answer for the same at the “Quarter Sessions.”

 EPIGRAM,

BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN, WHOSE DAUGHTER ARABELLA IMPORTUNED HIM FOR MONEY.

DEAR Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For *dumb* bells are fittest to open the chest.

POETRY OF THE JOHN BULL.

IN our selections of the Poetry from the John Bull, we have been guided by a strict sense of impartiality. In the irritated state of public feeling, arising out of the proceedings against the Queen, there was no want of wit and acrimony on either side. We have no wish to revive any thing personally offensive; but many of these songs are so interwoven with the politics and character of the times, and are, besides, so wittily penned, that we fear we should not fulfil our duty, wholly to reject them. In our selection we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid any thing that may prove individually offensive to the living, or perpetuate a rancorous stigma on the peaceful dead—*Audi alteram partem.*

WHIG ASS—URANCE.

The Earl of Grosvenor is an ass—

—enter of our freedom;

And were he Canterbury's Grace,

The Gospel in his Sovereign's face

He'd rather throw, than read 'em.

My Lord of Grantham is an ass—

—ailer of Black Wooler.

But if this blustering York Hussar

Were tried in any real war,

'Tis thought he might be cooler.

Lord Enniskillen is an ass—

—enter to Lord Grantham's

Bold, gen'rous, noisy *swearing* friends,

Till they have gain'd their private ends,

And that their patrons want 'em.

The Earl of Harewood is an ass—

—ured help in trouble;

For, when his Lordship condescends

Out of a scrape to help his friends,

He only makes it double.

The Earl of Morley is an ass—
 —istant to Lord Granville;
 His head outside is rich in *shoot*;
 But to beat any thing into 't,
 I'd rather thump an anvil.

Crazy Lord Erskine is an ass—
 —ortment of all follies:
 He was the first to slur the Queen;
 But since his trip to Gretna Green,
 He's wondrous kind to *dollies*.

The good Lord Kenyon is an ass—
 —uager of dissension;
 With feeble voice, and maudlin eye,
 He would have pray'd for infamy;
 And granted Sin a pension.

The Lord Ashburton is an ass—
 —iduous attender;
 No voter for the Queen is stouter,
 Although he knows no more about her
 Than of the Witch of Endor.

The Duke of Leinster is an ass—
 —ociate whom he flatters;
 Though by two uncles he was seen
 To hate a King, and love a Queen,
 Are rather ticklish matters.

Lord Blesinton's a stage-struck ass—
 —umer of Lothario;
 But by his talents, wit, or grace,
 (Had he but eyes to find his place),
 He's fitter for Paddy Carey O!

Lord Steward Cholmondley is an ass—
 —imilate Polonius!
 He dares not blame the mob-led Queen,
 Though he best knows her loves have been
 What others call erroneous.

Lord Arden's an official ass—
 —ignee of naval prizes;
 And as the moon affects the seas
 His loyalty obeys his fees,
 And with them falls or rises.

Lord Hampden is a twaddling ass—
 —assin of our patience;
 This Guelphic Knight, so dire and thin,
 Rides his white horse in the train of sin,
 Like Death in the Revelations.

In short, each Whig Lord is an ass—
 —emblage of all merit;
 And to reward their virtuous lives,
 May all their daughters and their wives
 The Queen's good taste inherit.

Note.—The four verses preceding the last, were not published till No. 9 of the Bull; but as they are a continuation, we have thought it best to connect them.

HOW TO MAKE A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

Placeat, quodcunque necesse est.

VULTEIUS APUD LUCAN. LIB. 4.

WHEN taxes oppress, and so trouble increases
 That *tenants* are ready to throw up their leases,
 And *farmers* declare they're with poverty bent,
How noble in landlords to lower their rent!
 But virtue is scarce, and we love e'en the ape,
 So pleasing to see it, whatever its shape.
 As FALSTAFF, when basted, degraded, disgraced,
 Turned round, and the charges against him out-faced;
 Made a merit of all, and much pleasure profess'd,
 For, "*I knew you,*" said he, "and connived at the jest;"
 So others have cried, altho' used like a dog,
 "'Twas wish'd—'twas agreed, they should travel *incog*!"

LOVE IN CHANCERY;

OR,

THE MISFORTUNES OF MISS DRUSILLA STREET AND
MASTER HORATIO REEVES.

THOSE who are in the habit of perusing the reports of proceedings in the Court of Chancery, will recollect that the love of two young people in the city of Exeter, named *Horatio Reeves* and *Drusilla Street*, were brought under the Lord Chancellor's notice some time since, and that his Lordship thereupon issued an injunction, prohibiting the said Horatio from marrying the said Drusilla. It has, moreover, been stated, that these youthful lovers, instigated, no doubt, by that "giant dwarf, *Don Cupid*," and not having the fear of the *Fleet* before their eyes, eloped from Exeter, with the intention of uniting themselves, in defiance of the solemn injunction above-mentioned. Now it appears that they contrived to elude the pursuit that was made after them by the father of Miss Drusilla, and also by the officers of the Court, who were anxious to serve the enamoured Horatio with a copy of the injunction. In this predicament, application was made to Bishop—"Indefatigable Bishop," as he is sometimes called—one of the principal Bow-street officers, and he soon discovered their retreat. He found them, by some means or other best known to himself, in *Myrtle-place*, or *Myrtle-grove*, Hoxton. Perhaps it was the name of the place that led him thither; for where could a pair of lovers be more appropriately concealed than in a *Myrtle grove*?

And “alas ! that an *Officer’s* cruel eye,

Should e’er go thither,
Such sweets to wither !”—

—But so it was, he did go, and of course he spoiled every thing—indeed, it would seem that he had no sooner made his appearance at the front door of the house, than “*love* flew out at the window”—the *lady’s* love at least.

It was just about dusk in the evening, when Bishop, armed with full powers for the capture of the lady’s person, proceeded in a hackney coach to Hoxton, and, alighting a short distance from the house in which he believed the lovers were concealed, he left his coach in waiting, and walked in silence towards the house. Not the slightest sound was heard from within ; but he had no sooner lifted the knocker, than the door was opened by a young lady, fully equipped for travelling—it was the fair fugitive, *Drusilla* herself ! She was surrounded by trunks, and band-boxes, and bundles ; and, as it afterwards appeared, she was at that very moment waiting the return of her beloved *Horatio*, who was gone to call a coach, to convey them to some other place of refuge.

“Your name, I believe, Miss, is *Drusilla Street*; and you are lately arrived from *Exeter* ?” said Bishop, with his accustomed courtesy.

“O dear no, Sir !” exclaimed the lady ; “I am Miss ——, the daughter of the mistress of the house.”

Bishop remarked that he had no doubt she was telling a *fib*, and desired her to introduce him to her mother. No ; she could not do this, as she was just going out ; but if he would walk into the parlour her mother would come to him presently. Bishop

was not to be *had* in this way; and so, taking the young lady by the hand, he led her into the parlour, and having rang the bell, the mistress of the house shortly appeared, who disclaimed all relationship to her, and declared she knew no more of her, than that she was the “strange young lady” who came to her house with a young gentleman a day or two ago, and hired her apartments for a week. Bishop now told Miss Drusilla his business, and she wept for at least a minute and a half; but she no longer denied that she was the identical Drusilla who ran away from Exeter with Horatio Reeves; and wiping away her tears, she put her handkerchief in her pocket—her *reticule* we mean—and declared she was glad she was caught, and should be very happy to return to her friends, if she was but “sure the *Lord Chancellor* would do nothing to her.” Bishop told her he had no doubt she would be very kindly received; and offering her his hand, she tripped lightly to the coach he had in waiting for her. The luggage was then put into the coach, and it was just about to drive off, when another coach drove up, and out jumped Mr. Horatio Reeves.—“Oh! Sir,” exclaimed the landlady, who was still standing at the door—“Oh! Sir, they have taken away the lady!”—“*Who* has taken her?” demanded the astonished lover.—“*Why I* have,” replied Bishop, and ordered the coachman to drive on—crack went the whip, and away went the horses—

“But who can paint Horatio as he stood,
Speechless and fix’d in all the death of woe.”

He did not stand so many seconds, however, but ran after the coach like a greyhound, jumped up

behind, and peeping in at the window, called mournfully upon Drusilla—"Drusilla, my angel, where are you going?" His angel sat snugly in the corner of the carriage, and made no reply; but Bishop, looking out at the opposite window, said, "Come, come, young chap, don't be rude, or I shall be under the necessity of taking *you* somewhere—get down from the coach instantly, or I'll take you into my custody." Horatio took the hint, and jumped down; but like a true knight, he continued to follow, even on foot, panting and puffing—and no doubt perspiring lustily, till the coach stopped in Bow-street; and then, his *Drusilla* having been deposited in a place of safety, without seeing him—for he could not with all his fervour, keep up with the coach—he attempted a parley with Bishop. But all he could make of it, and, indeed, all he seemed to care about, was *his share of the luggage* carried off with the lady. Bishop told him if he would call at the public office in Bow-street next morning, he should have what belonged to him; and with this promise he departed, apparently pretty comfortable. Bishop is a shrewd sort of a subject—his main object, no doubt, in getting him to call at the office, was to give the Chancery solicitors an opportunity of serving him with a copy of the injunction; and, if so, he completely succeeded; for Horatio was punctual in calling for "his share of the *luggage*." He was shewn into a private room, where, neither the copy of the injunction, nor "his share of the *luggage*" being ready, he amused himself with a volume of "Coke upon Lyttleton," instead of pacing the room with "distraction in aspect," and his arms folded across his breast to keep his heart down. In short, it was very evident that

he was still more *comfortable* than he was at his parting on the preceding night. By the bye, notwithstanding the desperate adventure he had undertaken, he seems of a cool phlegmatic temperament; and how “the infant” could have fallen so deeply in love with him, we cannot imagine; for, though he has a pleasing obliquity of vision in his eyes, his nose is embossed with very angry-looking pustules, and his person is remarkably spare and uncouth.—But—*de gustibus non est disputandum*.

At length, after he had pored over “Coke upon Lyttleton,” and “The Statutes at Large,” for about an hour and a half, the Chancery solicitor arrived, and served him with a copy of the injunction; and, had it been a tavern bill of fare, he could not have taken it more comfortably. He opened it, turned it about in different directions, and looked at it (deliberately enough) both on the outside and the inside, played with the red tape that bound it, and then—thrust it into his coat pocket—“I have sent for your proportion of the luggage, Sir, and it will be here directly,” said Bishop. Horatio gave a nod, as much as to say, “thank ye,” and looked out at the weather. In a minute or two his “share of the *luggage*” arrived. It consisted of some dirty shirts and cravats tied up in an old silk handkerchief, and a little band-box. Horatio opened the band-box. There was a well-worn hat in it, some dirty cotton stockings, and two or three pair of gloves, that, somehow or other, had lost the ends of the fingers; and there was, moreover, a very nice pair of yellow morocco slippers, nearly new. Horatio turned over these things for some time, seemingly in a sort of brown study; and at last remarked, that there was a piece of Irish cloth which he did not see amongst

them. Bishop said he understood the Irish cloth belonged to the lady. "No, Sir," said Horatio, "it belongs to me; it was to make me some shirts; but it is of no *great* consequence; let her keep it."

The cloth was sent for, however; Horatio tied it up in his bundle, put his bundle under his arm, and, balancing the band-box on the palm of his hand, he walked into the street, with the Lord Chancellor's injunction sticking out of his hinder pocket, like the handle of a stew-pan. Unfortunately, however, (for the picturesque), as he was crossing the street, the wind, which was rather high, blew the band-box from his hand; he attempted to catch it before it fell to the ground, but, instead of doing so, he struck it—up it went in the air, off flew the lid, and the old hat, the dirty stockings, the fingerless gloves, and the yellow morocco slippers, were scattered on the pavement. Horatio—the luckless Horatio—gathered them up as quickly as the wind, and the carts, and the coaches, would permit; but, whilst he was busied in getting them together, the *injunction* dropped from his pocket. At last he managed to cram them all, not forgetting the injunction, into the band-box, and calling a coach, he set off for the White Horse Cellar, with an intention, no doubt, of returning to his original occupation in Exeter.

The lady, in the course of the day, was delivered to her friends in town; and thus have ended the loves of Mr. Horatio Reeves and Miss Drusilla Street.

DAVID DOUBLE'S PETITION TO ONE OF THE INNS OF COURT.

THE Society of one of the inns of court having had iron bars put up at the entrance, to prevent porters, cattle, or other nuisances from coming in—it called forth the following lines from a “*fat single gentleman*,” to the Principal and Ancients :

YE *Principal* and *Ancient* Men, attend
To one of your unfortunate fat lodgers,
Whose *studies* make him *lusty*—Oh ! befriend,
Or I shall surely call you *ancient codgers*.

'Tis true I came here, looking to *the bar*,
And hop'd to have a *call* some day unto it ;
But at *your entrance* now there *many* are,
Indeed so many, that I can't get thro' it.

“ *I can't get out*,” as Sterne's poor Starling said,
Unless I ask the porter to unlock it ;
This must be alter'd, as I am so well fed,
Or 'gainst my *corpus* you must strike a docket.

This may reduce me to a decent size,
And let me pass your cursed bars of iron,
Put up to keep us from the *London cries*,
Which now your *sanctum sanctorum* environ :

For if I can't be *taken in*, 'tis clear
I cannot be *let out* ; and that gives trouble.
YE *Principal* and *Ancient* Men, Oh ! hear,
And let me *pass the bar*—I'm David Double.

CRIM. CON. IN LOW LIFE;

OR,

AN IRISH METHOD OF CUTTING A CONNECTION.

MR. DANIEL SULLIVAN, of Tottenham-court-road, green-grocer, fruiterer, coal and potatoe-merchant, salt-fish and Irish pork-monger, was brought before the Magistrate on a peace warrant, issued at the suit of his wife, Mrs. Mary Sullivan.

Mrs. Sullivan is an Englishwoman, who married Mr. Sullivan for love, and has been "blessed with many children by him." But, notwithstanding, she appeared before the Magistrate with her face all scratched and bruised, from the eyes downwards to the very tip of her chin, all which scratches and bruises, she said, were the handy-work of her husband.

The unfortunate Mary, it appeared, married Mr. Sullivan about seven years ago; at which time he was as polite a young Irishman as ever handled a potatoe on this side channel; he had every thing snug and comfortable about him, and his purse and his person together were quite *undeniable*. She herself was a young woman genteelly brought up—abounding in friends, and acquaintance, and silk gowns, with three good bonnets always in use, and black velvet shoes to correspond—welcome wherever she went, whether to dinner, or tea, or supper, and made much of by every body. St. Giles's bells rang merrily at their wedding—a fine fat leg of mutton and capers, plenty of pickled salmon, three ample dishes of salt-fish and potatoes, with pies, pudding, and porter of the best,

were set forth for the bridal supper : all the most considerable families in Dyott-street and Church-lane were invited, and every thing promised a world of happiness—and for five whole years, they were happy—She loved—as Lord Byron would say, “ She lov’d and was beloved ; she ador’d and she was worshipped ; ” but Mr. Sullivan was too much like the hero of his Lordship’s tale—his affections could not “ hold the bent,” and the sixth year had scarcely commenced, when poor Mary discovered that she had “ outlived his liking.” From that time to the present he had treated her continually with the greatest cruelty ; and, at last, when by this means he had reduced her from a comely young person to a mere handful of a poor creature, he beat her and turned her out of doors.

This was Mrs. Sullivan’s story ; and she told it with such pathos, that all who heard it pitied her—except her husband.

It was now Mr. Sullivan’s turn to speak. Whilst his wife was speaking, he had stood with his back towards her, his arms folded across his breast to keep down his choler ; biting his lips, and staring at the blank wall ; but, the moment she ceased, he abruptly turned round, and, curiously enough, asked the Magistrate whether *Misthress* Sullivan had done *spaking* ?

“ She has,” replied his Worship, “ but suppose you ask her whether she has any thing more to say—”

Mrs. Sullivan raised her eyes to the ceiling, clasped her hands together, and was silent.

“ Very well then,” continued he—“ Will I get lave to spake, your Honour ? ”

His Honour nodded permission, and Mr. Sullivan immediately began a defence to which it is impossible to do justice ; so exuberantly did he suit the action to

the word and the word to the action. "Och! your Honour, there is something the matter with me!" he began; at the same time putting two of his fingers perpendicularly over his forehead, to intimate that Mrs. Sullivan had played him false. He then went into a long story about a "*Misther* Burke," who lodged in his house, and had taken the liberty of assisting him in his conjugal duties, "without any lave from *him* at all." It was one night in *partickler*, he said, that he went, he himself, went to bed betimes in the little back parlour, quite entirely sick with the head-ache. *Misther* Burke was out from home, and when the shop was shut up Mrs. Sullivan went out too; but he didn't much care for that, *ounly* he thought she might as well have staid at home, and so he couldn't go to sleep for thinking of it. "Well, at one o'clock in the morning," he continued, lowering his voice into a sort of loud whisper; "at one o'clock in the morning, *Misther* Burke lets himself in with the key that he had, and goes up to bed—and I thought nothing at all; but presently I hear something come tap, tap, tap, at the street door. The minute after comes down *Misther* Burke, and opens the door, and sure it was Mary—*Misthress* Sullivan that is, more's the pity—and d—l a bit she came to see after me at all in the little back parlour, but up stairs she goes after *Misther* Burke.—'Och!' said I, 'but there's something the matter with me this night!' and I got up with the nightcap a'th' head of me, and went into the shop to see for a knife, but I couldn't get one by no manes. So I creeps up stairs, step by step, step by step, (here Mr. Sullivan walked on tiptoe all across the office, to show the Magistrate how quietly he went up stairs), and when I gets to the top I sees 'em, by

the *gash* (gas), coming through the chink of the window-curtains—I sees 'em—and ‘Och, Misthress Sullivan!’ says he; and ‘Och! Misther Burke!’ says she—and ‘Och! botheration!’ says I to myself, ‘and what will I do now?’—We cannot follow Mr. Sullivan any further in the *detail* of his melancholy affair; it is sufficient that he saw enough to convince him that he was dishonoured; that, by some accident or other, he disturbed the guilty pair, whereupon Mrs. Sullivan crept under Mr. Burke’s bed, to hide herself; that Mr. Sullivan rushed into the room and dragged her from under the bed, by her “wicked leg;” and that he felt about the round table in the corner, where Mr. Burke kept his bread and cheese, in the hope of finding a knife.

“And what would you have done if you had found it?” asked his Worship.

“Is it what I would have done with it, your Honour asks?” exclaimed Mr. Sullivan, almost choaked with rage—“Is it what I would have done with it?—ounly that I’d have *dagged* it into the heart of 'em at the same time!” As he said this, he threw himself into an attitude of wild desperation, and made a tremendous lunge, as if in the very act of slaughter.

To make short of a very long story, he did not find the knife; Mr. Burke barricadoed himself in his room, and Mr. Sullivan turned his wife out of doors.

The Magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace towards his wife and all the king’s subjects, and told him if his wife was indeed what he had represented her to be, he must seek some less violent mode of separation than the *knife*.

PREDILECTIONS IN DRINKING.

LET musty old Anchorites banish good wines,
 And renounce in the bottle their parts ;
 There is not a ray in the goblet that shines,
 But amends while it lightens our hearts :
 It cheers the dull Scholar, the Fool it makes wise,
 And the *Lover* may cease to complain,
 When he toasts the bright glance of his Mistress's eyes,
 And his sorrows drowns deep in *Chumpagne*.
 But variety even in Drinking we court,
 And mankind still to differ consent ;
 Thus the *Sailor* forgets all his dangers in *Port*,
 And the *Soldier* delights in his *Tent*.
 Here's *Spruce* for the *Dandies*, those fanciful elves,
 Whose joy's still to gaze in the glass ;
 For the *Miller* here's *Sack*,—and as bright as themselves,
 Here's *Madeira* for each pretty lass !
 With *Mountain* the *Traveller* will joyfully meet,
 To *Canary* good *Singers* all flock ;—
 The *Player* will *Punch* for his favourite greet,
 And *Cynics* are blest in *Old Hock* !
 Then let each fill his glass, till exhausted's our store,
 And a toast now to drink would you ask ;—
 Here's health to the Fair, and confusion to Care,
 And long life to the Sons of the Flask !

THE MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

WHEN *old Gripus* died, and went to the devil,
 To part with his *cash* sorely griev'd the old man ;
 But *highflying Jack*, his son, is more civil,
 For he sends it after him as fast as he can.

LIFE:

THE TRANSLATOR AND THE COUNTRY ESQUIRE.

“LIFE.” The following specimen of a certain kind of “Life”—once all the go, but now rapidly going out, was brought under the notice of the sitting Magistrate.

A poor harmless translator of old shoes was placed at the bar by a city officer, upon a charge of having stolen, or otherwise improperly obtained, a checque for 300*l.* from one John Freshfield, *Esquire*.

This John Freshfield, Esq. is a diminutive forked-radish sort of a young man; very fashionably attired—or, as he would say, *kiddily togg’d*; and, though it was scarcely noon, rather *queer* in the *attic*—that is to say, not exactly sober.

He stated his case in this manner:—“Here—I wish this fellow to say how he got hold o’ my checque for three hundred—that’s all, you know—let him come that, and I shall be satisfied—*rum go*—had it last night—missed it this morning—*d—d rum go*. Here—here it is, see! payable at Hankey’s—all right; *grabbed* him myself. Went to Hankey’s two hours ’fore bank opened—waited two hours—sat upon little stool, wouldn’t be done, you know—In he comes with it—*grabs* him! There he was—looked like a fool. Halloo! says I—how did you come by it? *Mum*. Hadn’t a word, you know. Only let him come it now—all about it, and I’m satisfied. Don’t like to be done—*a rum go*, but can’t stand it. That’s all.”

The city officer said the Lord Mayor had directed him to bring the prisoner to Bow-street.

The Magistrate asked to see the "cheque," as the Esquire called it. The officer produced it, and it proved to be not a cheque, but an acknowledgment from Messrs. Hankey and Co. that they had received 300*l.* from John Freshfield, Esq. for which they would account to him on demand.

"Pray have you an account at Hankey's, Mr. Freshfield?" asked the Magistrate.

Mr. Freshfield replied, "Who—I? not a bit of it. I'm from the country, you know. D—n town—had enough of it almost. Diddled in this manner. Its a *sick'ner*. Got it again, though—only want to know how that fellow—the *long one* there—came by it. Put the *blunt* at Hankey's to be safe—'cause wouldn't be done, and then lost the cheque! that's a *rum go*—isn't it, your Worship?"

The Magistrate asked the prisoner how he came by it?

He said he lodged at *Mister Burn's*, the *Fighting Man*, in Windmill-street, and two gentlemen there, whom he did not know, gave him the "cheque" to get cash'd.

His Worship directed an officer to go to Burn's house, and inquire about it.

In about half an hour he returned with *Mister Burn* in company.

"Burn, do you know any thing of this business?" asked the Magistrate—"who was it gave this paper to the man at the bar?"

"Who gave it him, your Worship"—said *Mister Burn*, "why I did."—"You did!—and pray how did you come by it?"—"Why, I won it, your Worship—

won it by *shaking in the hat!*" replied Mister Burn, squeezing the sides of the hat together, and giving it a hearty shake, to show his Worship the trick of it.

The Magistrate looked at Mr. Freshfield, who looked at Mr. Burn, who looked boldly round at every body, as if nothing was the matter; and at last Mr. Freshfield ejaculated—"Well, that is a *rum go*, however! D—n me, never thought of that, you know. Don't believe it, though. Coming it strong, eh! Burn! may be, though—won't be sure."

After soliloquizing some time in this style, he began a long history of his having gone from Burn's to Spring's, and Spring's to Burn's, and betting upon the "match for Monday;" and taking the long odds at one place, and giving them at another, till the Magistrate and every body else was quite weary of it. So his Worship discharged the prisoner; recommended *Mister Burn* not to addict himself to "shaking in the hat," directed the city officer to return Mr. Freshfield his 300*l.* "cheque," and advised Mr. Freshfield to put it into his pocket, and return to his home in the country as soon as possible.

THE ANGLER.

ARM'D cap-à-piè, with baskets, bags, and rods,
 Worms, maggots, brass, lead, the angler's god;
 More flies than Esmeralda's land endures,
 (Poor Piscatorius noble luck insures;)
 Come home, his looks this woeful tale pronounce,
 The luggage half a ton,—the fish an ounce!

CHARLEY'S MISTAKE.

ONE frosty night, a few weeks since, not more,
 Charley, instead of six, trudg'd home at four:
 'Twas piercing cold, and would be death to stay—
 He to his hovel, therefore, bent his way.
 Arriv'd—to bed he budg'd without a light,
 Not dreaming matters there were aught but right.
 His coat, his waistcoat, and his breeches too,
 With little care upon the bed he threw,
 And stepping in, with sort of shivering moan,
 He starts his rib, poor soul, not quite alone.
 " Bless me !" exclaim'd the wanton, " is it you ?
 " Come just in time to save your faithful Sue :
 " Quickly some brandy, prithee do procure,
 " My pain's too great for mortal to endure."
 In haste his scatter'd garments are replac'd,
 And Charley to the gin-shop may be trac'd.
 The brandy he receives—dubs up a shilling—
 For he, to serve his rib, was always willing.
 " This piece I cannot change," his hostess cried.
 " Not change it !" the astonish'd scout replied ;
 " I but a shilling on the counter threw,
 " And ask no change from that and brandy too."
 " A sovereign, Charles, or my poor eyes deceive me,
 " You from your pocket drew, and gave me."
 Scout stares with wonder—first the fact denies—
 Then smiles—and to his fob conveys the prize.
 Now posts, as he suppos'd, a second bob,
 Which he extracted from the self same fob.
 " Another sovereign !" Ma'am with haste exclaims,
 And Charley star'd, as tho' bereft of brains.
 Recover'd, he surveys with anxious care,
 The garments which contain'd the precious ware,
 And found them of the finest—kerseymere !
 The pockets too with care he fumbles o'er,
 And of these pretty pictures found a score ;

" Zounds !" he exclaim'd, "'tis strange to me,
 " That I, who only once a week a sovereign see,
 " Should all at once become possess'd
 " (And be, besides, so finely dress'd)
 " Of all this money, which my fob contains,
 " Why, Madam, 'tis enough to rack one's brains."
 Still Charley shrewdly guess'd how matters were,
 And hasten'd home t'adjust the business there,
 And change, for corduroy, the kerseymere.
 The corduroys, however, now were gone,
 And *his* frail rib with *him* who'd put them on :
 Time, she conceiv'd, scout's anger might assuage—
 But present death to meet his too just rage.

GHOSTS;

OR, THE QUESTION SOLVED :

A FACT.

THAT ghosts now and then on this globe would appear,
 Dick denied with his tongue, but confest by his fear ;
 And passing a church-yard one evening in fright,
 He met, and thus queried, a guardian of night :
 " Did you e'er see a ghost in your watchings, I pray ?
 " You're here at all hours—and *the thing's* in your way."
 " Not I," said the watchman—" and good reason why,
 " Men never come back when you get them to die :
 " If to Heaven they go, they are not so to blame
 " To return to this world of vexation to fret 'em ;
 " And if to that place it's uncivil to name,
 " I fancy, your honour, the devil won't let 'em !"

NEIGHBOURLY BICKERINGS.

BEST *versus* WHITE.

MR. JOHN WHITE, an elderly and somewhat demure sort of personage, whose hair, what little he had of it, looked as though it had been "daintily smoothed with a capon's grease," (like the bard's at Kenilworth castle), was charged with having assaulted and beaten one Mrs. Cornelius Best.

Mrs. Cornelius Best, a lady who was past her grand climateric, deposed, that Mr. White had, with malice aforethought, and *werry impolitely*, given her a black eye, broke her windows, and raised a mob about her house !

A whole bevy of fair dames corroborated her statement.

Mr. White made a very lengthy and deliberate defence, with a view to shew that he was a man more sinned against than sinning. He told how Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Best, and their numerous friends, had formed a party on purpose to pester him ; how they stole a *bootiful* green-house plant from his conservatory in the parlour window ; how Mr. Cornelius Best took *wulgar* liberties *vith Missis Vite* ; how he *pre-monstrutted* with him thereupon ; how Mr. Cornelius Best got the best of him at talking about it ; how he went home to tea, and "couldn't drink none," because *Missis Vite* told him he was a coward, for not beating Mr. Cornelius Best with his *fistesses* ; how she wished she was a man for his sake ; how he went to bed, and couldn't sleep a *vink* for thinking of it ; how he got up in the morning, resolved to do some-

thing; how he screw'd his courage to the sticking place with three whole glasses of gin; how he sallied forth in the might of the said three glasses of gin; how he placed himself before the house of Mr. Cornelius Best, and challenged him to come forth and be beat; how *Missis* Best came forth, instead of her husband; how she seized him by the cravat, and broke the windows with his head; and, lastly, how he had merely stood up to her manfully in his own defence, and any bruise she had received was her own seeking.

The Magistrate told him he was a troublesome subject, even in his own showing, and he must find sureties to be more peaceable in future.

Mr. White intimated that he had just thought of a few more words, which, with his Worship's permission, he would deliver; but his Worship declined hearing them; and poor Mr. White was consigned to the comfortless attentions of the jailer.

THE NEW COINAGE.

“ Double, double, toil and trouble.”

To think what sovereigns are—*abroad*,
And what *legitimate* reward

They have, who let them trouble 'em,
We cannot too much deprecate
That itch in men to imitate,
Lest *they*, like us, should *double 'em*.

“LIFE:”

OR, A SPREE AT THE THEATRE.

CHRISTOPHER DOBSON, and Harding Montague, Esquires *of course*, but very coarse Esquires, were charged with creating a disturbance, and assaulting the peace officers, at Drury-lane Theatre, during the performances there.

They were brought from Covent-garden watch-house, together with a gang of young thieves, disorderly cobblers, drunken prostitutes, houseless vagabonds, and other off-scourings of society; and a very respectable appearance they made. Christopher Dobson, a sturdy, burley-boned, short-visaged, curly-headed, whiskerless subject, with a hat of that cut called a *kiddy shallow*, and an enormous pair of bull’s-eye spectacles;—’*Squire* Montagu, a lean, lack-beardical, long-faced, sunken-cheeked, hollow-eyed, cosack-waisted concern, with a very gentlemanly imperfection of vision, and a silver eye-glass to correspond: and there they were for nearly an hour, before the arrival of the Magistrates, crammed among the tag-rag and bob-tail, in the common waiting-room, or *sweating-room*, as it is sometimes more properly called. Mr. Kit. Dobson, strutting to and fro, with arms a-kimbo, as vigorous as a turkey-cock, and his emaciated companion lolling upon one of the forms, lifting his eye-glass from time to time, and gasping like an expiring magpie; whilst the torn and bemuddled *toggery* of each of them, all tacked together with pins, gave rueful note of their love of “*Life*.”

Eleven o’clock at length arrived, and the Magistrates having taken their seats, the demolished Co-

Corinthians were ushered into their presence, and a charge, of which the following is the substance, was exhibited against them.

Between the third and fourth acts of *Wild Oats*, they were swaggering about the lobbies, insulting every body that came in their way; the “big one”—that is to say, Mr. Kit. Dobson—offering to *mill* “any body in the world,” and repeatedly exclaiming, “Oh, that a man of my own powers would come athwart me!”—and the “thin one,” (that’s Mr. Harding Montagu), lisping responsively, “That’s your sort! Go it, Kitty my covy.” Nobody taking the challenge, *Kitty my covy*, in the overflowing of his Corinthianism, seized the *thin one*, dashed him against the wall of the lobby, and shattered one of the lamps with his empty *knowledge box*. The *thin one* took it in good part, but Mr. Spring, the box book-keeper, who happened to witness the feat, was not so well pleased, and sent for Bond, the officer, to remove them. Bond prevailed upon them to be a little more quiet; but in a quarter of an hour after, he found them taking obscene liberties with the wretched women in the saloons, sparring, bellowing, and capering, like a pair of inebriated *ourang outangs*, as he said, to the great danger of the mirrors, and the scandal even of *that temple of depravity*. He again attempted to remonstrate with them; but all he could get from them, was a challenge to fight from *Kitty my covy*; and therefore he called for the assistance of his brother officers, determined to remove them entirely from the theatre. Jones, Lewis, and Drummond, of the patrol, and Sayers, a parish constable, came to his assistance; and now began what the Eganites call “*a prime spree*”—*Kitty my covy* laying about him with all his might, and the

thin one doing his little utmost to help him. The officers, however, got them out of the house; but they obstreperously insisted upon re-entering; and at last, after a long altercation, they conveyed them to the watch-house. In their way thither, *Kitty my covy* contrived to get hold of the hand of one of the officers, (Jones), and gave it such a twist, that three of his fingers were dislocated, and the tendons of the wrist so much injured, that the surgeon of the establishment gave it as his opinion, that he would not be able to use his hand for several weeks to come. When they got into the watch-house, this same *Kitty* behaved more like a mad bull than any thing else—refusing to go *below*, and threatening them with the displeasure of the Marquis of W——r. At length, however, they were put down; but in the conflict, Lewis (an old, and rather infirm officer) received such a savagely marked kick in the groin from Mr. Kit. Dobson, that he was laid senseless on the floor for several minutes. Drummond, another officer, of diminutive make, he also kicked violently on the stomach; indeed all the five officers engaged were injured in some way or other.

The Magistrates now called upon these amateurs of "*Life*" for their defence; whereupon Mr. Christopher Dobson delivered himself *verbatim* as follows:

"Why, your Worships, all I have to say about it is, that I *do* belong to His Majesty's service, but havn't been in the habit of being much in town, and the fact is, I don't know what it is; but this gentleman (the *thin one*) is my friend—I suppose we were not in our regular senses; certainly we were not so sober as we might have been—but the fact is, that we must make good any damage that we have done."

Mr. Harding Montagu said nothing, but he *gasped* pitifully, and looked altogether so droopingly *lacadai-sical*, that the very officers seemed sorry for him.

Their Worships ordered that they should put in bail, to answer the *five* distinct charges of assault at Quarter Sessions—Christopher Dobson, *Esquire*, in 100*l.*, and two sureties of 50*l.* each, and Harding Montagu, *Esquire*, in 80*l.*, and two sureties of 40*l.* each.

The unfortunate gentlemen remained locked up the whole day among the *other* unfortunates, in the strong room, and in the evening they gave the bail required; but it was at the same time intimated, that the Grand Jury had returned *five* true bills against them, and that they would in all probability be taken up on Bench warrants on the morrow. Oh this "*Life!*"

EPIGRAM

ON THE STATUES OF TRAGEDY AND COMEDY, IN THE FRONT
OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WITH steady mien, unalter'd eye,
The Muses mount the pile :
Melpomene disdains to cry,
Thalia scorns to smile.
Pierian springs when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to shew,
Their Comedy excites no laugh,
Their Tragedy no woe.

FOX'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE warrior claims his meed of praise,

And lives in martial story ;

But for the Patriot let us raise

Sublimar strains of glory.

This day Old England's darling child

Dame Nature kindly gave us ;

Then Freedom on his cradle smiled,

And breathed the power to save us.

Chorus—Come to his tomb, but not to weep ;

There Freedom's holyday we keep ;

The sacred altar let it be

Round which we vow to Liberty !

In manly youth what thought profound !

An eloquence how glowing !

Words, the base sophist to confound,

For Freedom ever flowing.

When were our native rights assailed,

And Fox sat by unheeding ?

His potent succour fail'd,

When Liberty lay bleeding ?

Chorus—Come to his tomb, &c.

The negro's galling chain he broke,

Its rights to conscience yielded ;

Corruption trembled while he spoke—

The weak oppress'd he shielded :

These laurels grace his sacred tomb,

Thus ran his race of glory ;

And ages yet unborn, shall come

And kindle at his story.

Chorus—Come to his tomb, &c.

O Sun of Britain ! set too soon—

O race too quickly speeded !

How to the splendour of thy noon

Has darkness foul succeeded !

Now rule a hard and coward band,
And terror's imps precede 'em ;
Ah ! how unlike that generous hand
That sooth'd the wrongs of Freedom !
Chorus—Come to his tomb, &c.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.

METHOD is the very hinge of business ; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family : the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. The calmness of mind which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality : a disorderly man is always in a hurry ; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere ; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business ; or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. “ Such a man has made an appointment.—Then I know he will keep it.” And this generates punctuality in you ; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you ; and have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

GENTLEMEN JEHUS MAKING THE MOST OF A JARVEY.

JOHN WIGLEY WILLIAMS, *Esquire*, was put forward from amongst a group of nocturnals, from St. Martin's watch-house. He had been given in charge by a hackney coachman, for non-payment of his fare. He was a young, and altogether *exquisite* personage; but his Parisian-cut *toggery* was sadly deteriorated by the dust and dirt of his subterraneous dormitory.

Coachee stated, that "this gentleman and another gentleman," at eleven o'clock the night before, called him off the stand in the Old Bailey; and before he could get down to let them into his coach, they both jumped upon his box, snatched the reins and whip out of his hand, and began flogging and driving away, "like mad," down Ludgate-hill, and up Fleet-street. He endeavoured to stop them repeatedly, but it was of no use; every time he opened his mouth, the other gentleman said to this gentleman, "Shall I shove him off the box, Wigley?" and every time this gentleman replied, "Go it!" In this manner they galloped on through Temple-bar, and along the Strand, cruelly flogging the horses at every step—"Don't flog my horses, Gentlemen, they arn't used to it," cried *Coachee*. "Shall I shove him off the box, Wigley?" said one gentleman—"Go it!" replied the other. At last they reached Charing-cross; and there *Coachee* mustered courage enough to make such a determined resistance, that all three were in danger of tumbling off the box in a bunch, and the horses

were stopped by some persons passing ; when one of the "*gentlemen*" ran away "*like a pickpocket*," as *Coachee* said ; and the other refusing to pay any thing for his ride, was handed over to the watchman, who carried him forthwith to the watch-house.

When the coachman had told his story, the Magistrate addressing himself to the captured *Jehu*, asked, "Pray what are you, Sir?"

"*Me*, your *Worthip*? I am *Mithter* John Wigley Williamths."

"That is your *name* only. How do you get your living, Mister John Wigley Williams?"

"*Me*, your *Worthip*? I—I—I—don't get my living at all, your *Worthip*."

"Well then, how do you describe yourself?"

"I *thuppose* your *Worthip*, *sthpeaking* of *mythelf*, I *thoud* *thay* I am a gentleman."

"A *gentleman*, Sir, is a very equivocal title now-a-days ; and if the coachman thinks proper to prosecute you for the assault upon him—for the forcible manner in which you deprived him of the guidance of his coach, certainly was an assault—I would then know something more of you."

The coachman said he would rather decline prosecuting for the assault, because it would be such a loss of time to him.

Mister John Wigley Williams said there was an agreement that they should drive themselves ; and he would have paid the fare if the coachman would have let him gone on as far as he wished to go. He complained bitterly of the treatment he had met with in the watch-house, having been thrust down into a filthy dungeon —

"Where all *other* disorderly people are put," said

his Worship, to save him the trouble of finishing the sentence.

The watch-house keeper said a bed was offered to the gentleman, but he would not have it, and was so very impudent and noisy, that it was found necessary to put him *below*.

The Magistrate ordered him to pay the coachman his fare from the Old Bailey to Charing-cross, together with two shillings for his time in attending to make his complaint.

Mister Gentleman John Wigley Williams obeyed this order without demur; and having paid another shilling for his discharge-fee, he was suffered to go home to his parents.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN WHO PROPOSED TO GO TO A
MASQUERADE IN THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES
THE SECOND.

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick,
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head!

HOW TO CATCH A CUSTOMER:

VERY DISTRESSING CASE.

A GENTLEMAN well known in the *rouge et noir* circles, presented himself before the Magistrate, to claim redress against a boot-maker in New-street, Covent-garden, who, he said, had done him an irreparable injury, and had wantonly inflicted upon him torments fit only for the inhabitants of Tartarus. The unfortunate gentleman had walked, or rather *twaddled* to the office in a pair of loose slippers; and there was such a manifestation of suffering in his voice, countenance, and gesture, that every body pitied him.

He said he had been miserable enough to have some dispute with his boot-maker, in which he might perhaps have expressed himself rather more warmly than the occasion warranted; but he little thought he was to suffer for it in the way he had done. On Saturday the boot-maker sent him home a pair of boots, which had been some time under repair; and on Sunday morning he put them on and walked out, intending to call upon several of his friends. But he had not walked more than two or three hundred yards, when his feet began to feel "cursedly uncomfortable;" and the more he walked the more uncomfortable they became. What the plague could be the matter with them he could not imagine; the boots were quite large enough, and the leather was soft and pliable. Well, he still tried, and tried, and fretted, and vexed, but it was of no use; his walk became a hobble, his toes totally lost

their wonted elasticity; and at last, without having called upon a single friend, he returned home—

“ His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet”—

—In as lamentable a condition, in short, as Peter Pindar's perplexed Pilgrim. “Bring the *boot-jack*, Molly!” he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of perspiration. Molly brought the *boot-jack*, and with eager anticipation of ease, he stuck his heel into the friendly fork, but, alas! he no sooner began to pull, than his agonies were increased tenfold! and the *boot-jack* was kicked away in despair. After a lapse of a minute or two it was tried again—and again he suffered the most excruciating torments. Oh! miserable state! Hercules himself could not have suffered more, whilst writing in the poisoned shirt of Nessus; and had the unlucky boot-maker been there at that moment, he would assuredly have experienced the same fate as the hapless Lychas—at least he would have stood a good chance of being pulled by the nose, and knocked down with the *boot-jack*. At last—for it is miserable to dwell upon such horrors—at last the gentleman, sweating at every pore, and wound up almost to madness with his pain, thrust his heel once more into the yawning jack, and pulled with such a desperate might, that his foot came forth with its poor toes completely scarified! Not only the stocking, but the skin was left behind, and even his very corns were torn up by the roots. Can any body imagine a sharper operation than this must have been? and then to be obliged to undergo the same operation on the other foot! suffice it to say, that the other foot was torn away in the same manner, and it came forth from the confounded boot almost as skinless as an anatomical preparation.

And now, what do our readers suppose wrought all this miserable mischief? Why—*cobler's wax*! The boot-maker had, with "*malice prepense*," as it would appear, lined the whole interior of the toe part of each boot with *cobler's wax*! The gentleman himself was firmly of opinion that it was done maliciously, and he urged the Magistrate to grant him redress.

The Magistrate observed, that it was a new case; and though it was certainly a most unpleasant one, he feared it could not be brought within his jurisdiction.

The gentleman suggested that it would probably come under the act for preventing the wanton destruction of property. His stockings had been destroyed, his boots had been spoiled, and his feet had been cruelly scarified. All this had been done wantonly and wilfully, he said; and in corroboration of the premises, he produced the pair of silk stockings which he wore on the agonizing occasion.

These stockings certainly were spoiled; and after much urging on the part of the gentleman, his Worship consented that a summons should issue for the boot-maker's appearance.

However, it came to nothing; for in half an hour after the gentleman crept back to the office, and said he and the boot-maker had come to an *eclaircissement* that would render his Worship's interference, unnecessary. What was the nature of that *eclaircissement* did not appear, but certainly the boot-maker who could put a poor gentleman to so much misery, has no longer any pretensions to be reckoned one of the "*gentle craft*."

THE OLD MAID'S REGISTER.

At 15 years is anxious for coming out and to obtain the attentions of men.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.

19. Is a little more difficult in consequence of being noticed.

20. Commences fashionable, and has a taste for dashing.

21. Acquires more confidence in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses a good offer because the gentleman is not a man of fashion.

23. No objection to flirt with any well-behaved gentleman.

24. Begins to wonder she is not married.

25. Becomes rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.

27. Affects to prefer the company of rational men.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.

30. Betrays the dread of being called an old maid.

31. An additional attention to dress is now manifested.

32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.

33. Wonders how men can neglect the society of sedate, amiable women, to flirt with chits.

34. Affects good humour in her conversation with men.

35. Too jealous of the praises of other women, more at this period than any other.

36. Quarrels with her friend who has lately been married.

37. Imagines herself slighted in society.

38. Likes talking of her acquaintances who are married unfortunately, and finds consolation in their misfortunes.

39. Ill nature visibly increases.

40. Becomes meddling and officious.

41. If rich, makes love to a young man without fortune.

42. Not succeeding, rails against the whole sex.

43. A partiality for cards and scandal.

44. Too severe against the manners of the age.

45. Exhibits a strong predilection for a Methodist parson.

46. Enraged at his desertion, and accuses the whole sex of inconstancy.

47. Becomes desponding, and takes snuff.

48. Attunes her sensibility to dogs and cats.

49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend her menagerie.

50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents her humour on her unfortunate keeper of animals.

THE JOYS OF WEDLOCK.

THE office afforded a very strong illustration of the truth of the proverb, "that there are more people married than keep good houses;" and it also affords an instance of the strange mutability of human affairs, in the brief account of the loves of John and Mary, and in the long and gloomy history of the matrimonial misery of Mr. and Mrs. Robarts. Some fifteen years ago, Mary was a fine sprightly girl; numerous were the lovers she refused. Her heart was her own, and she determined to keep it so, until one fatal day Mr. John Robarts, a full private in the 7th hussars, "came, saw, and conquered." John and Mary Robarts were in a few days united. But Mary in a short time, found out that a soldier's wife gets as little of his pay as of his company; and in some years she had not to complain of being favoured with either. Mrs. Robarts left the 7th hussars, and set up for herself. John was all this while making the most of a bad world. He had laid down his military rank, but being still fond of a sentinel's duty, had taken upon himself the responsibility of being a watchman in the vicinity of St. James's. On Saturday night he was surprised by a visit from the discarded Mrs. R. when a violent altercation commenced between them; she abused and called him all sorts of names: he tried to make her quiet, but in vain; she came again with redoubled vigour, and raised his temper so far, that in a passion he gave her a blow on the side of the head. For this assault did John Robarts stand before the Magistrate, with head up, feet out, and a full chest;

he wore a military undress, a blue coat, and a black stock, and waited at the point of attention with much composure. Mary's person had grown clumsy, and though a fine pair of black eyes may have excused some errors, and pleaded for her in the present instance, yet the virulence of her tongue, the violence of her manner, and the total contempt of propriety, which her own life evinced, excited rather an unfavourable impression on the audience. After much altercation at the table, as the assault was distinctly sworn to, the Magistrate ordered Mr. Robarts to find bail, for which purpose he immediately retired, and Mrs. R. with apparent self-gratification, followed.

CURIOUS DIRECTION.

London

Thomas Kennede, of the Rose and Crown of Sinsgilgis, to be forwar to Timothy Collins—to my Grief he is Dark of a Eye.

The copy of the direction of a letter delivered as above, July 2, 1821.

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

FOUNDED ON A RECENT FACT.

SAYS his Landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must *raise*,
I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf;"

"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; "your Honour's main good;

"For I never can *raise* it myself."

THE OLD BACHELOR'S REGISTER.

AT 16 years, Incipient palpitations are manifested towards the young ladies.

17. Blushing and confusion occur in conversing with them.

18. Confidence in conversing with them is much increased.

19. Is angry if treated by them as a boy.

20. Betrays great consciousness of his own charms and manliness.

21. A looking-glass becomes indispensable in his room.

22. Insufferable puppyism exhibited.

23. Thinks no woman good enough for him.

24. Is caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

25. The connexion broken off from self-conceit on his part.

26. Conducts himself with airs of superiority towards her.

27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.

28. Is mortified and frantic at being refused.

29. Rails against the fair sex in general.

30. Seems morose and out of humour in all conversations on matrimony.

31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.

32. Begins to consider personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.

33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.

34. Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.

35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.

36. Au dernier desespoir another refusal.

37. Indulges now in every kind of dissipation.

38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.

39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.

40. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.

41. A nice young widow perplexes him.

42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

43. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

44. The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.

45. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

47. Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.

48. Thinks living alone irksome.

49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.

50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.

52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.

54. Is in great distress how to act.

55. Is completely under her influence, and very miserable.

56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
 57. She refuses to live any longer with him solo.
 58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.
 59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bed-side, and intends espousing her.
 60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favour, and makes his exit.

A PARODY ON WATTS' HYMN.

“ 'Tis the voice of a sluggard, I heard him complain.”

: 'Tis the moan of old LOUIS, I hear him complain :

‘ I’ve deluded my people to warfare with SPAIN :’

As the priests are at mass, so is *he* on his throne,

An imbecile monarch, an indolent drone.

A little more craft, and a little more ruling,

Thus his days and his hours have been wasted in fooling ;

And when he snores up, for his *cap* on and crown,

His lethargy sinks him again on his *down*.

I past by his *palace*,—I saw the *disguise*,—

His JESUITS caressed him, his ULTRAS were *spies* ;

The robes that hung on him were ragged and poor ;

And his life, like a beggar’s, dependent once *more*.

Said I—‘ Ye ALLIES !!—’t is a lesson for *you* :

‘ This KING is a *picture* that soon you will *view* ;

‘ And thanks to the nations who freedom have cherish’d,

‘ That knowledge hath conquer’d, and despots have perish’d.’

THE MARCH TO BARNET, AND RICHARD'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

ON Kean's very sudden and unexpected return from America, Elliston, the manager of Drury-Lane, thought to have surprised the town, by making a public and triumphant entry into the metropolis with the *little* great man. To the honour of the profession, and the then members of the company be it recorded, they all (with one exception) refused to attend the Lessee in this piece of contemptible foolery; but Robert William was not to be disheartened by this exhibition of good sense in his actors: he had resolved on a cavalcade and pageant, and to make up in *numbers* what he wanted in *respectability*, he invited mine host of the Brown Bear, Bow-street, and a gang of pugilistic friends, to accompany him. In this way the great Tragic Actor was brought into London, and paraded round Catherine-street and Little Drury-lane, to the great delight of the frail sisterhood who inhabit that neighbourhood, and the sincere regret of all admirers of the drama, who either saw or heard of this degrading spectacle. The following humorous satire appeared in a Sunday paper, the 'Observer of the Times,' and was written by Charles Westmacott, the editor.

"Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretel of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Light vanity, insatiable cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself."

RICHARD II.

THE muffin countenance of the renowned Sancho Panza, illuminated with extatic delight on hearing

the well known bray of his lost dapple, bore no comparison to the refulgent lustre which animated the intelligent face of the Lessee of the *first Theatre in Europe*, when the red-coated distributor of the general post brought to the stage-door the welcome news of the arrival of Mr. Kean. The glad tidings shot like a comet thro' the arena of Old Drury. A cabinet council was immediately held, to determine on the best mode of giving his *entrée* to the metropolis all imaginable *eclat*. The chariot of Alexander the Great was out of repair, and the *ultra loyal devotion* of the *Lessee* gave him but faint hopes of being able to borrow the triumphal car in which Sir Francis Burdett first celebrated his return for Westminster. All the royal carriages had been put in a state of requisition to convey his Majesty and his retinue to Ireland, and the cream coloured horses of Astley's Theatre were under engagement to the rival house. In this dilemma NEWMAN's *hackney rattlers* were the only resource; four of these were ordered to attend at an early hour in the morning with four horses to each, eight postilions decorated with silk jackets and favours. Notes were dispatched to the *select* to attend the procession upon their *high-boned prads*. The Manager (with *his usual modesty* of style) announced *his gratification* to the public. The Coronation was suspended to make way for this *eminent actor*. The Foreign Ambassadors (it was said) had stated their determination to remain in town to enjoy the *delightful spectacle*, and it was suggested that the King's Levee and Drawing Room should be postponed for a fortnight, lest the arrival of this meteor of histrionic brightness should, by his attractive powers, diminish the attendant numbers, *outrivalling* and *eclipsing* the splendid allurements of majesty itself.

At an early hour on Monday morning the Russian Ambassador, Nat. Greaves, from his hotel in Bow-street, mounted his lofty *drag*, and proceeded to the place of rendezvous to marshal the cavalcade. Seven high-boned hackneys led the way, each *gemman* bearing a *white stick* in his *mauley*. Newman's rattlers, new *washed and dusted*, with his *posting prads*, harnesses and decorated with genuine brass; the *thong kiddies*, clean shaved, and dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, gave a lustre to the scene. In a short time the *Lessee of the first Theatre in Europe* arrived. Then did expectation swell the hearts of all present, and the busy note of preparation for the *start* spread through the extended line. The *Daffy* bottles were recruited for the march, and each horseman *gulped* down a *doctor*, to counteract the effects of the *raw* morning air. Thus accoutred and supplied, the well-known stentorian lungs of mine host of the Russian hotel gave the signal to advance. The motley group took the direction of the great northern road, followed by the carriage of the Lessee with emblazoned panels; the prompter's boy threw up his *tile*; and the scene-shifters, as they passed to take their morning glass of exhilarating *max*, sent forth ejaculations for the success of the expedition. Such a formidable group did not pass through the metropolis without exciting the vigilant inquiries of the police; and, on its arriving at Islington, it is reported the *City Light Horse* beat to arms.—The well-known *eloquence* of the Lessee, aided by the *convincing* manners of the Ambassador, soon satisfied the authorities, and the procession proceeded onwards without more interruption to the appointed place of meeting—the Green Man at Barnet. In a few minutes after their arrival,

clouds of dust, and the rattle of wheels, denoted the approach of the Hero. In front, on the box of the carriage, was a *lily white* newly imported Trans-Atlantic chief, brought over as a play-fellow for *Massa Richmond*. But who shall attempt to describe the scene that followed! the carriage, like the chariots of the Roman victors, was stopped by the devotion and eager curiosity of the surrounding group; and but for the precaution of mine host of the Green Man, the wheels might, in like manner, have passed over the bodies of some of the welcomers. The recognition of his hairy cap and hoarse "How d'ye do?" produced a shout that rent the air, and shook, with force of echo, Highgate's far-famed Tunnel Archway. The Lessee caught the hero in his arms,

"And when he deign'd to commune,
His greedie ear his accents did devour,
As falling from anointed dignitie."

Briefly he spoke of the Great Western World,—of all the money he had sent to Coutts's,—of the parts he played—success required no mention—and as for *gratitude*, he *wisely passed it by*; and when some injudicious friend did hint at this his sudden return, after his pledge to the Americans—he coolly said—

"He'd sooner trundle turnippes through the streets,
Than play to empty benches, seeking fame,
Without the *Nurse's* cordial spice of gaine."

Then after a lengthened pause he bade them draw around him in a circle, so disposed that no rude and unhallowed eye might catch a glimpse of the choice relic he had brought with him, to give new inspiration to the sons and daughters of Old Drury. First, he unfolded a mystic scroll on which some hieroglyphies

did appear, which on being reversed, displayed the drawing of a tomb erected to the memory of George Frederick Cooke. One hundred guineas was the cost; this he had generously paid, and all the reward he sought for and obtained was the GREAT TOE of that immortal Actor! This glorious relic to his native country in safe custody he had brought. When pale Luna shed her blue-eyed mystic light o'er the drowsy Yankee, he stole unto the tomb of genius, and from out the clay-cold sepulchre did separate this precious relic from the fleshless trunk of what was MIGHTY COOKE!

Here ————— Here ————— my friends, ye who love Edmund Kean, fall down and worship this memento. Every knee was bent, the *Lessee* caught the fragment in his hand, and with true Catholic devotion, kissed the precious relic, then passed it to the next, and so it made the transit of the circle, and each one from that moment caught the inspiration of Melpomene. An elegant *dejeuné* was provided by the *Lessee*, and after the greedy salutations had subsided, the procession began to retrace its march to the metropolis. At about eleven o'clock it arrived in Catherine-street, marshalled in due form, but without, as we could perceive, any addition to its numbers: having paraded round the Theatre, it stopped at the stage-door, where the Hero alighted. The whole corps dramatique, and persons employed in the house, were arranged upon the stage, and one general welcome hailed the return of the Actor, on whose abilities, to use his own words, the "*existence of the first Theatre in Europe depends—abilities which the unlearned Americans affected to despise.*" One pint of heavy wet was then distributed to every domestic in the establishment, and the actors

were beyond measure gratified by having the honour of *sucking* the Great Toe of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

Thus ends the celebrated March to Barnet, and the entrance of Richard into London. You, Mr. Editor, are not unacquainted with the natural *modesty* and aversion of the Lessee to any thing like a puff. You will therefore, I feel assured, insert this accurate description of the return of this great Actor. I sincerely lament that my old friend Rowlandson, who had promised to be present, overslept himself that morning. The loss to the public is severe, as well as to himself. A companion to Hogarth's March to Finchley would have immortalized him; and, I fear, he will never have a better opportunity for the display of his humorous pencil.

THE YOUNG FIDDLER AND HIS FATHER.

"CURSE on this fiddling," cries old dad,
To Ned, his only hopeful lad.
"You *lose much time* at this, you lout."
"No, Sir, *my time I keep*, don't doubt."
"Pshaw!" said the Father, full of spleen,
"But *to kill time* is all you mean."
"Pardon me, Sir, I may *beat time*,
"Yet think the killing him a crime."

ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

HERE lies, indeed, an honest friend,
His loss I much bewail;
I pity much his *latter end*,
For—"thereby hangs a *tail*."

THE TWO TAILORS.

ALTHOUGH the world has with one assent, agreed to consider the race of *cross-legs* as the most peaceable and innocent set of people—harmless from their occupation, and by nature gifted with but nearly a decimal part of manly power, two of the most forlorn of their *caste*, named John Harris and William Wall, could neither find protection in their hapless calling or their own insignificance, from the suspicion of being dangerous characters. They were brought up to the office after the comforts of a night's lodging in a watch-house, on the charge of a guardian of the night, that he found them prowling about at the corner of Arundel-street, in the Strand, at two in the morning; that on being questioned, they used their legs by way of exercise, and gave chase as long as their hearts would let them run.

The watchman thought it his duty to take them into custody, as they refused to give any account of themselves.

Mister Harris looked a soft and fair, and easy-going creature, that would not wilfully hurt a fly; his stockings dangling about his heels, and his easy slippers gave proofs of the stay-at-home nature of his intentions on that evening. Trade seemed to agree with him—he was sleek, plump, and rosy; and what excited some surprize in the beholders, he was a man of the *full grown size*.

Master Wall had the thimble in his very eye, and his nostrils were as sharp as the blades of a pair of scissars. When he stretched to his full height, he

might have measured about four feet four. He looked like "a forked radish."—The poor fellow seemed to shrink within himself, at the novelty of a charge being brought against one of his quiet way of life; yet he had sufficient recollection to make the most of his little body, which he brought attired in a well hung pair of blue pantaloons, and a regularly built green frock coat, not forgetting the velvet collar. He kept a silent tongue, and tried to hide himself in the shade of his more portly companion, who was appointed spokesman.

On the Magistrate asking them what explanation they could give, John Harris spoke up *like a man*. He said, neither of them really ever meant harm in their lives; they worked at Mr. Armstrong's, in Arundel-street, and on the morning they were taken up, they had been occupied very innocently, after a long sitting, in a short *patrole*; and as to running away, they might be excused, as they had only done so upon *instinc*.

The truth of this story was proved by the foreman of Mr. Armstrong; and, with the Magistrate's leave, the *two tailors*, arm in arm, glided away from the office.

Indeed he must have been a man possessing a large share of credulity, who could ever have suspected either of them of any mischievous intention.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. I.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS OF MY LORD LONDONDERRY TO THE
RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, ON HIS APPOINTMENT
TO THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA*.

Go where Plutus waits thee.

Go where Plutus waits thee;
But, while pride elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
And when, with golden treasure,
Thou shalt fill thy measure,
Oh! then remember me.
Though Indian arms may press thee,
Though nabobs may caress thee,
Though slaves may cry, God bless thee!
When far from hence thou'lt be;
Forget not thy dear Derry,
When sober, drunk, or merry,
But Oh! remember me.
When at night thou rovest
With the lass thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Or should some *native* beauty
Seduce thee from thy duty,
Oh! then remember me.
For though my head reposes
On a bed of roses,
Yet my eye ne'er closes
Till I've thought of thee.
O think of him who fought thee,
Bargain'd for, and bought thee;
Oh! George, remember me.

* It will be remembered Mr. Canning was appointed Governor-General of India, and was on the eve of departing, when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry made room for his present elevation.

When, around thee, dying,
 Wretched men are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And when, with joy, thou'rt gazing
 On their hovels blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Nor let Pity, stealing
 To thy heart, appealing,
 Raise one spark of feeling,
 Or draw one tear from thee;
 But let mem'ry bring thee
 Strains *I* us'd to sing thee;
 Oh! then remember me.

PUBLIC GUARDIANS.

Sed quis custodiet ipsos
 Custodes——

JUV. SAT. VI..

WATCHMEN, so vigilant of late,
 Are like our *ministers of state*,
 Who pounce upon the small offender,
 But with the great are mighty tender—
 Franklins and Olivers go quit,
 The *traps* escape, the *trapt* are hit.
 Poor culprits* tread the *mill* all day,
 The rich are *bail'd*†, and run away!
 Then here we ask—let who will read it—
Who watch the watchmen?—for they need it:
 None in the *West*, none in the *City*—
 And *Justice* cries, the more's the pity!

* Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

LEAR. Act iv. scene 6.

† Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.—Sat. viii.
 This felt the scourge for sins much lighter,
 While that escaped, and wore a *mitre*.

AN

ACCOMMODATING CUSTOMER "QUEERED."

As a caution to the unwary, we have inserted the following. In every paper may be seen the specious advertisement of some notorious swindler or Jew bill-broker, and numberless are the dupes who are daily inveigled in the nets of this pestiferous tribe of money-lenders.

Mr. Turner, a solicitor, came before Sir Richard Birnie, and applied for a warrant, for an offence committed under the 52d George III. commonly called Sir Thomas Plomer's Act, against a person who is now residing in the King's Bench prison, preliminary to his "white-washing" under the Insolvent Act.

The gentleman complained of, was no less a personage than George Charteris, Esq. who some time ago resided at a large ready-furnished mansion in Palace-yard, Westminster, in a Corinthian capital style, with a retinue of lacqueys.

By the statement of Mr. Turner, it appears that George Charteris, Esq. had been "doing" the *green*, and taking in the "deep ones," quite in the gull-catching style, for a considerable period, by making a figure, cutting a dash, living in the *mode*, and shewing an appearance of a first-rate out-and-out "swell."

Mr. Harvey, a young man of respectable connections, residing at Highbury-terrace, Islington, was meditating, in May last, in a very gloomy manner, though not among the tombs, on the means he could

adopt to raise a temporary supply of 200*l.*, when his eye caught an advertisement in a Morning paper, in which an offer was made by the advertiser, "a man of property," to discount the bills or acceptances of tradesmen, or persons of respectability, who were in want of a temporary supply of money, for an allowance of ten per cent.

Mr. Harvey's urgency for a supply of the "circulating medium," caused him, without further *meditation*, to apply to "the man of property," and like other "simple ones," was caught in the "trap;" the bait took, and of course he was "*done*;" and in the estimation of some of his particulars, he was "*done brown*." He applied according to the address given in the advertisement, and was there referred to George Charteris, Esq. No. 7, Palace-yard, where he hastened, gained admission into an ante-room, sent up his card, and being detained sufficient time to give him a proper idea of the personage that occupied the house, the servant in livery came and ushered him into an apartment where "the man of property" was sitting at his ease. Up he rose, and after two or three bows, a hem or two, please to be seated, &c. Mr. Harvey and George Charteris, Esq. were seated with their legs under the same table. Mr. Harvey wanted to borrow 200*l.* and George Charteris, Esq. said he was willing to lend it (this must be "a man of property indeed," thought innocent and unmeditating Mr. Harvey). "But I must have 10 per cent. upon what I lend," said "the man of property."—"Of course, Sir," replied Mr. Harvey.—"Money is very scarce," says George Charteris, Esq.—"I find it so," replied Mr. Harvey.—"Perhaps my acceptance for two hundred pounds—say four bills of 50*l.* each—would an-

swer your purpose," says "the man of property," "and you can give me your acceptance for 200*l.* which I can keep in my possession as security, till the four 50*l.* bills are paid."—"The liberality of your proposition," said Mr. Harvey, "is such, that I am willing to close with it instanter."—"But," rejoins "the man of property," "you must give me your bill of 20*l.* as a gift for the accommodation."—"Agreed," says Mr. Harvey. Mr. Harvey draws four 50*l.* bills, at six, eight, ten, and twelve months, on George Charteris, Esq. and he accepts them, and returns them to Mr. Harvey.—George Charteris, Esq. draws a 200*l.* and a 20*l.* bill on Mr. Harvey, and he accepts them, and returns them to George Charteris, Esq. The latter has the liberty of parting with the 20*l.*, but he undertakes to keep the 200*l.* bill in his possession, and when Mr. Harvey has satisfied the four 50*l.* bills, to return it to him.

These arrangements being completed between the parties, Mr. Harvey puts the four fifty pound notes into circulation, and pays them as they become due : but to his great surprise, he discovered last week, that the "man of property" had paid his 200*l.* bill away, contrary to the agreement ; and, therefore, he (Mr. Harvey) had given 20*l.* to lose 200*l.* ! Upon inquiring after George Charteris, Esq. he finds that he has bolted from Palace-yard, and taken refuge in "Abbot's Priory ;" and, to comfort him, the person who has received the 200*l.* bill, informs him "that Charteris is a notorious swindler." He then goes to his attorney, who put his thumb upon the 52d of George III. which states, "that if any bill-broker, or other person, shall obtain a note, bill, acceptance, &c. from any person, for a specific object, and shall use it

otherwise than as agreed, &c. they shall be guilty of a misdemeanour," &c. The attorney recommends Mr. Harvey to apply to Sir R. Birnie for a warrant, and on Monday the application was made.

A lady, named Bartlett, of whom George Charteris, Esq. rented the house, No. 7, Palace-yard, attended with Mr. Harmer; she stated that she arrested Charteris in September last for rent, and he paid her the 200*l.* bill accepted by Mr. Harvey, and gave her a gold watch, chain, seals, &c. which she had now in her possession, as security for her rent.

Mr. Harmer said, that Charteris was a most complete swindler, who had some how or other obtained admission into the first circles of society; in fact, he went to Court at the last levee, and the poor "sufferer" of a tailor, who furnished the court dress for himself and servants, had been "diddled" out of his money.

Sir R. Birnie referred to the Act of Parliament, and upon Mr. Harvey swearing "that he gave the accused no authority to put the bill into circulation, but that it had been circulated contrary to a specific arrangement," a warrant was issued, and conveyed to the Marshal of the King's Bench, who had the accused confined within the walls of the prison, as is usual in such cases.

SPARTAN EPIGRAM,

BY A DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND UPON HIS LATE WIFE.

Two bones from my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp.*

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISHMONGER'S
HALL.

Is that dace a perch?
Said Alderman Birch;
I take it for herring,
Said Alderman Perring.
This Jack's very good,
Said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Alderman Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
Said Alderman Brown;
But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, I'faith man,
Said Alderman Waithman.
And I too, I'fatkins,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,
Said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Bridges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by ten men,
Said Alderman Ven-
Ables; yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how fur 'tis,
Said Alderman Curtis.

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

From air kept and from sun,
 Said Alderman Thomson.
 Packed neatly in straw,
 Said Alderman Shaw;
 In ice got from Gunter,
 Said Alderman Hunter.
 This ketchup is sour,
 Said Alderman Flower;
 Then steep it in claret,
 Said Alderman Garret.

THEATRICAL TREES.

Of all the trees that I have known,
 Of pippin, nonpareil, or warden;
 Give me that *tree* so sweetly blown,—
 The *Vocal Tree of Covent Garden*.
 But would I chuse a slenderer form,
 That *dances* with the elfin train;
 I'd shelter from the threat'ning storm,
 And seek the *Tree of Drury Lane*.

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

AN old gentleman of the name of Gould having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus :

“ So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,
 A girl of eighteen is in love with—*old Gould*.”

To which his friend replied :

“ A girl of eighteen may love *Gold*, it is true;
 But believe me, dear Sir, it is *Gold* without *U!*”

“ HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT:”

A LOVE STORY.

AMONG the crowd of applicants that thronged around the magisterial table, was one whose case—though not a very singular one, we fear—must nevertheless excite deep interest, especially among those whose destiny has made them familiar with the “charming agonies of love—whose misery delights.”

The applicant in question was a damsel—not a very delicate one, it is true, but strong, and well-built, and a tall damsel “of her hands.” She was enveloped in a long grey cloak, her face was partially shaded by an immense bonnet—her bonnet was adorned with ribbons which had evidently seen better days—and her ringlets hung negligently over a brow that doubtless would have been much cleaner had it been washed within the last three days. Any body, even the most casual observer, might perceive that she had some heavy business in hand. She repeatedly advanced to the table, whenever the Magistrate appeared to be disengaged for a moment, and as repeatedly retired from it without speaking, as some less timorous applicant approached—and every time she retired she drew her long grey cloak more tightly around her, “and heaved a sigh so piteous and profound, that the discharge did stretch her”—*what* shall we say?—‘*leathern coat,*’ in the text of the poet, but that will not do in this case (howbeit her *natural* coat did indeed partake somewhat of the appearance of new leather)—“that the discharge did stretch her ‘*full blown charms*’ almost to bursting.”

At length the coast was tolerably clear, and she once more advanced to the table—looking anxiously on each side of her, as though she dreaded further intrusion. However, no one advanced, and she addressed the Magistrate with tolerable composure.

"If your Worship is perfectly at leisure," she said, "I wish to ask your advice as to what I had better do about a young man who has used me ill."

The Magistrate regarded her attentively whilst she spoke, and not doubting but she was about to make a charge of *violation*, or something of that sort, he desired her to follow him into a private room. She did as she was desired; but as his Worship put some questions to her as they walked through the office, he ascertained, long before they reached the private room, that it was not violation, nor any thing of that kind, of which she had to complain, and he therefore returned to the bench—observing as he resumed his seat,—“Really, my girl, I have nothing to do with matters of this nature. It seems you are in love with some young man, who has promised to marry you?”

“Yes, Sir,” replied the damsel, bobbing a curtsy.

“Well, if he has broken that promise, you may have your action of damages against him.”

“Thank you, Sir!” said the damsel, eagerly interrupting him—“thank you, Sir!”

“But I can give you no assistance.” The damsel seemed perplexed.

“What! he has married somebody else, I suppose?” asked his Worship.

“O dear me—no, Sir!” she replied: “we keeps company together the same as ever—and he’s nothing to say against me; for I can have a good character from the last place I lived in—and he’s very kind to

me; but then he keeps *fobbing me off* from one month's end to another, and I can never get him to book, say what I will!"

The Magistrate upon this observed, that he thought it a proof of the young man's discretion, for marriage was at all times a serious undertaking, and now its very entrance was beset with difficulties.

"Then your Worship can do nothing for me?" asked the damsel, in the most disconsolate tone imaginable.

"Nothing, my good girl," replied his Worship; "nothing but recommend you to have *patience*."

The poor wench looked as if she had much more to say; but a crowd of other, and more common-place suitors pressed forward to the table, and she and her anxieties were compelled to give place to the hoarse complaint of a Hampstead sand-carrier, about his stolen *donkey*!

THE SEXES.

AN Ape, a Lion, a Fox, and an Ass,
Resemble Man's life, as it were, in a glass;
Apish they are until twenty-and-one;
Bold as a Lion, till forty is gone;
Cunning as Foxes, till three-score-and-ten;
They then become Asses, and are no more men.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot,
Resemble the life of a Woman;
Gentle as Doves, until fourteen is o'er;
Loving as Sparrows till thirty or more;
Prating as Parrots, till three-score-and-ten.

A FREE TRANSLATION

OF A LETTER SENT BY PRINCE HILT TO A FRIEND AT PARIS.

FROM climate hot and hot campaign

I write, "*ma chère amie*,"

To let you know how nobly Spain

Agrees with France and me.

All folks, misled by false pretences,

Are coming to their chains and senses,

And all the crowds I see,

Adore, without the smallest shyness,

The Inquisition, and my Highness.

Whene'er we meet a whiskered foe,

He's murdered and defeated ;

(My Bulletins have told you so)

Yet corpses have retreated,

And every day the battle slain,

Substantial ghosts, start up again ;

And Hell and I are cheated,

And blade and bullet seem to soften,—

We kill the brutes so very often !

We pass our time delightfully ;

I like, as I'm a sinner,

My laurels after victory,

My claret after dinner ;

But meat and mirth are very dear ;

And poursuivant and pioneer

Are growing rather thinner ;

And, though I love the Spanish Ladies,

I wish they'd let us into Cadiz !

I dote upon Madrid Nobility,

Where Dons and Dames abound ;

And patronise Madrid civility,

Where drums and vivas sound ;

I also like the Friars and Nuns,

The cowls, the canons—not the guns—

And gaze in rapture round,

When all the Counts, and all their wives,
Damn the Guerrillas, and their knives.

The Peasantry seem quite content ;
The King has got the gout ;
The Cortes seem securely pent ;—
The Devil may drive them out :
Old Moncey has been often bit,
But he has length of beard and wit,
And minds what he's about ;
While Mina swears in every weather,
And cuts his jokes and throats together.

You know O'Donnell's plot was blown ;
And General Morillo
Might just as well have left alone
His petty peccadillo.
They did not, little love, amuse,
And were not of the smallest use ;
And I must wear the willow,
And mourn that two such glorious traitors
Brought nothing but their grins and gaiters.

Adieu ! you'll understand my story
From this right royal rhyme ;
I've gained a deal of ground and glory,
And lost a deal of time.
My uniform is much admired,
I'm getting wonderfully tired,
My boots are quite sublime ;
And I remember in my prayer,
Paris, kid gloves*—*et vous, ma chère !*

* It is well known that " the Ladies whom the Bourbons love,"
are always requested to wear kid gloves.

THE MERRY MOURNERS ;
OR, THE LAMPLIGHTER'S FUNERAL.

AN elderly matron, one Mrs. Bridget Foggarty, the lady of an operative architect (*vulgo*, a brick-layer), was charged with having wantonly assaulted a patrol whilst in the execution of his duty.

It seems that a deceased lamplighter was interred on Thursday evening, in St. Pancras burying-ground, with much funeral pomp, there being more than two hundred of his brother *illuminati* present, each bearing a blazing torch, in celebration of his obsequies ; and this, it was said, is the universal mode of lighting a lamplighter to “ that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” Of course the spectacle attracted crowds of people. Wherever crowds of people are collected, there the patrol very properly repair, to prevent disorder ; and the officer in question was there for that meritorious purpose, when Mrs. Bridget Foggarty abruptly gave him a slap on the cheek with her own right hand—that hand being all begrimed with tar, in consequence of her having held one of the half-melted funeral torches, whilst the bearer of it took a little of Deady’s consolatory, on his way back from the mournful ceremonies.

This was the assault complained of ; but the officer said he did not wish to be hard with Mrs. Foggarty ; neither would he have taken her into custody, had not the surrounding multitude echoed the blow with such a shout of exultation, as gave the lady a very evident intention of repeating it.

Mrs. Bridget Foggarty, when asked by the Magistrate what she had to say for herself, wept audibly,

and assured his Worship that she took the gentleman for a friend of her husband's, or she never should have taken such a liberty with him as that here: she declared that it was not *tar* upon her hand, but *soot*—plain ordinary soot, “off of a chimney-sweeper;” and if his Worship pleased, she would tell him all about it.

His Worship did not object, and she proceeded to state, that she had been to see her husband, then lying ill in the hospital; that, on her return, she went to see the lamplighter's burying, and the folks were all very merry, “and quite *larkish*, in a manner;” that being curious to see what sort of a coffin it was, she *shrouded* herself through the mob, till she reached the brink of the grave, and had no sooner done so, than the mob pushed a chimney-sweeper into it, and pushed her atop of him; and that was the way her hands were blacked.

The Magistrate told her, he thought her visit to her sick husband should have disposed her more seriously than to be mingling in such a disgraceful scene; and desired her to go home and conduct herself more decently in future.

Mrs. Foggarty was very thankful for the lenity shewn to her, and departed, curtseying and drying her eyes.

EPIGRAM.

TRUTH they say lies in a well,
 A paradox forsooth;
 For if it *lies*, as people tell,
 How can it then be *truth*?

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. II.

REMEMBER THE DEEDS OF SIR BILLY THE FAT.

Air—"Remember the glories of Brian the brave."

REMEMBER the deeds of Sir Billy the Fat,
 That rosy-gill'd Alderman bold ;
 Whose time-serving loyalty ever comes pat,
 Himself and his King to uphold :
 O say not that *int'rest* e'er sway'd his pure breast,
 Or sullied the patriot's fame ;
 For if *censur'd* by Cits, or by statesmen carest,
 Fat Billy is still much the same.

O, London ! when Nature embellish'd thy halls
 With this huge piece of turtle-fed flesh,
 Did she ever design thee for turbulent brawls,
 Or with coarse jests thy sons to refresh ?
 No, Nature intended that some servile tool
 Should thy liberties try to invade,
 That thy sons might in future dread both knave and fool,
 And despise a court-sycophant's trade.

Forget not those chop-fallen *worthies* who stood
 In the day of disgrace by his side ;
 Who heard the *dread censure*, and blush'd red as blood,
 Who spake not, but look'd sad, and sigh'd ;
 The Mayor, that now graces the grand civic chair,
 Saw their blushes, and shar'd in their pain ;
 But Billy the Fat, with a good-humour'd stare,
 Swore *he'd laugh ! for to blush was in vain !*

DANCING MAD;

OR, THE MERRY PATLANDER.

DAVIS V. O'DONAGHU.

MICHAEL, or, as he himself called it, "*Mykle* Donaghu," was brought up on a warrant for assaulting and beating James Davis.

Mr. Davis is a tall gaunt, lank-haired, melancholy, middle-aged Englishman; *Mykle*, on the contrary, is a short, plump, curley-headed, bushy-whiskered, merry little Irishman. They both lodge in the same house—*Mykle* uppermost, and thence comes the grievance, for *Mykle*, when he is *beery*, and seldom's the time he is not—is given to dancing. Mr. Davis is a man of staid and serious habits, who goes to bed every night when the clock strikes ten, and every night—just as he gets into his first sleep—home comes sprightly *Mykle* brimful of beer, and begins dancing his "*Irish fundangoes*" about the room over-head, till he shakes down great patches of the ceiling upon poor Mr. Davis below—nay, it was stated by a *credible* witness, that he sometimes dances so vigorously as to shake down the ceilings in the adjoining house! Mr. Davis bore these irregularities as long as he could, but at last his patience, as he said, was quite entirely exhausted; and one Friday night, he ventured to tell *Mykle* that he would bear it no longer! when, what does *Mykle* do but seize the *poker*, and threaten to "*Kennedy* him" (beat him with the *poker*), if he dared to interfere with his private amusements. Mr. Davis, quiet as he is, had too much spirit to let any man swagger over him in this manner; and whilst

Mykle was “shelalagh-ing about” with his poker, he attempted to take it from him ; and in the attempt he received sundry thumps on the head and shoulders, which made his eyes strike fire.

Thus far was Mr. Davis’s statement ; and now for *Mykle* Donaghu :—

“ Please your Honour,” said he, “ is it bekase a man canna dance if he’s merry ?—and Misther Davis, says I, is it myself that isna’ to dance the bit bekase the lazy likes of ye canna get yere sleep before sun down ? I shall go to the bed in reasonable time, when I like meself, Misther Davis, says I. Come out o’ that, ye Irish Grecian, says he—come out o’ that and I’ll give it to ye. And with that he pulls the coat of him, and shakes his fist in the face of me ; and come out o’ that, says he, again, and I’ll give it t’ye. Faith Mr. Davis, says I, and if ye will give it to me, ye shan’t say ye give it to me for nothin, for be th’ powers I shall *Kennedy* ye, my jewel ; and with that I took Kennedy to myself, and he had his fists in his own hands, y’r Honour, and faith it wouldn’t be aisy to say which of us had the best of it,” &c.

Some witnesses, brought by Mr. Davis, admitted that he had challenged *Mykle* to come out of his room, and that something like a regular fight had taken place between them ; and therefore the Magistrate dismissed the warrant. “ But, Michael,” said his Worship, “ do not let me hear any more of your tricks : drink less beer in future.”—“ I sholl, Sir,” said *Mykle* ; “ and Michael, let me advise you to go home in better time in future.”—“ I sholl, Sir.” “ And above all, Michael, get another lodging as soon as you can ; and take care that your amusements do not disturb your neighbours.” “ I sholl, Sir !” reiterated honest *Mykle*,

and making a bow—so low that the tattered hat he held in his own right hand, almost touched the floor, whilst his left leg kicked up behind—he gave his Worship St. Patrick's benison, and left the office a merrier man than he entered it.

AULÆ SACRÆ.

THE chamber was all hung with regal things,
Arms and escutcheons rich, and coats of mail,
Such as the Spaniard from the Ebro brings,
O'er which no Moorish javelin can prevail,
And banners blazoned like the peacock's tail.
The roof with sculptured arches was embowed,
Along whose ribs lay snakes with glittering scale,
But in the midst in holy beauty glowed
Angels and saintly forms down gazing from their cloud.

Far as the eye could glance, were room on room
Glowing with tapestry and all-coloured stone;
Where burning censers sent their thick perfume.
But in the farthest shrine an altar shone,
On which a crystal chalice stood alone:
A mantled form unmoving knelt thereby,
There was the offering of a heart undone;
The taper's light fell on a heavy eye,
A cheek where many a tear had washed its youthful dye.

PULCI.

THE QUEEN'S INNOCENCE.

THE mob-led Queen, with bold pretence,
Boasts that she's "Clothed with innocence."
Of any clothes I'm glad;
But may I hint without offence,
She's rather *lightly* clad.

LIBERTY.

BREATHES there the man, whose servile breast
 Is sunk in languor's fatal rest,
 Whilst o'er him, 'mid the gathering storm,
 Oppression rears her hateful form?
 Who, when her foot to earth would tread
 Those rights for which his fathers bled,
 Hopes not, nor strives to stay their fall,
 But one by one resigns them all?
 Breathes such a man? I will not ask

What country gave him birth:
 He did not spring from English mould;
 For such a soul, thus tame, thus cold,
 Would rouse his angry sires of old,

And drag them back to earth.

Breathes there the wretch, whose feeble eye
 Ne'er pierc'd the film of slavery—
 Who never felt the glow of shame
 O'spread his cheek at Freedom's name—
 Nor blush'd to see himself accurst,
 Of slaves, the veriest and the worst?
 Breathes such a wretch? O'er eastern climes,

Unheeded, let him roam;
 His law a haughty tyrant's frown;

A den of slaves his home.

There let him dwell; for climes like these
 May well the dastard spirit please;
 Where burning suns and deserts dry
 Parch up the springs of energy;
 Where even language owns the sway
 That tramples on the soul's decay,
 And cannot find a word to tell

That sound which freemen tone so well.

There let him dwell, to freedom lost,

Contented, if he can,

Whilst Nature, shrinking from his shade,
 Shall view with scorn the thing she made,

And blush to call it—Man.

But I, whom northern climes have rear'd,
 Whose cheek the cutting wind has sear'd,
 Whose ear hath fancied as it past
 That Freedom spoke in every blast;
 Whose foot hath wander'd with delight,
 O'er Snowdon's cliff and Skiddaw's height,
 Where Britain's ancient sons defied
 The haughty Romans' baffled pride;
 Who oft have trac'd th' historic page
 (The record of a former age),
 Which paints my hardy sires of yore,
 The hopes they felt, the fears they bore;
 Shall I, thus nurtur'd, basely tame,
 Renounce the glories of their name,
 And quit the path they trod?
 Whilst busy infamy shall trace
 The recreant losel of his race,
 His children's scorn, his sire's disgrace—
 The outcast of his God?

Never!—Oh! never! Curse the thought
 That dwells on ease by Freedom bought!
 Wither the heart that does not burn
 When Justice weeps o'er Freedom's urn!
 And be that eye in darkness set,
 Which views, nor views it with regret!
 Mine be the choice my fathers made—
 Be mine their battle cry,
 When fighting for their rights of yore,
 Dauntless and brave, each warrior swore
 “To conquer, or to die!”

OUT OF SPIRITS.

“Is my wife out of spirits?” said John, with a sigh,
 As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
 “Quite out, Sir, indeed,” said her maid in reply,
 “*For she finish'd the bottle this morning!*”

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS ;

OR,

A BIT OF FUN WITH THE CHARLEYS.

Two young men—the one a deputy drover, and the other an operative boot-maker,—were charged by a watchman with having “bother’d him on his bate,” and refused to “go along off of it when he *tould* ’em.”

He was asked to describe the nature of the *bother*, and he said they came rambling up to him *intosticatedly*, and *ax’d* him—“Charley, where are the *waits*?”—“I don’t know,” says I—“get along out of it; and don’t be after axing about such nonsense,” says I—“We won’t,” says they—“we’ll wait for the waits, and have a dance, for we’se nothing better to do—without we go back and break open a house!” says they to me,—“Fait,” says I, “but ye’d better be off to the beds of ye, out of the *kould*,” says I; “and with that they got hould of me, and twirled me about and about for a bit of a *waltz*, as they called it.”—In short they twirled him, and he twirled his rattle, till at length they were waltzed away to the watch-house.

The defendants were asked what they had to say for themselves, and the drover undertook to be spokesman,—“Your Worships, I lost two fat *ship* (sheep), and goz me over the water to see for ’em, and couldn’t find ’em not nowhere, your Worship. Dang the *ship*, says I; *vauts* the use of *vauking* my legs off arter ’em; I’ll get a drop of summet warm and comfortable; so I goz me into a public-house, and call’s for a pint o’beer with the chill off; and the beer, and the vexing about the *ship*, made me desperate hungry; and

so I *vauks* myself to a slap-bang shop, for a half a pound o' beef; and just as I'd got it up to pop in the first bit, a voman, *vaut* I knows nothing *ov*, comes behind me and vips it off the fork—"Hallo! 'misses,' says I, don't you come that ere again!"—

Here his narrative was broken off by the Magistrate desiring him to come to the watchman's charge at once; and he cut short his story by showing his wrist, marked with five little wounds, all in a row, which wounds he said were inflicted by the teeth of the lady, who wanted his beef, and that he "got *vell* *vhopp'd* into the bargain by some of her chaps;" then the loss of his sheep, the bite of the lady, and "the *vhopping* of the chaps," made him reckless of every thing; and meeting with his old friend the boot-closer, they went and got tipsey together; and in that state they thought to have a bit of fun with the watchman; but he was "sich a sulky chap," that he shut them up for it.

The Magistrate told them to pay their fees and go home, and to mix a little wisdom with their merri-ment in future.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF A WELL-KNOWN CLASSICAL PUN.

"*Tu Doces.*"—"Thou Tea-chest."

WITHIN the precincts of Soho,
A tea chest fell on Peter's toe,
And made him dance a reel:—
Screwing his visage up, he saith,
"Thou art a *shrewd* instructor, faith!
Thou *teachest*! I can feel."

GRAND ORDER OF PROCESSION,

DETERMINED UPON BY THE HOLY ALLIANCE FOR THEIR
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MADRID.

Intended for April 1, (A. D. —.)

Hatchet-men, crowned with laurel,
His Highness the Duc D'Angouleme at their head.

Members of the Holy Inquisition.

Banner—Death's head and cross bones.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Racks, and implements of torture.

Victims in chains, male and female, selected from the best blood
of Spain. Representation of an Auto de fe.

THE ROYAL EMBROIDERER,

Mounted on an Ass, sitting cross-legged, and stitching a silk
petticoat.

Naked statue of an old Courtesan, called Spanish Mary.

Drunken Monks, singing *Te Deum*.

VOLUNTARY NUNS,

Conducted by their Fathers, with the assistance of ropes.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE FAITH.

Chapeau bras, tinsel coat, paper ruffles, ne'er a shirt, wooden
sword.

A troop of Married Women, escorted by *Abbés*,
and Superiors of Convents;

Their Husbands at a respectful distance.

ROYAL LEGION.

Priests, Cooks, Dancing-masters, and Fiddlers.

Court Buffoons, ten a-breast.

THE AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,

Mounted on the shoulders of the Emperor of Austria, and King
of Prussia.

Civilized Cossacks sucking Spanish blood.

MINISTERS OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE,

With a map of Spain, divided into four parts.

French Ultras—raving for the old *regime*.

The Bastille rising from its ruins, surmounted by the words

"Lettres de Cachet."

Statue of Freedom, with the head off.

EMBLEMS OF AGRICULTURE,

viz. a broken Plough, drawn by a lean Cow, and an Ass.

Acts of the Cortes turned upside down.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES,

Comprised in one single figure, executed in blood-stone, though not after the antique, prostrate, and biting the dust.

GENTLEMEN PENSIONERS OF THE HOLY ALLIES,

Each carrying a cornucopia.

Grand choirs of spies, in praise of tyranny, rapine, blood and murder.

French, Austrian, and Prussian fools marching by hundreds, led on by Death.

GRAND TRIUMPHAL CAR,

In the shape of a pig-stye, upon wheels, drawn by French Royalists, shouting

“LOUIS LE DESIREE.”

An old French Hog, bloated and drowsy, supported by

Ten Cooks on his right,

Ten Priests on his left, wallowing in sensuality.

The Book of Fate, hermetically sealed, carried by Prince Talleyrand,

Arch-Chancellor of the Empire.

STATUE OF BIGOTRY,

Supported by monsters in blood-stained garments.

Demireps—four and four,

Interspersed with *Princes of the Blood*, *Dignified Clergy*, and *French Noblesse*.

Regiments composed of troops just released from the galleys, or rescued from execution.

The carriage of the British Ambassador *empty*—the coachman and footman in deep mourning.

STUPID MISTAKE.

SIR ROBERT WILSON, K. M. T.

What's that? says a Southwark wight;

La, says his neighbour—don't you see?

That means our M. T. knight.

THE WAILINGS OF THE BAR.

“ Oh! how I long to flash my maiden wig.”

“ A LAWYER,” says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, “ is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe.” There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shews a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit—that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love too) has perhaps just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow’s wages; and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court, many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is well known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit, upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you, to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they

have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch ; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear, from my inner room, the murmur of inquiry and answer ; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes ; I was not long suffered to doubt : my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider ; and after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were ‘with me’ would be convenient ; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard ——— open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech ! I lost all feeling of rivalry ; and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker

was even more concise, and yet, my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old Court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the Judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court, was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white-inclined plane, at the upper end of which I was standing, turned suddenly round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy 'Learned Friends' looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal, how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing, would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said I knew not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a phantazma or hideous dream. They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in

a loud voice, used violent gestures, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the news-papers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders—and I also read, that "Mr. —— followed on the same side."

BELLATOR MORIENS.

IN the dim chamber, on his couch of Ind,
Hung round with crest, and sword, and knightly vane,
Was stretched a cuirassed form, that inly pined
With memories keener than his mortal pain;
And oft around his darkening eyes would strain,
As if some evil visitant were come;
Then press his wasted hand upon his brain,
Mutter low words, and beckon thro' the gloom,
And grasp his couch, as if he saw the opening tomb.

The fearful secret murmured from his lips—
'Twas "Murder;" but his voice was now a sigh;
For o'er his spirit gather'd swift eclipse.
He strove to dash the darkness from his eye,
Then smote with nerveless hand upon his thigh;
But there the sword was not;—a deeper groan,
A start, as if the Summoner were nigh,
Told his last pangs; his eye was fixed as stone—
There lay a livid corpse, the Master of the Throne!

PULCI.

THE MERMAID'S PETITION TO THE LORD CHAN-
CELLOR.

Air.—"Oh! take me to your arms my love."

PROTECT me in your Court, my Lord,
Or whither must I go?

I'm naked shown in sport, my Lord,
And made a public show.

A lonely fish,
'Tis yet my wish,
If with you I prevail;
To be secur'd,
From scoffs endur'd,
And thus preserve my tail*.

I once skimm'd o'er the ocean,
The blythest *Maid* at sea;

Nor had I then a notion
Of cares in store for me.
My *comb* and *glass*†,
No more, alas!

Will cheer me in the gale;
My songs no more
Shall lull its roar,
Then, Oh! preserve my tail.

Let not law's crafty pleadings
Meet your august regard;
Spurn all their vile proceedings,
And take me as—*your Ward*.

* It was asserted in most of the daily papers, that this "dried specimen" was the body of a *monkey*, to which a *fish's tail* had been ingeniously added.

† It is well known by all who have been in the habit of seeing Mermaids, that their combs and glasses are a *sine qua non* whilst singing to the mariners.

Tho' in law's net,
 I'm *naked*, yet,
 My *sex's** sneers assail;
 Then spare my *shame*,
 I'll bless your name,
 And, Oh! preserve my tail.

AN EXQUISITE.

BUT Stultz sometimes exports a dandy over,
 Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*,
 (Being delicate, they always cross by Dover)
 To show us exiles how a coat should fit.
 Now don't mistake, or think I mean to cover
 This *caste* with ridicule—O, far from it!
 I'm told they're lady-like and harmless creatures,
 With something of hermaphroditish features.

I like to look at them! the cheek of cream,
 Too soft for love, or wine, or war, or mirth, to
 Disturb into expression; eyes whose beam
 Is delicate as wax-light; voice for earth too
 Dulcet by half!—such beings as, 'twould seem,
 A maiden lady might have given birth to,
 Without once erring from her frigid *strada*,
 Or flirting with a soul, except her shadow.

You'll know one by its stays, screw-spurs, perhaps
 A lew'd-sketch'd box that music, and not snuff, fills—
 To show the diamond finger off that taps:
 Its puny chest bulged out with vests and ruffles,
 As if 'twere furnished, like the sphinx, with paps—
 But still more like a turkey stuffed with truffles,
 Pshaw! 'stead of heaving sail thus rigged to roam,
 I wish those apes in stays would *stay* at home.

* We pretend not to be conversant with the natural history of this genus of "animal creation;" but presume the "specimen" to be the "*softer sex*," never having heard of a *male Mermaid*.

THE IRISH FRUITERESSES ;

OR, THE RIVAL POMONAS.

BURKE V. MACMULLINGER AND O'CONNOR.

Mrs. Catherine Macmullinger and Mrs. Jane O'Connor were brought up on warrant, to answer the complaint of Mary Burke, spinster.

When the case was called, the parties advanced to the table, attended by a cloud of witnesses ; and Miss Mary Burke, having bobb'd an introductory curtsy, said, " God bless your Wurtchip, I keeps a little bit of a stall in Cleer-market, and by the same token my name's Mary Burke, your Honour ; and Katty Macmullinger and Jenny O'Connor, they keeps stalls alongside o'me—one behint and t'other 'afore, your Honour, iust over against Misthress Parkinson's gin-shop at the corner ; and this blessed morning, your Honour, while I was selling my little bits o'things, and saying nothing at all to nobody—barrin the customers, your Wurtchip—Kate Macmullinger comes up to me, and knocks me right flat down on the broad o'me back, your Honour, and Jenny O'Connor jumped o'the belly o'me till I was like to be quite undecently sick, your Honour's Honour."

Whilst this story was telling, the accused ladies lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment, and at the close of every sentence exclaimed, " Bad luck to false swearing, any how !" " Don't believe a word of it, your Honour ;" &c. &c.

However they had no evidence to disprove the assault, and they were held to bail.

SURNAMEs.

MEN once were surnamed from their shape or estate,
(You all may from history worm it)

There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.

But now, when the door plates of misters and dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Fox, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,

Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,

And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.

At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero)

Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heaviside danced a Bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her:

She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;

Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,

Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,

He moves as though cords had entwined him,

Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,

With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,

Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,

Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after-three,

Mr. Makepiece was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root,

Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back ;

Mr. Ryder performs all his journies on foot,

Mr. Foote all his journies on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,

Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won,

Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health,

Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.

Mr. Cruickshank stept into three thousand a-year,

By showing his leg to an heiress,—

Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear

Surnames ever go by contraries.

THREE WIVES.

UXORES ego tres vario sum tempore nactus,

Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex ;

Propter opus, prima est validis mihi juncta sub annis,

Altera propter opes, altera propter opem.

IN ENGLISH.

YOUTH, manhood, age, have wants, you must confess,

Three wives I've had, and I couldn't do with less ;

The first for love, the second for her purse,

The third, my heart elected—for a nurse !

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ; OR, LOVE'S VAGARIES.

A CAUTION TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

AMONG many other *nocturnal disorderlies* brought before the Magistrate, was a young gentleman from the country, who got himself into St. Clement's watch-house, by being too gallant to an oyster-woman !

Mrs. Margaret Grumpage, the oyster-woman in question, deposed, that the gentleman came to her stall, in the neighbourhood of Clare-market, and ate three pennyworth of best oysters—taking a little vinegar and pepper with them. That he afterwards gave her a shilling in payment ; and whilst she was “rummaging” in her pocket for change, he chucked her under the chin. That she not being accustomed to such familiarities, and being withal a married woman, told him to keep his hands to himself ; adding, that she never gave liberties, and no man should take any ; and that she had no sooner said this, than the gentleman was ungentlemanly enough to give her a sad thump on the jaw, the marks whereof were *werry whizzable* to be seen by any body—whereupon she *skreech'd* for the watch, and he was taken to the watch-house. Mrs. Grumpage concluded by saying she did not wish to hurt the gentleman, as he had *satisfied* her for the thump, and the watchman for his trouble, and seemed very sorry for his misbehaviour.

Nevertheless the Magistrate called upon the gentleman for his defence ; and he made a very long one. He had no idea, he said, of meeting with such a *Lucretia* in the person of a London oyster-wench. The very utmost of his offending was chucking her under the chin, as delicately as possible, and telling

her she was too pretty for her profession ; but his compliment was returned with a volley of the most outrageous abuse, and in an instant he was enveloped by whole shoals of oyster-women and watchmen, who raised such a storm about his ears, that he was fain to take to his heels. But in this he was prevented, and a scuffle ensued, which ended in his being taken to the watch-house, amidst the revilings of the mob ; though he declared upon his honour, that he never inflicted the *thump* complained of.

The Magistrate dismissed the matter, with an injunction to the gentleman never to *chuck* an oyster-woman under the chin again.

YOUNG MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

HENRY LORD FALKLAND being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave senator objected to his *youth*, and said, “ he looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*.”—The young lord replied with great quickness, “ Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a GOOSE to pick them up.”

SHORT-HAND QUESTION AND ANSWER.

A GENTLEMAN remarkable for his fund of humour, wrote to a female relative the following couplet :—

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That *U* and *I* can't *dine* together?

To which she returned the following reply :—

My worthy friend, it cannot be ;
U cannot come till *after T*.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

I HAVE travelled the world, and that old man's fame,
 Wherever I went, shone brightly;
 To his country alone belongs the shame
 To think of his labours lightly.

The words of wisdom I oft have heard
 From that old man's bosom falling;
 And ne'er to my soul had wisdom appear'd
 So lovely and so enthralling.

No halo was round that old man's head,
 But his locks, as the rime-frost hoary,
 While the wind with their snowy relics play'd,
 Seemed fairer than crowns of glory.

In him I have seen—what a joy to see!
 In divinest union blended,
 An infant child's simplicity,
 By a sage's strength attended.

He dwells like a sun the world above,
 Tho' by folly and envy shrouded;
 But soon shall emerge in light of love,
 And pursue his path unclouded.

The sun shall the mists of night disperse,
 Whose fetters so long have bound it;
 The centre of its own universe,
 Ten thousand planets round it.

ON THE SINKING FUND.

WHY should posterity be brought
 To press upon our empty purse?
 Why for posterity do aught?
 They ne'er did any thing for us!

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE, AND A MONTH'S PAIN.

Sarah Long and *Eliza Johnson*, two interesting objects of female delicacy, were presented from St. Clement's watch-house, where they had dry lodgings the last evening, charged with raising a violent disturbance in one of the courts leading to Drury-lane.

The witness described them as being found shrieking, scratching, and biting each other, in Whitehart-yard, at a late hour. Their faces bore evident marks of the ferocity of their encounter, and their dress, though tacked together for a decent appearance at the office, was in a state of negligent disorder strongly indicative of the evening's amusement.

Miss Johnson was a merry, buxom, chubby-faced, jolly-looking woman, that never seemed to have disoblged any person, or refused a favour in her line of life. She always gave as good as she got, whether of kissing or kicking, as the present case fully testified. Up to the table she came with a careless confident air, as if she thought "'tis nothing when I am used to it," and waited with much composure for the decision of the Magistrate. When asked her address, she readily gave it, *two pair front*, Whitehart-yard. Not so Mrs. Sarah Long, she played the Tragic Muse, and came, like Niobe, all in tears, in a solemn suit of mourning black, with a sable bonnet to match the melancholy outline of her features. Sally was past the certain age, and well aware that her face had lost the power of pleasing: she tried to soften the iron heart of justice by a plentiful libation of scalding tears, which came down the furrows of her cheek like a torrent of rain over a tarred weather-spout.

Where do you live? asked the Magistrate.—In Vine-court, was the reply, accompanied with sobs innumerable.

How long have you lived there?—I am about taking apartments, which is all the same as if I lived there.

You must tell me your place of residence?—Well then, I am no ways *partiklar*—in *Vestminster*. Where there?—If I must, I must, I suppose, *as how*—in Peter-street—roared out the gentle Sarah, forgetting for a moment the *piano* of her assumed character. Unhappily for her fame, she was recognised in the office as an actress of some celebrity, in imposing on the good nature of passengers, by shamming fainting fits. It seemed she was a perfect mistress of her art, and has occasionally obliged a passing audience with every variety in her way of business, from hysterics to the seeming of the last stage of natural decay. Her fat friend being equally well known, they were both sent for a month's pleasure to the House of Correction.—Miss Eliza, full of fun and frolic to the last, and the unhappy Sarah still dropping tears like the “gentle dew from Heaven.”

ALL EQUALLY NOBLE.

NOBILITY.—If we admit that there was a first man, we must all be of the same house, of a family equally ancient, and consequently all noble. Prior writes—

- “ Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
- “ Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
- “ The son of Adam and of Eve ;
- “ Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.”

LETTER WRITERS.

SOME there are whose labours might be spared. They fill the first page with apologies for not having answered me earlier :—this is worse than their silence. The next thing is, to echo every circumstance I have related for their amusement ; and their sentences, one after the other, set out with—“ Your account of”—“ How delighted you must have been when”—“ I envy the journey you had from”—“ As you observe, the climate must be”—and so on to the end of the chapter ; and this they call answering me ! Then follow loving remembrances from all the family, severally and collectively. And they finish with another apology, far more reasonable than the first, for having “ troubled me with so much nonsense.” There are others who fly off into the opposite extreme. To execute something worthy of being sent across the channel, and of the postage, they tease their brains for a fit subject, ponder on the best things that may be said upon it, and send you, not a letter, but an intolerable essay.

REPLY TO THE SONG OF “HOME, SWEET HOME.”

WOULD to Heav’n those feelings for home could restore
 The self-exil’d Nobles to poor Erin’s shore :
 What thousands, who now in sad misery roam,
 Would welcome them back to their own native dome !

But no ! whilst gay pleasure and luxury smile
 Around them abroad, they forget their own isle—
 They forget that, whilst roses for them are entwin’d,
 The brier alone grows for those left behind.

ON THE DEATH AND NEGLECT EXPERIENCED BY THAT FAVOUR-
 RITE DAUGHTER OF THALIA,

MRS. JORDAN.

SHE died in a strange land—heart-broken died,
 Left in her *worse* than widowhood—the tie
 Of twenty summers snapt for a young bride—
 Younger than her young daughter ! None was nigh
 To smooth the desolate couch, whereon she lay
 Withering ; but, like the tempest-stricken leaf,
 That waits not Nature's summons to decay,
 She shrank before the fury of her grief.
 I stood beside her grave—her grave, whose tone
 Was melody to millions—and I wept ;
 Remembering that even *that* was not her own,
 But there, by casual charity, she slept !
 For she died destitute, nor left withal
 To buy the rites of sepulture ; yes, she,
 Whose life was one rich bounty, lacked a pall,
 While *he* that should have mourned, kept bridal revelry.
 There be some natures dead to shame and feeling,
 And *his is* such : yet moved he long and far,
 A satellite in her bright orbit wheeling,
 And waited on the path of that sweet star.
 Year after year fled by, and pledges came,
 And grew in loveliness ; meantime the sire—
 A princely pauper fattening on her fame—
 Lived like a drone in sloth, and drew his nightly hire.
 It was not all : he left her ; her, whose breast
 Was tenderest love, whose purse was as his own.
 Tilney and Hamlet !—Wickham ! tell the rest ;
 Tell how ye put the sordid suitor down ;
 For he turned pedlar in the land, and priced
 His diadem to her daughters, proud and free—
 Who scorned to share it with him : unenticed
 By shame's imperial bait—tho' *that* a crown might be !

MORE SURNAMES.

PUT away chronology—"a *fig* for your *dates*," as a punster would say, and see what a pretty confusion the world would be in, about the heroes and sages of antiquity, by a reference to

" —the door-plates of Misters and Dames"

in the metropolis at the present time.

For instance—*Homer* is a coal-merchant at Pad-dington; *Cæsar*, a grocer and tea-dealer in Cripple-gate; *Alexander* makes trumpets near Leadenhall; *Regulus* is a toy-man in Newport-street, Long-acre; *Nero* keeps a hotel at the west-end of the town; and *Cato* the elder makes meat-safes and wire-cages on Hol-born-hill.

The little boys who have just come home for the holidays with "*Mars*, *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*" in their heads, will perhaps be puzzled what to think of the last deity, when they find *Mars* a leather-dresser in Snows-fields, and *Bacchus* a manufacturer of decanters and wine-glasses in Thames-street.

Those too who have dabbled in poetry, will stare to find *Love* a jeweller in Bond-street—and *Patience*, having left the neighbourhood of the Monument, (where we presume he used to sit "smiling at grief"), established as an architect in Wormwood-street.

Even the actars in the remotest scenes might, without the aid of chronology, be jumbled in a very extraordinary manner. What, for instance, would be hought of a change of circumstances which could have brought about a separation between our first parents, and have placed *Adam* at the head of the

Jury Court in Scotland, and set up *Eve* as a turner near Whitfield's Tabernacle in Tottenham-court road? What strange event could have made *Cain* a lieutenant-colonel upon half-pay, or transformed *Abel* into a merchant in Bucklersbury?

How, without the nicety of dates, could we account for finding *Aaron* an ostrich-feather manufacturer in Fenchurch-street, and *Moses* a slop-seller in Ratcliffe-highway; *Paul*, a baker in Houndsditch; and *Peter*, a barrister at law? How could we reconcile the discovery, that *Matthew* is a hair-dresser in Store-street, Bedford-square; *Mark*, a tailor in Holborn; *Luke*, a dashing lieutenant of artillery; and *John* a shoemaker at Chelsea? What but the nice preservation of *distance* could induce us to understand why *Elisha* should be a wire-worker in Shoreditch—or *Noah* a fashionable tailor in Bruton-street, Berkely-square? Why else could we believe that *Herod* sold furniture in Castle-street, Long-acre—or *David* was a boot and shoemaker—or *Daniel* a broker on the Stock Exchange?

But with moderns, undated, we should be still more bewildered: for instance, *Alfred*, the pride of Britain, makes fishing-rods in Lothbury; *Thomas à Becket* is an attorney in Broad-street; *Spenser*, the poet, writes lines to ladies' lap-dogs and sonnets to singing-birds; the admirable *Crichton* is physician to the Emperor of all the Russias; *Shakspeare* commands a troop of horse; *Jonson* is superintendant of mail-coaches; and, in the absence of *Fletcher*, (who has absconded), *Beaumont* is managing director of a provincial fire-office.

The contemporaries of these, in searching after the characters immortalized by the bard of Avon, would

perhaps be surprised to find the blind *Lear* an optician in Fetter-lane, while *Edgar* sells ale in Fenchurch-street; *Macbeth* and his wife are set up in a fruit-stall in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane; the melancholy *Jaques* is established as an apothecary and accoucheur in Warwick-street, Golden-square; *Angelo* is celebrated as a fencing-master in Albany; *Romeo*, having been promoted to a captaincy, is beating up for volunteers in the cause of liberty; *Paris* is in full practice as a popular physician; and *Hamlet* himself keeps a silversmith's shop at the corner of Sidney's-alley.

But advance we, and what will be our astonishment to find *Otway* a major-general in the army; *Milton* breaking horses in Piccadilly; *Moore* writing Irish melodies, and *Carew's* pretty black-eyed daughter singing them; *Rowe* and *Waller* in partnership, as stationers, in Fleet-street; and *Isaac Newton* flourishing as a linen-draper in Leicester-square.

We have *Dr. Busby*, instead of whipping little boys for grammatical blunders and bad translations, making bad translations and grammatical blunders, for which, if he were a little boy himself, he would deserve to be whipped; *Alexander Pope*, made strait and fattened up, acts tragedy at Drury-lane; *Addison* sells globes in Regent-street; *Richardson* and *Swift* keep lottery-offices in the City; *Congreve's* pieces (which continue to go off remarkably well) are cannon, not comedies; and *Farquhar*, instead of a poor author, is a rich banker in St. James's-street.

Gay, "in wit a man, simplicity a child," makes dolls in Goswell-street; *Cowley* is a blacksmith; *Phillips* is poetical only in his prose; *Prior*, till very lately, was an ensign in the 12th regiment of foot;

Collins, instead of odes, makes glass chandeliers; *Butler* grinds Greek at Harrow; and *Cowper* may be seen writing his "Task" at the table of the House of Lords any day during the sitting of parliament.

Our historians too, might excite some astonishment if handed down undated; for *Hume*, in parliament, makes essays in the shape of long blundering speeches; *Burnet* sells double-proof gin; *Gibbon* trains dogs in Tothill-fields; *Hooke* has the credit of writing for us; and the fair *Macaulay* recites her historical effusions at the King's Concert-room in the Hay-market.

It would not be sufficient to know, without dates, that *Jack Cade* is a peaceable carpenter in Hyde-street, Bloomsbury; or that *Fawkes* blows up the parliament with words instead of gunpowder, to distinguish them from their turbulent predecessors;—*Burdett*, who wished the horns of his white buck in the throat of *Edward the Fourth*, might be mistaken for the loyal and constitutional baronet of Westminster; old *Coke* might be blundered into a sage of the law; and *Littleton*, the Member for Staffordshire, who would not suffer an impertinent observation, be stigmatized as the man upon whom he made his copious observations.

In short, chronology is to history what perspective is to painting: without it, the jumble would be like *that* made on a china plate: we have no turn for the whimsical ourselves, and are, as matter of fact, as *Joe Miller*, whom we find to be at this moment a distiller of *choice spirits* in Piccadilly; but if we *had* the knack and *tact* to write the song we have partly quoted, we think we could put the subject into rhyme with something like effect.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. III.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

AIR—" *Rich and rare were the gems she wore.*"

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And diamonds bright on her neck she bore;
But her well-oiled wig was brighter far
Than her sparkling gems, or George's star.

"Lady! whence came these diamonds, pray?
In dalliance soft did you coax them away?
Come—out with the truth, my Lady, bold,
For the ministers swear the truth shall be told."

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
The ministers never dare offer me harm;
Too well they love place and golden store,
And will ne'er turn their backs on the Treasury door."

So on she went, and *and tipt him a grin,*
Then winking her eye, and cocking her chin,
Cried, "*Mum!* my brave Knight—for if you tell tales,
My son shall your place have, and pocket your vails."

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS AND SAINTSHIP
PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

Prince Hohenlohe, Prince Hohenlohe!

Your miracles are not uncommon,
If all your prayers no further go
Than to produce *a talking woman!*

Prince Hohenlohe, indeed, indeed,

No miracle is this you're showing—
No; if you seek *a Conj'r's* meed,
You'll *stop* their tongues, not set them going!

THE WAITS, AND CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS;

OR,

TWEEDLE DUM V. TWEEDLE DEE.

EVERY body—that is,—every body residing in the western part of this metropolis, must have heard the “Waits”—those roving minstrels who, at the approach of Christmas, wander through the streets and squares at midnight, dispersing the troublous dreams of uneasy slumbers with “touches of sweet harmony;” and those who have not heard their *minstrelsy*, must have heard their modest morning *tap, tap*, at the hall door, with a “pray remember a Christmas-box for the *Waits*.” In a word, every body must have either heard them, or heard of them, some with delight, and others—such “as have not music in their souls,” with a surly “confound their caterwauling!”—But few, we believe, are aware of the discord which subsists among the whole body of these dulcet minions of the moon. There is an ancient member of their body, named Munro, who claims a prescriptive right to be sole serenader of the town—at least he holds that none shall dare to awaken the midnight echoes, but those who pay him tribute; and this he does under the alledged authority of a warrant from the “Court of Burgesses of Westminster,” backed by a license from no less a personage than the *Serjeant-Trumpeter* of our sovereign Lord the King. On the other hand, there are many aspiring *instrumentalists* who protest boldly against the monopoly of the minstrelsy and its concomitant Christmas-boxes; and indeed they have even proceeded so far as to set the venerable Munro,

and the august Court of Burgesses, and the King's Serjeant-trumpeter himself, at defiance, and have contumaciously serenaded the sleepers on their own account. This their saucy contumacy has provoked the ire of the *legitimate* monopolist, Munro; and he has of late been very urgent with the Magistrates, to stop the blowing of the *illegitimates* with constable and warrant; but the Magistrates generally declined to interfere,—only one of them expressed an opinion that the illegitimates, if found wandering abroad at unseasonable hours, and disturbing the peaceable inhabitants, might, *perhaps*, come under the operation of the Vagrant Act. Upon this hint the venerable monopolist proceeded, and here follows the issue.

Charles Clapp, Benjamin Jackson, Daniel Jilks,—(Jilks was a queer unpicturesque cognomen for a minstrel!) and *Robert Vincent*, four young men and tall, each with his instrument—horn, bugle, hautboy, or trombone, decently bagged in fresh green baize beneath his arm, were brought from St. Martin's watch-house, and arranged in order before the bench, by a constable to whom they had been given in charge by the badged and licensed monopolist, Mr. Munro, who was now in presence to support his charge.

The constable deposed, that he found the prisoners playing "*They're a' Noddin*," at midnight, in St. Martin's-lane,—

"A proof that the inhabitants of St. Martin's-lane are all good, sober citizens—I wish the inhabitants of every other lane were "all nodding at midnight,"—observed his Worship. The constable, howbeit much used to *taking*, did not *take*, and soberly proceeded. He found them playing as aforesaid; and, going up to them, he asked had they any warrant, license, badge,

ticket, or authority, for "playing as Waits." They replied, that they had not. "Then bag your instruments and follow me," said he; and they did so instantly—as quiet as lambs, as he said.

The constable having concluded, the great Leviathan of mighty minstrels, Mr. Munro himself, advanced to the table—or *came to the scratch*, as the moderns have it; and taking out a capacious pocket-book, he drew from its utmost recesses, the time-discoloured and well sealing-wax'd warrant of the "Court of Burgesses," the license of the King's Serjeant-trumpeter, and a small silver badge and chain, bearing the ancient *portcullis* of the city of Westminster; all which he humbly submitted were indubitable proofs that he, James Munro, was the only true and legitimate *Wait*, legally authorised to serenade the good citizens of Westminster, and the liberties thereof; and that all others, except such as *sounded* with his leave, were false, spurious, and illegitimate disturbers of the King's peace, and infringers upon the right and title of him, James Munro.

The Magistrate perused the warrant of the Burgesses, and the license of the Trumpeter, and also honoured silver portcullis with an inspection, and then said, "I have no doubt of the validity of these authorities; but still it is a question, whether these people have not a right to play as well as yourselves. You show me your documents, but you do not show me the *law* by which these people are prevented from awaking the sleeping public with the same freedom as you do."

The harmonic monopolist submitted that the "*Old Minstrel Act*" would prevent them; and make them *grabbable* as rogues and vagabonds.

His Worship observed, that he did not recollect

such an act as the "Old Minstrel Act." It was true, that the word "Minstrel" was mentioned in the old Vagrant Act, but that act had been repealed, and no such words were introduced in the new one. "All there as against the prisoners at present is, that they have blown their instruments at midnight, and I know of no law to prevent their so doing."

Mr. Charles Clapp, the leader of the captured band, upon this plucked up courage to speak for himself; and he said, manfully, that he derived his authority from Mr. Layton, of Villiers-street, who had serenaded St. Martin's for full thirty years last past, without let or hindrance; and he thought it very hard that he should be interrupted at this time of day.

Mr. Layton himself stepped forward thereupon, and spoke with supreme contempt of the great monopolist's musty authorities. He insisted upon it, that the great monopolist's predecessor,—"Tommy Clayton himself," never attached any weight to those documents.

The great monopolist, in reply, said if this charge were dismissed, there would be an end to every thing like "respectability of Waits;" and that, moreover, he should be defrauded of his just emoluments; for any vagabond could go round for the *Christmas-boxes*, and receive them, by representing himself as a *Wait*.

Mr. Charles Clapp, on the other side, wished to know what remedy he could have against the great monopolist, who generally employed thirty or forty men to go round and sweep every Christmas-box before them?

The Magistrate then said—"All I can do at present, Mr. Munro, is to dismiss these persons with a warning, that if they collect money by representing themselves as "the Waits of Westminster," they will be rendering

themselves amenable to the law, for obtaining money under false pretences—and I therefore dismiss them accordingly.”

The illegitimates went off smilingly, and the great legitimate monopolist slowly and blankly repocket-booked his authorities, and departed—“wrapped in dismal thinkings.”

ON POSTHUMOUS FAME.

MARTIAL.—LIB. 1. EPIG. 1.

Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Toto notus in orbe Martialis
Argutis Epigrammaton libellis :
Cui, lector studiose, quod dedisti
Viventi decus atque sentienti,
Rari post cineres habent poetæ.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader ! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigramatist : while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving ;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it :
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

EPITAPH ON MR. THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

HERE lies *Thomas Huddlestone* ! Reader, don't smile,
But reflect while his tomb-stone you view ;
For death, who killed him, in a very short while
Will *huddle a stone* upon you.

ON JOHN PENNY.

READER ! of cash if thou'rt in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a *Penny*.

THE BLACK BULL:

A BALLAD.

THE true British Bull must be lord of the field ;
 He'll fight till he conquers, and die ere he'll yield ;
 But there's one in the land of degenerate breed,
 Who cares not for fighting, but cares much for feed.

This Bull had been tutored to grovel in dust,
 To dance for a ducat, and fawn for a crust ;
 Like a monkey, to play every trick in a trice ;
 And was famous, or infamous, only for vice.

His tricks soon were stale, his vices more known,
 None looked when he capered, none threw him a bone ;
 Tho' ready to do dirty work, he grew thinner—
 The work was in plenty, but not so the dinner.

Some Gypsies*, who lived on the common hard by,
 Determined, at length, his demerits to try ;
 (Why the constable let them remain I can't guess,
 To rob their *big* neighbours and cudgel the *less*).

They found the poor catiff as thin as a knife,
 Half starved in a ditch, and half gasping for life ;
 He promised to serve them (unless he was sold),
 And never do mischief (unless he was told).

So he carried their diet, their children he drew,
 His labour was easy, his stripes were but few,
 Till a Gypsy, going into the stable one morn,
 Found the bin was quite empty, the beast † full of corn.

Then they turned him adrift, on the common to stray,
 And from their encampment drive people away ;
 For they guessed that mayhaps the good folks of the village
 Might find in their cabin some tokens of pillage.

* Why are His Majesty's Ministers like Gypsies ?

† *V.* Annals of the West-India Islands.

He tossed up his head, and he galloped about,
But turned tail whenever he heard a *man* shout;
When the women and children were frightened, looked proud.
By the sight of a cudgel was mightily *cowed*.

But his business was chiefly for ever to roar,
(So the Gypsies ordained) at a sick lady's door,
By false friends betrayed, by ingratitude hurt,
And neglected by some she had raised from the dirt.

Some say that the Gypsies had notice to quit,
Unless they could manage to fright her a bit,
And drive her abroad (yet this lady had been—
I've heard them all swear it—"the life" of the green).

It chanced that a lass of the village one day
Came tripping, the lady a visit to pay;
The Bull, when he saw 'twas a woman forlorn,
Gave tongue in a moment, and sharpened his horn;

The lassie he missed, but he captured her cloak,
For, as she was running, the string of it broke;
This he tossed, and tormented, and trod under foot,
Until, like *himself*, it was *dirty* as soot.

The cloak she lov'd dearly, the gift of her mother,
And if she lost that, she could ne'er get another;
So *John Constable* went, at her special request,
The cloak to recover, and punish the beast.

John dragged him, in spite of a crocodile tear,
(Not the fruit of contrition, but only of fear),
To the pound, where on thistles and water he's fed,
And, to let out his mischief, both cudgelled and bled.

The women and children now laugh, when they see
What a coward at least a big bully may be;
No longer they'll scamper away at his roar,
But vote that the *Bull* is a terrible *bore*.

Whenever he's loosed, no doubt he'll take care
How he ventures to toss a red cloak in the air,
Lest instead of a *guinea* he meets with a *pound*,
And be cudgelled and blooded, and tied on the ground.

ON DECEIVERS.

MRS. GRACE GYNN AND OTHER OLD WOMEN.

THE *Morning Chronicle* of the 6th of June, contains an account of a Mrs. Grace Gynn, who was brought before the sitting Magistrate at Bow-street, “charged with having rendered herself liable to the provisions of the Vagrant Act, *by pretending to a knowledge of future events, and under such pretence, cheating and defrauding his Majesty’s subjects.*”—Cheating, whether in a tradesman or a professional man; whether in an oilman or a priest—butcher, wild-beast-man, or lawyer, is odious enough; and, with the exception of the instances where the priest and lawyer are the actors, usually meets with its own reward. Mother Gynn seems to have been a crafty old hag—but what then?—we have known many priests a great deal more crafty. But she deceived people by pretending to a knowledge of future events: and do not the priests, like this old woman, pretend to a knowledge of future events, and deceive all but themselves? But Mother Gynn obtained *money* by the pretence of diving into futurity: and what are tithes and money for seats at meeting-houses paid for? What more do all the priests that now live, and that ever lived, know of *futurity* than old Mother Gynn? It seems, that the principal witness against the old cheat was a servant girl out of place, and who wished to know what her future fate would be. It was neither the inclination nor the interest of the old lady to make her communicant unhappy; she therefore told her, that, *for the future*, she would have no need of going

to service, since she would shortly be married to "a dark man with a comfortable property." Had the girl gone in her distress to a Methodist parson, he would have promised her that she should be married to the Lord Jesus—provided she took a seat in his chapel. Or, if he found her a nervous subject, he would have told her that she had no faith; and, that unless she believed what he said in the pulpit, she would, in a *future* state, be burned with fire and brimstone, and be married to *his* "dark man, with an uncomfortable property." This, like the fascination of the rattlesnake, would terrify the poor wench, and down she would drop into her deceiver's jaws. The old sybil is described as sitting in state, clad in a tattered rusty looking black silk cloak, and on her head a *large* velvet bonnet. We have seen old women of the other sex sit in *new* and *costly* black silk cloaks, and with large wigs on their heads; and these have gone on for years deceiving and "cheating his Majesty's subjects, by pretending to a knowledge of future events," and to a much greater extent than old Mother Gynn, yet they have never been sent to Bridewell for a month.

" But petty rogues submit to fate,

" That great ones may enjoy their state."

EPIGRAM.

A SCOTCHMAN, delighted when *Salomon* play'd,
Would tender his hand; but old *Salomon* said—

" Tho' your flattery greatly allures,

" This mark of your kindness I needs must repel:

" *My fiddle* you like, and that's all very well,

" But I'm *not* over partial to *yours*!"

A LEARNED PROFESSOR.

M. VILLEMAIN, a French professor, who was honoured with the special patronage of M. Decazes, but who nevertheless stands very well with the present French ministers, in one of his recent lectures, made a furious attack on the memory of our late General Burgoyne, for having taken as auxiliaries “the cannibals of the Orinoko.” The learned professor forgot that the scene of General Burgoyne’s exploits was in North America; that the Orinoko, ever since it has been a river, has confined its meandering to South America; and that the inhabitants of its banks are as little cannibals as those of the banks of the Seine. This same M. Villemain, in his *Life of Cromwell*, very learnedly discourses of two English bishops—the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Winton—forgetting that Winton and Winchester happen to be the very same city.

 DEATH IN THE POT.

ON FREDERICK ACCUM’S MUTILATING THE VOLUMES BELONG-
ING TO A LITERARY INSTITUTION.

WHAT is his crime? A trick at most,
A thing not worth debating—
'Tis only what the Morning Post
Would punning call *Accum-ulating*.

A TRIP FROM MORTLAKE TO EPSOM RACES
AND BACK AGAIN.

AIR—*De la contredanse de la Rosiere.*

THE horses are pawing,
Their Buxton bits knawing;
The postilions jawing,
Swear at us in vain;
"Heigh, Sam, up stairs scamper,
"And cram in the hamper,
"Our palates to pamper,
"More hock and champaigne."

"Come, Ladies, stuff in
"Tea, toast, and muffin;
"Mamma is huffing—
"Come, come be alive.
"My frill from London—
"My frock is undone—
"We shall find the fun done
"Before we arrive."

"Do, pray, Sir, excuse one,
"We're all in confusion;
"I can't get my shoes on,
"You hurry one so:
"We're coming down stairs, Ma!
"For the first heat who cares, Pa?
"You know Dick declares, Pa,
"'Tis horridly slow."

"I fear we're fated
"To be belated—
"The nags have waited
"Since half after ten.
"But ladies' dressing,
"And frizzing and tressing,
"Are quite distressing
"To us sporting men."

The horses are starting,
 And forward are darting;
 The landau departing,
 Bowls fast down the road.
 It's varnish'd wheels flashing,
 Through puddles are splashing;
 The steeds onward dashing
 As if they'd no load.
 Spendthrifts, scapegraces,
 Legs with long faces,
 All to the races
 Are forcing their way;
 And King's Bench debtors
 Have slipp'd their fetters,
 To *bet* with their *betters*,
 This long-look'd-for day.
 Now drivers are damning,
 And vehicles jamming,
 The highway are cramming
 The course is in sight!
 A hubbub astounding,
 Our senses confounding,
 The carriage surrounding,
 Foretells a flash fight.
 But no!—See yonder—
 What new-born wonder
 Has rent asunder
 The gathering mob?
 That scarlet dennett,
 With three snips in it,
 Has just this minute
 Half-crack'd a man's nob?
 On! on! let them chatter,
 Like mills let them clatter,
 And mill them—no matter.—
 We're now on the hill,
 The jockeys so knowing,
 Cloth'd gaily, are going
 The weighing-stand slow in,
 And we're in time still.

The owners fretting,
All fear forgetting,
Are freely betting,

Hark ! "two tens to one !"

"Tens did ye say, Sir ?"

"Book—don't delay, Sir ;

"On Monday* you'll pay, Sir ;

"Done with you, Sir, done !"

My feeble verse failing
Proves quite unavailing
For fairly detailing

The wonderful run ;

I tell not the bustling,
The flogging and jostling,
The spurring and hustling—
Emilius has won !

What desperation,
Rage, exclamation,
Congratulation,

What grief and what joy !

No speculators,
But merely spectators,
Our masticators

We quickly employ.

And now our lunch ending,
The dickey descending,
Our way we are bending

To gaze on the girls ;

"What, run away from us ?"—

"Good morning, Sir Thomas !"

"Don't pink hats become us ?"

"The sun spoils my curls."

"Your list I'll borrow ;—

"What balls to-morrow ?

"I, to my sorrow,

"Was not at Almack's."

* Monday is the settling day at Tattersall's.

Mamma e'en refuses
 The great Mrs. Hughes's*,
 And will send excuses
 For Mrs. Camac's†.

Advancing, retreating;
 Acquaintances greeting,
 Now parting, now meeting,
 We round about roam;
 Till ended the races,
 Regaining our places,
 We all turn our faces
 With pleasure tow'rds home.

By dint of striving,
 And post-boys' driving,
 We just arrive in
 Good time for the feed;
 But ere expressing
 Our joy, we press in
 Our rooms, to dress in
 All possible speed.

The dinner-bells chiming!
 My song there's no crime in,
 Tho' rules of good rhyming
 It overstep some:
 Kind friends, don't find fault in
 My verses for halting:
 They've no attic salt in,
 But lots from Epsom.

* Mrs. Hughes's ball, 3d June.

† Mrs. Camac's ball, 2d June.

LITERAL ERRORS.

SOME twenty years ago, I used to write occasionally for the press, and was thus led to take a little more notice than common of typographical mistakes. I was vexed enough, and often, at the trouble given by the blunders of some ignorant or careless workmen, and compelled to revise my own proofs, to give my readers some tolerable chance for ascertaining my meaning. It was about this time that a printing-house, under the title of the "*Literary Office*," was established, with good reason, but poor success, for its productions were rather more *illiterate* than those of any of its fellow craftsmen. Since then, I presume, these literary pretensions have been dispensed with in printers, and authors left to see to the correctness of their works themselves. However that may be, I have had nothing to do with the business for some time, but to read the publications of the day, without caring whether they were well or ill printed. I could not but smile, though, now and then, at the ludicrous mistakes I continually perceived in the newspapers, generally the extent of my literary researches; and, at length, a few days since, commenced a memorandum of such material ones as should fall under my observation. The list being now full enough, I believe, to fill a column, or newspaper essay of a decent length, I send you its contents for republication, and if you do not smile at some items in the catalogue, you will at least learn from them how much importance may depend on the (omission or addition of) a single letter.

The first blunder I noted was in an account of a dreadful storm in France, after which "two hundred and fifty *peasants* were found killed by the hail," according to one paper. What an awful destruction! thought I, and how impossible!—until in some other papers I found it correctly stated, *pheasants*, the *h* being omitted in the first.

The same paper contained the advertisement of what is denominated a *cheat* store—doubtless intended for *cheap* one. Well, thought I, possibly the truth by mistake, and therefore the more provoking to the trader, who might well tell the printer his paper ought to be "right to a *t*."

A few days after, skimming over a bundle of old country papers, I hit upon a dismal writer on the Missouri question, who bitterly deprecated the possible consequences of that dreadful dispute to the "*Untied* States." Whether he meant *United*, or not, I could not discover by his lamentable strain, as he was apprehensive of a dissolution of the Union. Perhaps the printer did not transpose the letters.

About this time, I saw an account of a *féeing* attorney, apparently intended for a *feeling* one, but very possibly the more safe, if not correct reading, without the *l*.

In another paper, I read a story of a number of persons who had been to a great religious assembly, where they were vehemently *exorcised*. Ah! thought I, like the days of the apostles—cast out devils—well, perhaps, in this way the good folks *exercised* their visitants. And, if such were the case, it could not be said, as I once saw in a paper, that "they who went to jest returned to *play*," instead of *pray*, as the graceless compositor should have put it.

An advertisement in a late Gazette announced a property for sale, of which it said, the gardens were "laid out with great *waste*." Possibly true! thought I, although *taste* was the word intended, and both not incompatible with each other. Not "right to a *t*" again.

Another offered a manufactory for sale, "calculated for a very *expensive* establishment," for *extensive*. Not "right to a *t*" again; yet, possibly more true.

The next memorandum was of a celebrated temple of antiquity *raised* by the hands of its builder. What an affront to the memory of the pious monarch who *raised* it. The language is not murdered, as Curran said; it has only an *i* knocked out.

I was soon after startled, on falling in with an article headed "*infernal* improvements" of this state, and predicting nothing but mischief and ruin to certain districts, even to Albany itself, from the great canals. Here I suspected my old friend *t* was ill-treated again, and should be restored to his place in all the *internal* concerns of the commonwealth.

An editor, by way of congratulating a new-married man on the acquisition of so much *hooty* in his bride, was suspected not to be so very wide of the mark, however blunt the compliment, although it was evidently so much *beauty* he meant to say.

But how alarmed must the musical world have been, upon seeing announced for public exhibition a *duel* by Messrs. Incledon and Philipps! Discord between these two celebrated sons of harmony, to so deadly a pitch, and the public invited to witness it! Nothing but a *duet* after all, if poor *t* had been permitted to occupy its proper place.

"The press, with all its *errors*," was held up in

terrorem lately to a political adversary, who must have smiled at the impotency of the threat, which is divested of all its force, and a mere blank cartridge, by the omission of the *t*, to constitute the *terrors*. When will printers be "right to a *t*?"

Tagain. I read of a *team* ship being spoken at sea, bound to New Orleans, probably the *Robert Fulton*, navigated by *steam*, and not one of our horse-boats of the ferries.

But what would the Boston (or New York) eulogists say to that country editor, who told his readers that Mr. Kean, the famous actor, was playing there to *fool* houses! More meant than met the ear, in giving *full* so broad an accent.

The editor of a *weekly* publication, lately inserted the phrase *weakly* miscellany, in speaking of his work; whether through *ingenuous* modesty, or *ingenious* mistake, I will not decide.

One of our papers the other day said of a certain celebrated, though somewhat equivocal military character, that, on a particular occasion, his retreat being cut off, he found no resource but in *flight*—meaning *fight*, but whether stumbling nearer the fact or not, I cannot say.

In one of the late "reminiscences" of the Boston papers, a *villicism* of Dr. Byles was called a *witticism*. From the known character of the Rev. Doctor, however, I presume either phrase would be correct.

But what think you of 10,000 dollars loss on a single *cup* of coffee," said to be suffered in one of the West India islands! Impossible! unless the cup were like the bowls of Cleopatra's wine, in which were melted pearls of immense value. The careful printer meant to say *crop*.

In a New Jersey paper, the teacher of a female academy offers to instruct young ladies in the elegant and useful accomplishment of *sighing*, instead of *singing*. Perhaps some of his fair pupils would prefer the mistake to the correction. It is not so bad, however, as a painter advertising to *paint sighs*, by the printer giving the *n* a too long hind leg.

I read in a city paper, that such an actor played the *Dog of Venice*—a new character, substituted by the printers for the *Doge of Venice*.

But Sir, only imagine my astonishment, on carefully looking into old papers, to see it asserted, on a certain balloting in a certain great house or assembly for a Speaker, that a number of Members were *bought* over to vote against the candidate from their own State! Mercy on us! says I, here's *scandalum magnatum*, contempt, breach of privilege, and I know not what all, if not high treason itself! And I waited, in the greatest anxiety and suspense, until I found his apology in the next day's paper, stating his absence at the time of the publication, and desiring his readers for the offensive word to substitute the intended monosyllable *brought*. And so I suppose that storm blew over poor Type.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

NEW READING.

A POOR actor, at Norwich, personating *Granger*, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* on his benefit-night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to *Gradus's* Greek quotation, where *Old Doily* sits as umpire, began thus:—"O *raino nighto! spoilo benefito quito.*"

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. IV.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO THE *bloodless* DUEL.

Air—"When in death I shall calm recline."

If in death I should lie supine,
O bear my heart to my Duchess dear;
Tell her to steep it in rosy wine,
For that was the liquor it soak'd in here :
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so valiant in fight;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

When the day of my glory's o'er,
My coronet take to Westminster Hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where hungry noblemen love to call.
Then, if some marquis should chance to spy it,
And for the bauble should happen to long,
Oh, ask a good price—he'll be sure to buy it,—
To pocket the rhino can never be wrong.

Give her my purse, which is now o'erflowing
With shiners bright from the Treasury chest;
Never to part with, nor think of bestowing
Her bounty on paupers, but live on the best;
And oh! should a WHIG become her lover,
And swear he adores her with all his might;
My ghost around them both shall hover,
And kick up a dust on their wedding night.

THE CHAMPION AND COPPERSMITH;

OR,

TOM CRIBB AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

THE Champion of England—not he who, gallantly armed, rode proudly through ranks of assembled Chivalry, and challenged the world in defence of his Sovereign—but the Champion of England’s prouder *pugilism*—the belted hero of the prize ring—the man whose fist is fate—the—in a word, honest *Tom Cribb*, entered the office covered with mud, and holding in his giant grasp, a little, well-bemuddled, wriggling coppersmith, named *William Bull*. “And please your Worships,” said the Champion, “this here little rascal (*shaking him*), comes into my tap-room, with two or three dirty chaps of the same sort, and got so sweet upon themselves with drinking *beer*, that they must needs go into the *parlour* to drink *grog*, amongst the *gentlemen*, your Worships! and because I wouldn’t stand that, this here little rascal (*shaking him again*) smashes two panes of glass to shivers, and then tried to *bolt*, but it wouldn’t do.”

The Champion was desired to loose his hold upon the coppersmith, and he did so instantly; but he still regarded him with a look of angry indignation, whilst the saucy little coppersmith, adjusting his disordered jacket, exclaimed, “My eyes, Mister Tommy! let us ever catch you at *Bristol* again, and we’ll *zarve* you out for this!”

Mr. Bull — *Bill Bull* he called himself — was ordered to be quiet, on pain of being instantly locked up; and other witnesses of the affair were

examined, by whose evidence the Champion's account of it was fully substantiated, with an additional circumstance or two, which he, with his usual modesty, had omitted to mention, viz. that he with his own right arm, cleared his house of the three coxcombical coppersmiths in a minute; and that when the fourth, Mr. Bill Bull, milled the glaze and bolted, the Champion himself pursued with the fleetness of a wild elephant, caught the scampering coppersmith by the "scuff of the neck," and falling with him to the earth, they rolled over and over in the mud 'till the *impetus* of their fall was spent! and this was the way in which they came to be so muddily encased.

The coppersmith had nothing to say for himself, except that he thought himself "as good a man as Mr. Tommy, any day," and that he had as much right to drink grog in a parlour as any *other* gentleman.

The Magistrate commended the Champion's conduct; told him he should be protected from insult and outrage in his business; and ordered the pot-valiant coppersmith to be locked up until he should pay for the windows he had demolished.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

A GENTLEMAN, furious with anger and hunger,
Thus addressed an itinerant Irish fishmonger—
"You knavish infernal impostor! pray, how
Could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now?
Why, d—n it, you rascal! they stink like the devil!"
Says Paddy, "Your Honour, that's not very civil;
Whate'er be the mack'rel, 'tis surely a shame
To blame me, when none but yourself is to blame;
Before your own door you allowed me to cry them
Five days, Sir, before you thought proper to buy them!"

ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.

HAREWOOD! too long mistaken, I am glad
 Your pompous humbug is at last found out,
 Fools thought you *wise*, because you looked so sad,
 And fancied one so *big* must needs be *stout*.

But now we see the value of all that!
 Thy little speeches, made with mighty pains;
 Thy long red waistcoat and thy broad-brimmed hat,
 (No hat in England circles weaker brains),

Deceive no longer!—We have seen you try
 To steer through popularity and jobs,
 Touching both shores: and very cheaply buy
 The Monarch's favours, and the shouts of mobs.

But truth at last prevails; and when you chose
 Your father's *title*, conscious truth took care
 Your own peculiar merits to expose,
 Thick as a *wood*, and timid as a *hare*!

And further still the likeness holds:—A hare
 Squats, and sits upright when no dangers frown;
 But being press'd, she doubles in despair,
 And what she late *run up*, she now *runs down*.

And further *still* the likeness holds:—A wood
 Drinks greedily, when young, the solar ray;
 But when full grown, ungrateful for the good,
 The sullen shade rejects the light of day!

That title's now thy shame, which was thy boast;
 Thine hare is strangled, and thy wood is cut:
 The hare, with your good leave, we meant to *roast*,
 And use the log of timber as a butt.

LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG.

COURT OF REQUESTS.—WILLIAMS *versus* LAWRENCE.

THIS was a case which, by the parties concerned, was considered of no small importance; and which, to the auditors, in the course of its discussion, excited no small merriment.

Mr. Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed a perruquier, appeared in this court a few days back, and obtained a summons against the defendant, who is clerk to Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-court road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to shew cause why he should not pay a debt of 39s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

Mr. Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak, garrulously addressed the Commissioner: "He had," he said, "been a hair-dresser, man and boy, for sixty-eight years. He had served his time in the Temple, where he had had the honour of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions, and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men; and, among the latter, he had to rank the immortal Dr. Johnson: but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so much prided himself as a full state wig which he had made for Lord Mansfield: it was one of the earliest proofs of his genius: it had excited the warm commendation of his master, and the envy of his brother shopmates; but, above all, it had pleased, nay, even delighted, the noble and learned judge himself. Oh! gemmen," exclaimed Mr. Williams,

‘ if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble Lordship on the bench with that wig on his head !’ (in an under tone, but rubbing his hands with ecstasy)—“ Upon my say so, I was fuddled for the three days after !”

The Commissioner—What has this wig to do with the defendant’s debt ?

Mr. Williams—A great deal : that’s the very bone of contention.

The Commissioner—Doubtless ; but you must come to the marrow, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr. Williams—I will. Well, as I was a saying—where did I leave off ?—Oh ! when I was fuddled.

The Commissioner—I hope you have left off that habit, now, my good man.

Mr. Williams—Upon my say so, I have, trust me ; but as I was a saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the Temple, set up for myself, and did a great stroke of business. Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers. There was—

Commissioner—Never mind, we don’t want your list—go on.

Mr. Williams—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-court, Queen-square. Lawk me ! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely, in my time. I remember, when I used to go to shave old Lord——

Commissioner—For God’s sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—Well, I will. Where was I ? Oh ! in Boswell-court—[Commissioner, aside : I wish you were there now.]—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul !) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old mas-

ter's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other judges' wigs; and at last, who should die but my master himself. Ay, its what we must all come to.

The Commissioner—Go on, go on man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this 'dential wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The Commissioner—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams—Dearee me! you put me out. Well, as I was a saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that'ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play—I think he called it Shycock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused, but he over-persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The Commissioner—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The Commissioner—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Lawrence (with great pomposity)—Why, Sir, I have a great deal to say.

The Commissioner—Well, then, Sir, I desire you

will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence—Not more precious than mine, I presume, Sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig; and this admitted, Sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; for, Sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Commissioner—What record?

Mr. Lawrence—The record in Court.

Commissioner—We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence—You have a summons, on which I attend to defend myself; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and of the essence of, a record in the Court above.

Commissioner — Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular Acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Commissioner—I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I have cases.

Commissioner—Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence—What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The Commissioner—And pray, who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence—The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The Commissioner—I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence—He is not a woman, Sir; he is a man, Sir, and a great man, Sir—and a man, Sir——

The Commissioner—Do you mean Mr. Chitty?

Mr. Lawrence—I mean the gentleman *you* call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *Ch* in Italian sounds like an English K; and Mr. Kitty, by lineal descent, is an Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound Kittee.

The Commissioner—I should rather take Mr. Chitty's authority for this than yours.

Mr. Lawrence (in anger)—Sir, do you contradict me?

The Commissioner—Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr. Lawrence—I did.

The Commissioner—Do you choose to return it?

Mr. Lawrence—It is destroyed.

The Commissioner—How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence—It was burnt by accident.

The Commissioner—Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence—I did, in performing the part of the *Judge* in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I, with difficulty, escaped having my eyes burnt out.

The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of mental suffering, something between a groan and a curse.

The Commissioner—Well then, Sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without farther comment,

I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d., which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr. Williams—Swear ! Lord love you, I'd swear it was worth a Jew's eye. Indeed, no money can compensate me for its loss.

Commissioner—I cannot order you a Jew's eye, Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence can persuade his friend Shylock to part with one of his ; but I will order you such a sum in monies numbered, as you will swear this wig is fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed, as to the value of the wig, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to take 20s. and costs, and the parties were dismissed, mutually grumbling at each other.

A COURTLY HINT.

ONE day, at the Levee of Louis XIV., that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, Sire." Shortly afterwards, the king asked the same question. "Four, Sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in the course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length, the king, asking once more—"how many children have you?"—the nobleman replied—"Six, Sire."—"What!" cried the king, with surprise,— "Six! — You told me four just now!"—"Sire," replied the courtier—"I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

JOE MILLER.

THE following is the inscription upon Joe Miller's tomb-stone, now standing in the burying-ground, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields :

Here lie the remains of
Honest JOE MILLER,
Who was
A tender husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious companion,
And an excellent comedian.
He departed this life the 15th day of
August, 1738, aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The hum'rous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crown'd.
Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well !

S. DUCK.

From respect to social worth, mirthful qualities, and histrionic excellence, commemorated by poetic talent in humble life, the above inscription, which time had nearly obliterated, has been preserved and transferred to this stone, by order of Mr. Jarvis
Buck, churchwarden,
A. D. 1816.

REGAL STATISTICS.

I.—*According to Sir John Sinclair.*

“WHERE a number of sovereigns,” says Sir John, in his speech to the Highland Pipers, “are known by the same appellation as George, or James, or Henry,—the *fourth* of the name has in *general* been distinguished by superior qualities. For instance, Henry the Fourth, of France, was one of the ablest, and certainly the most popular princes that ever sat upon the throne. Henry the Fourth, of England, was remarkable for possessing, in the words of Hume, *many* qualities which *fitted him for his high station*.” James the Fourth, of Scotland, is described by our Scottish historians as having been “the most accomplished prince of the time in which he lived, as naturally generous and brave, as loving magnificence, and as eager to obtain fame;” and, added Sir John emphatically, “is not this an exact description of his descendant, George the Fourth of England, Scotland, and Ireland?—(*loud cheers*). Is he not the most accomplished prince of the age in which he lives, naturally brave and generous, loving magnificence (as becomes the monarch of a great empire), and eager to obtain fame; and has he not already acquired that fame to which he so anxiously aspired?”—(*cheers*), &c. &c. &c.

II.—*According to other Authorities.*

Henry the *Fourth*, of Castile, was led by the nose by a favourite, who did him the honour to sleep with his Queen.

Philip the *Fourth*, of Spain, surpassed all his predecessors in the felicity with which he continued to involve his extensive dominions in trouble, making a large empire smaller.

Charles the *Fourth*, of Spain, was the best-natured, and the most accommodating king of Europe, as his queen and some hundred grenadiers well knew.

Louis the *Fourth* was the most *ungrateful* Prince of *his* age, and was in constant wars with his vassals, arising out of his own injustice.

Gustavus the *Fourth*, of Sweden, has been some time travelling for his improvement. Twenty years ago, Mr. Wordsworth celebrated him as the most accomplished prince of Europe: what must he be now?

Murad the *Fourth*, of Turkey, surpassed all his predecessors in love for drinking wine, which he permitted to all his subjects.

Ferdinand the *Fourth*, of the Two Sicilies, yet alive to bless his subjects, has the honour to be the most *stupid* prince of Europe, which, amid so many competitors, is no small distinction.

SAM FOOTE AND THE SCOLD.

SAM FOOTE being scolded severely, on some occasion, by a lady of not the most agreeable temper, he replied—"I have heard of *tartars* and *brimstones*; and, by Jove, Madam, you are the *cream* of the one and the *flower* of the other."

OXFORD PRIZE POEM FOR 1823.

STONEHENGE.

WRAPT in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty, or Ionian grace;
No pillar'd lines with sculptur'd foliage crown'd,
No fluted remnants deck the hallow'd ground;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How, at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance;
While on each whisp'ring breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise, from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time!
'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on Tradition's page:
See! at thy call, from Fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns th'oppressor's chain;
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell*,
Waves the dark wand, and chants the thrilling spell.
Hark! 'tis the bardic lyre, whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;

* On this spot, it is said that the British nobles were slaughtered by Hengist.

Lo! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
 In lowliest homage bends before the shrine.
 He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze
 His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
 Dim gleam the torches thro' the circling night,
 Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light;
 O'er the black scene of death, each conscious star
 In lurid glory rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
 From Sarum's loneliness and Mona's glade;
 Hush'd is each note of Taliesin's* lyre,
 Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire.
 On wings of light, Hope's angel form appears,
 Smiles on the past, and points to happier years;
 Points, with uplifted hand and raptur'd eye,
 To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky;
 And views, at length, the Sun of Judah pour
 One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

THOMAS STOKES SALMON, Brasenose College.

* Taliesin, president of the bards, flourished in the sixth century.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
 His little eyes till day was breaking;
 And whimsical enough, Heav'n knows,
 The things he rav'd about while waking.
 To let him pine so were a sin—
 One, to whom all the world's a debtor—
 So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
 And Love that night slept rather better.
 Next day the case gave further hope yet,
 Though still some ugly fever latent;
 "Dose as before"—a gentle opiate,
 For which old Hymen has a patent.
 After a month of daily call,
 So fast the dose went on restoring,
 That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
 Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

ON THE VARIOUS MODES OF SHAKING HANDS.

1. THE *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking a friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair and steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less variety, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hands horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it, from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon. You may observe a person that has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake, and another that had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to puddle; their faces reddened;

the drops stood on their foreheads ; and it was at last a pleasant illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their heads slanting into an exact diagonal, in which line they ever after shook ; but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it—and, as usually the case with such compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in the limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend's as small and as soft as a maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to a degree that will shake the small bones of the wrist out of their places. It is seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet* shake with such severity, as had well nigh reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder ; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty boisterous shake of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure and loud acclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling

shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous* touch is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* allows you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations, such as extending the left hand instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, Sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense*; but they are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. I should trouble you with a few remarks in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands as an indication of character; but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump-handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

SONG.

CHARLES WETHERALL.

WITH a head
 Dull as lead,
 Roaring lungs of leather-all,
 And a shape
 Like an ape,
 Enter Charley Wetherall.

At the bar,
 Very far
 From being in high feather-all,
 Lincoln's Inn
 Thought it a sin
 To have bred this Wetherall.

When he tried
 Far and wide
 Briefs and fees to gather-all,
 Agents scowled,
 Clients growled
 At puzzel-pated Wetherall.

Could I meet
 A snug seat,
 Thought he, I might out feather-all,
 Hart and Heald,
 And Bell, would yield
 To senatorial Wetherall.

So he bought
 A seat, and thought
 Place and praise to gather-all.
 " Pray who is
 " That monstrous quiz?"
 Was all the praise of Wetherall.

When my lord
Sent round word
Partizans to gather-all,
Running first,
And like to burst,
With loyalty came Wetherall.

Steady votes,
Copious notes,
Attendance too in weather-all;
Opiate speeches,
Black silk breeches,—
Were the claims of Wetherall.

Sad to tell,
Two places fell—
He was thought fit for neither-all;
Gifford praised,
And Copley raised,
But not a word for Wetherall.

Zooks, quoth he,
I shall see
My legal prospects wither-all,
Unless I make
Ministers quake
For their neglected Wetherall.

On the scene
Flaunts the Queen,
Exclaiming, now come hither-all,
Knaves and fools
Shall be my tools—
Glorious hopes for Wetherall.

So he spoke
A speech like smoke,
Flimsy and thick together-all,
The ayes and noes,
Both friends and foes,
Curs'd this blundering Wetherall.

When an ass,
 In search of grass,
 Hath run out his tether-all,
 And cannot get
 A morsel yet,
 He's just the type of Wetherall.

THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

WHEN caps were toss'd up for the Queen,
 And needy whigs were smiling seen
 To hug their darling wishes,
 Sir Fergusson was heard to say,
 To Rosslyn's Lord, "What game d'ye play?"
 Quoth Rosslyn, "*loaves and fishes.*"
 Then down to Fifeshire straight they went,
 And both their lungs and labour spent
 In Caroline sedition.
 But every true-born Scotsman kenn'd
 The wily cheat too well, to lend
 His name to their petition.

THE KING'S CORONATION.

WHEN "Live the Sovereign" rent the air,
 And needy whigs were forced to bear
 Their disappointed wishes,
 Sir Fergusson was heard to say
 To Rosslyn's Lord, "What game d'ye play?"
 Quoth Rosslyn, "*lick the dishes.*"
 Then veering round, the patriot Lord,
 And he, the Knight of bloodless sword,
 At length began to waver:—
 Good! first afflict your Sovereign's heart,
 Then failing, act the counter-part,
 And court his royal favour.

CUPID'S CORPORAL A GENERAL LOVER.

CORPORAL *James Geer*, of the Guards, and *Hannah Clarke*, a damsel "almost at fainting under that pleasing punishment which women bear," (as our immortal bard saith of ladies in certain delicate situations), were brought before the Magistrates by the Overseers of St. Martin's parish, with a view to obtain an order of affiliation upon the said Corporal.

Previous to the administration of the oath to the lady, the Clerk of the Overseers begged to observe, that she was a very dissolute sort of person, and richly deserving of punishment; for she had boasted, in the work-house, that the father of her first child was a *Private!* the father of this her second was a *Corporal!* and the father of her next should be a *Serjeant!* and it was remarked, that at this rate she might go on even to the Commander in Chief, if she was not stopped.

Hannah did not deny having made this prolific boast; on the contrary, she held down her head in silence; and the Magistrate commented severely on her shameless incontinence.

The oath having been administered to her, she declared Corporal Geer to be the man who had conquered her virtue in this instance; and his Worship asked Corporal Geer what he had to say to it.

Corporal Geer placed his thumbs down the seams of his trowsers, turned out his toes, drew himself up to the "*attention!*" point, and said he did not know what to say to it—these *accidents* would happen sometimes.

"Then all you have to do," observed the Magis-

trate, "is to give sureties to the Parish Officers, in order that they may not suffer by your *accident*. You must procure two housekeepers to be bail for you."

Corporal Geer said he could not procure *one*.

"Then you must go to prison," said his Worship.

The Serjeant in attendance, officially, said the Corporal was in a very awkward predicament; for he had already *several* affairs of the same kind on his hands; and within the last three weeks he had "*married* *ONE* of his ladies."

"Why really, Corporal, you ought to be ashamed of your conduct!" said one of the Magistrates.

"So I am, Sir,"—replied the Corporal, but what can I do, Sir? I have made one of 'em all the amends I can—by marrying of her."

"Yes, you marry one; and leave the children of the others to starve, or to be maintained by the public."

The Corporal in reply muttered something about *marrying them all*, if the law would but let him; and the children—be they as many as they might, should all share alike, whatever he had."

The Serjeant said he had no bail to offer, nor would the Regiment interfere; and therefore the Corporal was committed to prison, to await the order of Sessions.

ON THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT 1823.

BEWARE, said Charles Ellis, to Canning one night,
Or your wit and your temper will ruin you quite;
To part with them both, thus advised, thinking fit,
He has not kept his temper, and lost all his wit.

THE PROPHECY.

I care not a louse
 For John Cam Hobhouse;
 He may fume, and may fret,
 And may toady Burdett;
 He may think himself witty,
 Cut a dash in the City;
 Vent vulgar abuse,
 Or hiss like a goose;
 To St. Paul's he may ride,
 With a sword by his side,
 Or may follow the Queen,
 Like a Jack on the Green;
 But a Palace-yard fool,
 Or a Radical tool,
 Do whatever he will,
 He's a little man still.
 He'll be laughed at and scouted,
 Be frumped, and be flouted;
 Ignoble his fate,
 Be it early or late,
 He will live in a sputter,
 And die in a gutter.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO GREAT MEN.

WOOD.

With heat of Eastern skies opprest,
 Our Princess shar'd a Sofa's rest:
 But now, her pride hath fall'n so flat,
 She rests alone upon a *Mat*.

BROUGHAM.

Full well I know your worship's head
 Is soft as any feather-bed;
 Yet, here this boasting will not pass—
 Her *Mat*, is but a palli-Ass.

THE STUDENT IN TAILORY AND THE GOLDSMITH.

AN elderly goldsmith of some eminence in trade, and of rather choleric temperament, was brought before the Magistrate on a warrant charging him with having perpetrated an assault and battery on the person of a Mr. John Carpue, a student in tailory—or “a tailor’s apprentice,” as the ancients used to say.

The goldsmith it seems was—or rather is, indebted to a celebrated professor of tailory in the vicinity of Bond-street, for sundry exquisitely-cut garments furnished to him as per order. The account had latterly become “somewhat musty”—just as a jar of preserves would do if kept open too long; and therefore the professor sent one of his junior students to the goldsmith, requesting it might be closed—in plain terms, he wished to have the “tippery” for his “togger.” The goldsmith took the request angrily, and instead of sending the junior student back with the money in his pocket, he sent him back with “a flea in his ear.” The professor thought this conduct extremely rude and ungoldsmithlike; and after two or three days’ cogitation he sent his senior student, Mr. John Carpue, with a more peremptory message. The senior student went, saw the goldsmith, delivered the professor’s message, and paused for a reply. The goldsmith lowered angrily upon him, as he had done upon the other; and ejaculated something about confounded coxcombs. The tailor saw his anger rise—his glowing cheeks and ardent eyes, but, instead of succumbing to his choler, he stood his ground firmly, and boldly re-

peated his message with a few aggravatory flourishes of his own ; whereupon the goldsmith—not having the fear of Quarter Sessions before his eyes, seized the tailor-student by his cutting-arm, and ejected him from the room, at the same time endeavouring to shut the door upon him. “ I ar’n’t to be bundled off without the money in this manner ! ” exclaimed the student. “ If you don’t go along I’ll break your neck down stairs ! ” exclaimed the goldsmith. The tailor contumaciously set his back against the door to prevent its closing ; the goldsmith tried with all his might to close it ; the tailor squeaked out his anger ; the goldsmith grunted out his indignation ; the door creaked and strained between them, and in all human probability it would have been forced off its hinges, and, perhaps, totally spoiled for ever, if the goldsmith had not, with great presence of mind, popped his fist, through the opening, right into the tailor’s masticatory apparatus. The tailor fell ; the door was closed ; the goldsmith returned quietly to his seat ; and then the tailor—having gathered himself up, and shrieked a parting malediction through the key-hole—went back to Bond-street, quite discomfited.

The goldsmith, in his defence before the Magistrate, said the tailor refused to leave his house when he told him, and, upon his attempting to show him the door, rudely seized him by the collar.

The Magistrate held the assault justifiable under such circumstances ; and so the poor “ student in tailory ” was nonsuited.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. V.

FAT, FAIR, AND FORTY.

Air—"When first I met thee, warm and young."

WHEN first I met thee, fat and fair,
 With forty charms about thee,
 A widow, brisk and debonair—
 How could I live without thee !
 Thy roguish eye I quickly spy'd,
 It made me still the fonder,
 And swore, though false to all beside,
 From thee I'd never wander :
 But now, Old Fitzy, now
 Thou'rt only fit to tease me,
 And C——m, I vow,
 Has learnt the art to please me.

When every tongue my follies nam'd,
 I fled th' unwelcome story,
 Or thought I saw, in faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of princely glory ;
 I still was true—for though false friends
 Conspir'd to wrong and slight thee,
 The heart, that now with falsehood bends,
 Would then have bled to right thee ;
 But go, Old Lady, go,—
 Thy day of pleasure's over,
 I've got a nymph "in tow,"
 With whom I live in clover.

Alas! though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn me,
 The few, who lov'd me once, have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn me :

My midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,—
 Could former friends believe it?
 Were not those Britons in their graves,
 They'd wail, alas! and grieve it.
 Then let me drown in wine,
 Those deeds, which to remember,
 Might break this heart of mine,
 Although 'tis far from tender.

And days may come, Old Fitzzy, yet,
 (Tho' own it I will never),
 When I may call, with vain regret,
 On her who's lost for ever!
 On her to whom I gave my hand,
 And vow'd to love and cherish;
 On her who left her native land,
 To come to mine, and perish.
 Then go, Old Fitzzy, go,—
 'Tis cruel thus to taunt me;
 Such visits well you know,
 Can only teaze and haunt me.

ON MR. BROUGHAM'S CELEBRATED DECLARATION

THAT HE WISHED FOR NO OTHER EPITAPH THAN
 "HERE LIES THE ENEMY OF WILLIAM PITT."

BROUGHAM, on his tomb-stone would have writ,
 "Here lies the enemy of Pitt;"
 And half the line at least applies—
 For every one admits—" *He lies!*"

IN AND OUT.

WHEN Creevey was one of the Board of Controul,
 He was passive, and never addicted to growl;
 But now in the House, Tommy kicks up a storm,
 Cuts away at the Clerks, and insists on Reform.
 Only give Tommy Creevey his office again,
 And no more you will hear Tommy Creevey complain.

A NEW PIECE,

CALLED "MINE HOST AND HIS WAITER."

Enter Mr. OXBERRY, in a long Plaid Cloak turned up with black velvet, as Landlord of the Craven's Head Tavern, Drury-lane—WILLIAM CLUFF, his waiter—Attendants, Officers, &c.

Cluff.—And please your Worship, I am a waiter, what waits at taverns and places. 'T'other day Mr. Oxberry had a dinner of twenty-one at his house, the Craven's Head, your Worship, hard by; and I was engaged to wait upon 'em, which I accomplished to every gentleman's satisfaction, I believe; and if I did not, many of 'em are here present, and let 'em speak to it. After dinner, saving your Worship's presence, a dessert was ordered for twenty-one, at sixpence a-head; and I set it out very handsomely, as I always do. Then, your Worship, I handed the plate to the chairman for the sixpence a-head, and he very kindly told me to bring another plate for something for the waiter—that's *me*, your Worship. When the bell rung, I goes up, your Worship; and the chairman says to me, says he, "Here, waiter, there's sixteen shillings—for the dessert, and the rest for yourself." "Thank you, Sir," says I. "Oh, no thanks," says he—"You've been vastly attentive, and it's due to you." With that, your Worship, I takes my half to myself, and takes the other half—eight shillings—your Worship, to the bar; whereby Mr. Oxberry blowed me up, and said a dessert for twenty-one, at sixpence a-head, comes to ten and sixpence. "Very well," says I, "Sir, I can't help it—the gentlemen have done

all what they pleased." So then, your Worship, without no more provocation than this here, Mr. Oxberry said I should pay for three plates and one glass, what the gentlemen broke; and says I to Mr. Oxberry, says I —

Magistrate.—The warrant charges Mr. Oxberry with assaulting and beating you—I do not want to hear about your plates and dishes—come to the assault at once.

Cluff.—Well, your Worship, by that means Mr. Oxberry goes up stairs, and I heard him telling the gentlemen that I should say they were all a parcel of *scaly* fellows; whereby I told him it was a *lie*; by which means he laid hold of my collar and shook me, and hit me two or three times, your Worship, while the other gentlemen held me.

Magistrate.—And as far as I can judge at present, you richly deserve to be shaken.

Mr. Oxberry.—Your Worship; this fellow —

Magistrate.—Keep your temper, Mr. Oxberry.

Mr. Oxberry.—Your Worship, I will endeavour. This person, who has been haunting my house this fortnight for employment, I engaged, as he says, to wait upon a little dinner I had at my house. I am a publican, Sir—

Cluff.—And sinner. (*aside*)

Mr. Oxberry.—After dinner he came down to me, complaining that the company had not paid him; whereupon I went up stairs and told them what he had said,—that they were a parcel of *shabby* fellows.

Magistrate.—There you were wrong, Mr. Oxberry. I think the person who repeats a hasty expression, as bad almost as the first utterer of it.

Mr. Oxberry.—Your Worship, I admit it. But I

had no sooner uttered the words, than he pops into the room, and calls me a *liar*! and I very naturally ordered him out of my house; but I never struck him, on the contrary, he struck *me*.

Betty Chambermaid.—Your Worship, I saw the waiter, Mr. Cluff, come into the room and call master a liar, and strike him—quite in a passion, your Worship.

First Gentleman.—I substantiate what Betty chambermaid has said. Certainly the waiter struck Mr. Oxberry, and Mr. Oxberry did not strike the waiter.

Second Gentleman.—That's *very* true.

Cluff.—Your Worship, these are all Mr. Oxberry's friends. Besides, Mr. Oxberry always serves his waiters so.

Magistrate.—Then you expected he would beat you, when you asked him for employment?

Cluff.—Your Worship, I knew I run great risk of it.

Magistrate.—The warrant is dismissed.—Good morning to you, Mr. Oxberry.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

RECIPE,

FOR COMPOUNDING A POLITICAL RADICAL DOCTOR OF DIVINITY,
A. S. S. &c.

To half of Busby's *skill* in mood and tense,
Add Bentley's *pedantry*, without his sense;—
From Warburton take all the *spleen* you find,
But leave his *genius* and his *wit* behind;—
Squeeze Churchill's *rancour* from the verse it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's turgid prosing:—
Add all the *piety* of Saint Voltaire:—
Mix the gross compound—Fiat—*Dr. Parr*.

COME FORTH, THOU SLANDERER !

The powerful effect of Mr. Denman's Challenge in the House of Lords to an illustrious Slanderer, gave rise to the following pungent satiric Poem. It was literally written impromptu, by the Editor of this Work, and published the same Evening in the Statesman.

“ COME forth, thou Slanderer ! ” show thy bloated crest,
 And let mankind denote thee as its pest ;
 Think not a R * * * * banner shall disguise
 Thy hideous form from truth's inquiring eye ;
 The poet, fearless dares the task assay,
 To drag thee forward to the light of day :
 Call all thy vices by their proper name,
 Then hurl thee writhing to the gulph of shame.
 Shall black oppression with his tyrant band,
 Drive *truth* and manhood from my native land ?
 Or lives there yet an INJURED QUEEN to right—
 One British heart beyond thy power to fright ?
 Poise high the javelins, let the judges strike,
 I dare their dungeons as *I hate thy like*—
 Hate thee, and all the concentrated band,
 Whom public feeling, public villains brand ;
 Who, false to all their Country, God, and King,
 In base alliance poison truth's pure spring,
 From whence corruption flows like ocean's tide,
 That mad Ambition in his car may ride,
 The lustful despot of indignant earth,
 The giant demon who makes war on worth,
 The hell-born monster, who his country sold,
Hibernia's curse, whose heart is bloodless cold ;
 Whose smile's deceit, the Vampire of the Isle,
 The foe of freedom—the elect of guile ;—
 These are thy friends ; for these thy slanders tell,
 And be like these consigned to earthly hell.
 “ Come forth, thou Slanderer ! ”—DENMAN'S eye of fire
 Hath struck thee dumb, and palsied loose desire.

Why *trembling* sit the bold reproach to hear?
Can truth strike ducal *Dunces dead* with fear?
Or did thy *Father's* spirit, gliding by
In form majestic, *damn* the horrid lie?
From earth's dull tomb his canonized bones
Indignant, burst their cemetery stones;
His hoary locks—his eyeless form was there,
And all thy mind was horror and despair.
“Come forth, thou Slanderer!”—Is thy heart of steel?
A mother's wrongs shall teach thee yet to feel.
Can you forget a poor and beggar'd D—e,
My talents saved from creditors' rebuke?
Whate'er the public gave, I freely lent;
Of black ingratitude I never dreamt;
Ne'er thought my DAUGHTER'S HONOUR was in danger,
Or *you*, for *interest*, would wed a stranger.
Ne'er thought, when life's gay prime should once be o'er,
You'd drive me, poor and friendless, from your door.
Who could have thought a mother's claims forgot,
In foreign climes my bones unhears'd should rot!
Or, if in earth's cold bosom laid to rest,
Some pitying stranger gave the sad bequest?
Who will believe, when my poor spirit's fled,
A FATHER robb'd the SANCTUM of the dead?
Is there a vice can sensual man degrade,
Let my poor children mourn the debt unpaid.
“Come forth, thou Slanderer!” let my *will* display
Thy foul intentions to the light of day.
“Come forth, thou Slanderer!”—Dastard, whisp'ring liar,
Come forth thou venal wretch of base desire.
Come forth obscenity—come rank disgust,
Come ignorance, folly, hatred, lust:
Come one, come all—for all are here combin'd,
The sworn co-partners of a hellish mind.
Wretch, if I thought thy name but hung in doubt,
In spite of *prudence*, I would give it out;
And trumpet-tongued to earth's remotest space,
I'd make thy title current for disgrace,
Till *shame* and *you* should find one resting place.

PETER AND DOROTHY;

OR, MATRIMONIAL MISERY.

EIGHT months ago, Dorothy was not Mrs. Patterson, but Mrs. Magrah—she being then the happy wife of her *own* lawful husband, Mr. Phelim Magrah, of Buckeridge-street, in the parish of St. Giles, mortar-carrier. It so happened, however, that Mr. Phelim Magrah died, leaving Dorothy a forlorn widow with three *childer*—the youngest only three weeks old, and the eldest a comely damsel of sixteen years, or thereabout. For full five months after did Dorothy demean herself “sorrowfully and *dacently* in her *widdyhood* ;” but at the end of that time there was “no vittle for the childer ;” and Mr. Peter Patterson dropped in and said to her, “Och ! Misthress Magrah,” said he—“an, if ye’d lave off ye’r *widdying*, its meself would be the father to the childer ye’ve got—and some others, may be, Mrs. Magrah,” said he, for he had a coaxing tongue in the head of him, and she listened to him, and the *childer* cried for the bread ; and she laid aside her widow’s weeds, and became Mrs. Peter Patterson. This was only six weeks ago ; but before the honeymoon had passed, Peter Patterson plainly showed what he was, by *kicking* her out of bed, and saying to her, “Misthress Magrah that *was*,” said he, “ye may take the childer and get out it entirely—for, be the powers ! Misthress Patterson that *is*, meself can’t stand the bother of it any longer at all !” Many other unkindnesses did Peter Patterson perpetrate from time to time thereafter, but we have not room to detail them ; suffice it to say, that he had not given her a

bit of *vittle* for this fortnight past ; that she was of course compelled to go out and seek food for herself and children ; that he took advantage of her absence to lock the door of his place, refusing to let her in when she returned ; and upon her breaking the door open with her fair foot, he rushed at her, poker in hand, and would have *murthert* her—only she ran down stairs *with her life* ! She added, that it was not wonderful Peter should use her thus hardly, for he “ *murthert* his first wife *quite clane and comfortable*,” and nobody none the wiser, as all the neighbours were ready to swear.

Miss Judith Magrah, eldest daughter of Mrs. Patterson, corroborated her mother’s statement ; and, baring her own white shoulder, showed a bruise which her cruel stepfather had inflicted on it with the foot of a brass candlestick—merely because she stood up in defence of her mother ; and, like her mother, she declared she should have lost her life, had she not run away with it.

Mr. Peter Patterson had nothing more to say, in reply to all this, than that Mrs. Peter Patterson was not the woman he took her for ; and he was ordered to enter into sureties for his keeping the peace ; which not being able to do, he was consigned to the custody of the gaoler.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL LORD BRIDPORT.

TALKING of the threatened invasion by the French, in 1798, Admiral Lord Bridport drily observed —“ They might come as they could ; for his own part, he could only say that they should not come *by water*.”

ON MR. GRENFELL'S DECLARATION,

THAT THE VOTE AGAINST THE QUEEN, ON SATURDAY MORNING,
HAD BROUGHT HIM ROUND TO PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

OLD Grenfell, after many a party storm,
Takes a new view of morals and reform,
And hopes our towns, and ladies, may be seen
Pure as *Penryn*, and spotless as the Queen:
The wish seems wonderous strange—but let it pass—
Copper has great affinity to brass.

TO THE SAME ON THE SAME.

BY MR. TIERNEY.

PASCOE, my copper-faced old friend,
Your scheme our Parliament to mend
Is somewhat rash, I doubt;
For, if you make it law, that sense
Should bring men *in*, instead of pence,
You are for ever *out*.

ON THE SAME.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD ERSKINE.

PASCOE attempts at eloquence to reach,
And makes a blunder, which *he* calls a speech.

REPLY BY MR. GRENFELL.

ERSKINE, at least, is guiltless of my blunder,
For, every speech he makes he calls a wonder.

HOW TO RULE A WIFE;

OR, THE ECONOMICAL COAL-HEAVER.

A YOUNG married man, named John King, was brought before the Magistrate, charged with having assaulted Hannah Maria, his wife.

John King is something in the coal trade, and he appeared before his Worship in scarlet plush breeches, white cotton mud-bespotted stockings, and short gaiters to match; a flannel-coloured kerseywove jacket tucked under one arm, and a *fan-tail'd shallow* under the other. His spouse, Hannah Maria—a very pretty decently-dressed young woman, appeared to be precisely “as ladies wish to be who love their lords;” and she had moreover a little John King in her arms—their first pledge of love; and a very nice little pledge it was—with lace cap, beaver hat and feathers, and all that sort of thing—such a bantling, in short, as John King, or any King, might well be proud of.

Hannah Maria stated, that she had been married to John King “seventeen months come next Saturday week;” and though he was a good *pains-taking* husband enough, he was so *fond* of *ruling* her, that he beat her almost every day.

His Worship observed, that by her account, John King appeared to be a *pains-giving*, as well as a *pains-taking*, husband; but she must confine her evidence to some particular and recent instance of his severity.

Hannah Maria dropp’d a curtsy, slapped little John King on his little fat arm to make him lie quietly on her bosom, and proceeded to state how John King

had bought her a beautiful flower for her bonnet—how he afterwards took her into the country on a visit to their friends—how their friends laughed and made fun of her flower—how she cut the flower out of her bonnet the moment she got home again—and how John King boxed both her ears for so doing till he made her head ache for hours after.

“Well, John King, what have you to say in reply to all this?” asked his Worship.

John King rolled up the sides of his fan-tail’d shal-low, and replied—“Please your Worship I’m a man what likes to keep a good house over my head, and to have every thing genteel and comfortable about me.”

“May be so, John King”—rejoined his Worship—“but it does not follow that you are to beat your wife—that is not the way to be genteel and comfortable, I should think.”

“Why your Worship,” replied John King, “perhaps it isn’t the *best* way; but it’s desperate hard, when I have been working and slaving to make her look nice, that she should set about and pull the flower to pieces in her passion, and all because of foolish nonsense.—It’s a poor wife that can’t stand a bit of a joke, your Worship!”

His Worship admitted this fact; and told Hannah Maria he thought she had been somewhat to blame. “At the same time, John King,” added his Worship, “she must not be *beat*—She is your wife, whom you have solemnly sworn to love and cherish so long as you both shall live; and if I hear any further complaints of you, I shall hold you to bail to keep the peace towards her. In the mean time I shall order the present warrant to be suspended; and I recommend you to go home together, forgive and

forget all that has past, and live more peaceably in future."

John King promised that he would do so, but Hannah Maria did not seem to have much faith in his promise; and she slowly followed him out of the office, evidently dissatisfied with the issue.

A RESPECTABLE JURY.

THE following anecdote is recorded of Judge Doddridge:—Having, at Huntingdon assizes, in 1619, reproved the Sheriff for returning persons on the jury who were not of sufficient respectability, at the next assizes the Sheriff presented the following list, at which the Judge smiled, and at the same time applauded his ingenious industry:—Maximilian *King*, of Torland; Henry *Prince*, of Godmanchester; George *Duke*, of Somersham; William *Marquis*, of Stukeley; Edward *Earl*, of Hartford; Robert *Lord*, of Worsley; Richard *Baron*, of Bythorpe; Edmund *Knight*, of St. Neots; Peter *Esquire*, of Easton; George *Gentleman*, of Spaldock; Robert *Yeoman*, of Barham; Stephen *Pope*, of Weston; Humphrey *Cardinal*, of Kimbolton; William *Bishop*, of Bugden; John *Abbott*, of Stukeley; Richard *Friar*, of Ellington; Henry *Monk*, of Stukeley; Edward *Priest*, of Graffham; Richard *Deacon*, of Cutsworth.

ON INTOLERANCE.

CHARLES V. who had so long distinguished himself as a persecutor of all who differed from the orthodox faith, appears in his retirement to have come to his senses on the subject of intolerance. He had 30 watches on his table, and observing that no two of them marked the same time, he exclaimed, "How could I imagine that in matters of religion I could make all men think alike!"—A servant carelessly entering his cell, threw down all the watches. The Emperor laughed, and said, "You are more lucky than I, for you have found the way to make them all go together."

PICTURESQUE FUNERAL.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, the celebrated female artist, died at Rome in 1806. Her funeral obsequies were performed with decorous pomp, and with more than usual solemnity. Several of the nobility, more than one hundred ecclesiastics in the habits of their several orders, and the members of all the literary societies at Rome, walked in the procession. The pall was supported by young ladies dressed in white; and immediately after the body, some of her best pictures were displayed, borne on the shoulders of the mourners.

COBWEBS.

"Laws are like Cobwebs—small flies are caught, and the great ones break through."

You may talk of the Church, but we're not to be cramm'd ;
 You may talk of your Justice, we're not to be flamm'd :
 When *small* States believe, and repenting too late,
 Themselves find enslaved to *legitimate great* ;
 When asserting our rights, they shoot into the throng,
 And none are protected, but those that do wrong ;
 When men are dismiss'd as whim feels it expedient,
 While *Commissions* are safe with the *humbly obedient* ;
 When a BEACON is lit, to make wrecks on the shore,
 And the horns of a BULL (gilt) are sharpen'd to gore ;
 When Judges are *patrons* of libels they try,
 And *spies* make the treason, they're sent to descry ;
 When Bishops, who ever sweet charity preach,
 Subscribe to a *gang*, who such tenets impeach ;
 When FLETCHERS escape — — —
 You may talk of *the Church*, but we're not to be cramm'd ;
 You may talk of *your Justice*, we're not to be flamm'd.

 ANECDOTE OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by the Duchess to take some medicine ; she, with her usual warmth, added, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth being present, said, "*Do take it then, my Lord, for it must be of service one way or other.*"

ROW IN THE HOLY LAND.

CALLAGHAN M'CARTHY and Michael Bryan presented themselves before the Magistrate, begging that he would be pleased to settle matters between them—each having given the other a broken head. Callaghan M'Carthy took the lead.—“An plaze your Honour, this is the father-in-law to me, becaze I married the daughter of him—Norah Bryan that was, but Mrs. M'Carthy that is, now that she is my own wife, and she isn't the likes of him at all, but paceable and quiet, your Honour—barrin the nights I gets a drop or two in me, and that isn't often. And Mykle Bryan walopped the ould woman last night, and she runn'd away from him, and comm'd to my place, and we took her in to it, and gave her some beer to wet her sorrow—good luck to her. Presently comes Mykle Bryan tearing after her — wi' the drink in his head, and the vengeance in his heart agen the poor ould cratur; and ‘Where is she?’ says he, through the keyhole—for meself had made the door fast, that he shouldn't come into it.—‘And get along with ye paceably, Myke Bryan,’ says I. ‘Sorrow a bit I'll let ye into it to night at all,’ says I.—‘Devlee burn ye!’ says he, ‘to keep me out of it, and my own wife in it at the same time.’—‘Be aizy, Myke,’ says I, but he wouldn't; and he com'd in at the windy, with his head behind him—saving your honour's presence, for sure enough, he put his *sate* in at it first! and I took the *blow-bellis* to bate him back again, with the broad of 'em upon his *sate*, but he roul'd inward, and the women squalled, and the bits a' taythings and the

beer was upset, and he got the blow-bellis out of my hand, and gives meself the swatest clout on me head with them! Och, but me own place spinn'd round with me like a windymill!"—"What, he *broke your head?*" asked his Worship.—"Nat *altogether*, your Honour," replied Mr. Callaghan M'Carthy smiling—"or meself wouldn't be here spaking; but he left his *mark* upon me, as your Honour may persave." This "*mark*" was a lump about the size of half a cricket-ball, immediately on the top of his head. It was now Mykle's turn to *spake*. Poor Mykle seemed to have had much the worst of it; for, independent of the bellows operation upon his *sate*, his whole face was so bruised, that it looked more like a green pumpkin than any thing else. He began his defence by declaring that the ould woman was a bad one, and sa fond of the drops, that she set up business as a fruiteress in the street, on her own account, entirely unknownst to him, on purpose to get money to buy gin—and may be, something stronger now and then. This caused ill blood between them, for he thought it quite ondacent for an ould woman, the mother of thirteen childer, to be taking drops in a gin-shop, when she had a good husband at home, who never let her want for any thing—barrin the gin. The Magistrate dismissed the affair altogether, with an assurance to Messrs. Bryan and M'Carthy, that he would hold them both to bail, if they broke the peace again.

ON INDEPENDENCE.

WHAT want I in life to be bought at the price
Of courting proud folly or crouching to vice?
What is there should tempt me my freedom to barter,
Or a tittle to abate of an Englishman's charter?

Shall the mind that has drawn from the poet and sage
Some share of the nurture of ev'ry fair age,
Shrink back with false shame, or be dazzled with awe,
When weakness, or prejudice, lays down the law?

The first rights of nature, when tyrants invade,
And freedom and justice aloud call for aid,
Unmov'd at the voice, shall I stupidly stand,
Or raise in the conflict a timorous hand?

O! never must cold-hearted selfishness know,
The noble delights of a generous glow,
The triumphant emotions that swell in the mind,
When reason and truth gain the cause for mankind.

From the task of these joys shall I meanly stoop down,
And deaden the heart with the fear of a frown;
Weigh a sentiment's worth with the chance of a fee,
And throw in the scale--"Why, 'tis nothing to me?"

Is it nought to be lord of a liberal breast;
Is truth a mere phantom, and freedom a jest?

TRUE GREATNESS AND MEDIOCRITY.

WARBURTON draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness and a mediocrist. "If," says he, "you want to recommend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of you: if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself."

GABRIEL SPRIGGINS.

AMONGST a number of "disorderlies" who were brought up before the sitting Magistrate (Alderman Garratt), for breaches of the peace or disorderly conduct, a person of gentlemanly appearance and manners, who called himself *Gabriel Spriggins*, particularly attracted the attention of the Magistrate, who was surprised to see such a figure brought out from amongst the filthy wretches, thieves, and prostitutes of the lock-up room.

A wretched old char-woman, who lives in a dirty, and at night dismal place called Star-court, Chancery-lane, came forward and charged Gabriel with having broken open her bed-room door in the dead of the preceding night. She said she was a lone woman, who had but one son, a sailor, who lived in her room, a garret at No. 3, when he was in town; and it so happened that he was sleeping at her feet. The old woman, who it was evident had not yet recovered from the fright in which she had been put, ran on with a detail of circumstances, which the Magistrate could only clearly collect from her son, a gloomy looking sailor. From his account it appeared, that at four o'clock on the morning before, they were awakened by the barking of the old woman's dog, and heard a sort of scratching at the room door. The sailor thought it was a cat scratching to get in, and beat the dog for awakening him on so slight an occasion. The noise then ceased, and all was quiet for a time, when the sailor and the old woman went to sleep again. Some time after, she was awakened by a noise, as if the door of the room had been burst open, and after an inter-

val of silence she felt a cold hand wandering over her bed ; when she exclaimed, thinking her son had got up, " Jack, is that your hand ?"—" No, mother, I wasn't stirring," said the sailor.—" Then there's some fellow in the room," replied the old woman. The sailor, at the word, sprung out of his bed, and felt about in the dark for the intruder ; designing to send him, whoever he might be, by one step, from the top to the bottom of the stairs. He caught hold of him at last, and gave him a twist towards the door, with the design mentioned, which threw him across the old woman as she lay in bed. The sailor flung himself upon the intruder, whom he found was rather a heavier opponent than he calculated upon, and threatened to blow his brains out if he stirred. Gabriel, who was under the sailor, threatened to murder both of them if they resisted him, and accompanied his threat by many " strange and desperate oaths." The old woman, as soon as she could disencumber herself from the load, went to the window, and screamed out " murder !" lustily, whilst the intruder and her son were grappling on the floor for ascendancy, with various success. The watchman and a crowd of the miserable lodgers in the house soon rushed into the room and seized the prisoner. They were not a little amazed to find a person of gentlemanly appearance in the house, and in such a situation, and the whole had a most curious appearance, particularly from the figure of the old woman, with her hair hanging about her neck, and of her son, who was, of course, undressed. The prisoner threatened furiously, and resisted being carried to the watch-house, whither however he was taken, but could not be prevailed upon to give any account of himself, how he got to that height, or for what purpose. The house, it

appeared, is let out in lodgings to numerous miserable lodgers, for whose convenience the door is left open, and they sleep in all that enviable security which is produced by having nothing worth taking to lose.

The prisoner, who had, during the recital of the story expressed the highest surprise and amusement, as if the witnesses had been relating a fiction, when called upon gravely by the Magistrate to tell who and what he was, and to account for his extraordinary proceedings, replied—"My name is Ireland: * I am *flauto primo*, which means, your Worship, principal flute, at the King's Theatre, where I was last night. The whole of the strange story that these people have been telling you I know nothing of, and certain I am that I was in my own bed, long before and after four in the morning, therefore I conclude that these good people have been dreaming."

He was immediately recognised by a gentleman present, as the eminent flute player of the Italian Operahouse, where most lovers of music must have heard, and been delighted with, his fine tones and brilliant execution. The Magistrate saw, at once, that the son of Apollo had been sacrificing rather freely to Bacchus, and that he was still under the influence of his libations, although it was not apparent at first sight. He appeared impressed with the idea, as he had slept in the Compter, that he had been in his bed all night. The worthy Alderman gave particular instructions to the officers to take care of him, and convey him to his friends.

* *Poor Ireland is since dead: "he was a fellow of infinite jest;" universally esteemed, and in his profession admirable.*

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Aldermen, list to my lay :
 Oh list, ere your bumpers ye fill —
 Her Majesty's dead !—lack a day !
 She remember'd me not in her Will.
 Oh folly ! Oh, baneful ill luck,
 That I ever to court her began :
 She was Queen, and I could not but suck,
 But she died, and poor Matty's undone !
 Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps, it was plain to foresee,
 That a Queen so complete would be sought
 By a Courtier more knowing than me.
 But self-love each hope can inspire,
 It banishes *wisdom* the while ;
 And I thought she would surely admire
 My countenance, whiskers, and smile.
 She is dead though, and I am undone !—
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Oh ! let me instruct you to shun
 What I cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree ;
 It is not for me to explain,
 How fair, and how fickle they be.
 Alas ! that her lawyers e'er met—
 They alone are the cause of my woes :
 Their tricks I shall never forget—
 Those lawyers undid my repose.
 Yet the *Times* may diminish my pain,
 If the Statesman and Traveller agree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain—
 Yes, the *Times* shall have comfort for me,
 Of the Wood and the Woodcock the tale,
 And how perfect soever it seem,
 The sad conduct at Ilchester jail
 Henceforth shall be Matty Wood's theme.

High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own,
 Or fate had ne'er given such delight
 As I had with her Majesty known.
 Mrs. Wood, ope your doors then apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly—
 I must hide my poor woe-begone face,
 I must vanish from every eye.
 But my sad, my deplorable lay,
 My reed shall resound with it still—
 How her Majesty died t'other day,
 And remember'd me not in her Will.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. VI.

THE LAST SQUEAK OF DERRY ON MR. WYNNE'S
EMBASSY TO SWITZERLAND.

AIR—"Tis the last rose of summer."

'Tis the last squeak of *Derry*, left nearly alone,
 Whilst ungrateful companions his party have flown;
 Yet some friends of his kidney to aid him are nigh,
 And the *Grenvilles* thus soothe his disconsolate sigh.
 "We'll not leave thee to perish, thou bright Irish gem,
 "Where the *Placemen* are sleeping, still sleep thou with them;
 "Whilst, kindly, we'll stifle the voices you dread,
 "Nor discussion shall cease till their patience has fled.
 "Let thy patronage follow, which ne'er must decay,
 "To our WYNNE give a *sinecure*—make no delay;
 "When thy influence withers—our pensions are flown,
 "Oh! who *then* would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

LATE HOURS AND OYSTERS.

Two gentlemen of pretty considerable respectability—one tall, and the other short—were charged with having assaulted the watch; and no fewer than five “ancient and quiet watchmen” appeared to testify against them.

Dennis Mack was first in order. He said he found the two gentlemen at the door of the oyster-shop in New-street, Covent-garden, between one and two o’clock in the morning, kicking up a great row with a hackney coach and two ladies. He told them to go home to bed, and not be making such a bother as all that; when the short one laid hold of his staff and tried to twist it out of his hand, whereupon he sprung his rattle for assistance, &c.

Thomas Robinson was the next. He was a smart upright, *Corporal Trim* like sort of a watchman, and his discourse was somewhat “stuffed with epithets of war.” He heard the *rattle-call* of his *comrade*, and *advanced* to his *relief*—he made his *approaches* with caution, in order to *reconnoitre* the party—having so done, he challenged the offenders to *surrender*, and received the point-blank charge of a fist—in his belly.

“What are you?” asked the Magistrate, struck by the novelty of his phraseology.

“I have been a soldier, your Honour,” he replied—“but since I was discharged from the army I have endeavoured to fulfil the part of a cobbler.”

Patrick Donaghue, a six foot Emerald islander, with an astonishing perpendicular expansion of countenance, was the third in order. He heard the *hubbuboo* as he was *paceably* walking his *bate*, and went, right

on end, to *larn* the rights of it, and the biggest of the two—without saying by y're leave—took him a mighty *dacent* stroke over the *jaws*.

Two other watchmen followed, but they said they only came in at the tail of the *row*, and therefore did not see the beginning of it. However, they bore testimony to the extreme repugnance of the gentlemen to go to the watch-house.

The gentlemen were now called upon for their defence, and the short one undertook the task of making it. It appeared that he and his tall friend were out so late *because* they were eating *oysters*, consequently the oysters were entirely to blame, as far as late hours were concerned. Then as they were coming out of the oyster-shop, they found two *ladies*, who also had been up stairs eating oysters, sitting in a hackney coach at the door. There was nothing very extraordinary in this; but somehow or other the coachman had got it into his head, that those two unlucky gentlemen had ordered the coach for the use of the ladies, then comfortably sitting therein, and of course he looked to them for the fare. The *ladies* themselves encouraged the coachman in this "iniquitous idea," and seemed to enjoy it very much; but our oyster-eaters were not to be had in this way. They *re-sisted* the "abominable demand"—the coachman *per-sisted*, the ladies laughed, the watch came up, and they (the oyster-eaters) were hauled off to durance most unjustly. As to the blow on the belly, the stroke on the jaws, &c. they denied *it in toto*.

They were nevertheless held to bail for their appearance at the Sessions; and doubtless should they ever be taken with an oyster fit again, they will try to get it over earlier.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. VII.

WHO SUFFERS.

Air—"We may roam thro' this World like a Child at a Feast."

WE can roam through the Town, and of *Flats* make a feast,
 And if one *Gudgeon* bites, we then bait for the rest;
 And when *bailiffs* and *grabs* hunt us up in the East,
 We can pack up our *traps* and be off to the West:
 Though *Snip* may *suffer*, we dress in style,
 And laugh at the *Snob* who our boots provides,
 But without their aid we should ne'er get a smile
 From nymphs of the *Ton*, with their ogling eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through the Town, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes round,
 Oh! remember who suffers on shop-board at home.

In England 'tis easy to get into debt,
 For *spoonies* will trust any *cove* that may call;
 If you *cut* but a *swell*, and make a *dead set*,
 They'll find you in clothes, board, lodging and all.
 Oh! were the *girls* up to our *moves* on the Town,
 And only could see *how* our living we gain,
 Instead of a smile, we should meet with a frown,
 And for ogling eyes, see nought but disdain.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through the Town, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes round,
 Oh! remember who suffers on shop-board at home.

In France, when a man of the Town spreads his sail,
 On the ocean of credit his fortune to try,
 He runs a few knots—then is *lagg'd* up in jail,
 Where, without friends or cash, he must lie down and die;

But in England a *College*, humanely, is kept,
 For those who can't pay, to live at their ease,
 Where many a prime *noble fellow* has slept—
 For three little months—in a *bed full of fleas*.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through the Town, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember who suffers on shop-board at home.

 SINGULAR EPITAPH.

IN a church at Amsterdam there is a very ancient funeral monument of white marble, on which are engraved a pair of *slippers* of a very singular kind, with this inscription (*Effen Nyt*), which means *exactly* ; and the story of this singularity is this :—A man who was very rich, but who was a *bon vivant*, took it into his head that he was to live a certain number of years, and no longer. Under the impression of this idea, he calculated, that if he spent so much a year, his estate and his life would *expire together* ; it accidentally happened that he was not mistaken in either of his calculations ; he died precisely at that time which he had presented to himself in fancy, and had then brought his fortune to such a predicament, that after the paying of his debts, he had nothing left but a *pair of slippers* : his relations buried him in a creditable manner, and had the slippers carved on his tomb, with the above laconic device.

FRENCH OPINION OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

THE gross ignorance displayed in the French newspapers, with respect to the manners and character of Englishmen, and the nature of our Constitution and Laws, has been a subject of frequent remark. On the first renewal of the intercourse between the two countries after a long war, during which the French government had used every possible means of misleading and deceiving the people, it was not astonishing to find the most absurd stories currently reported and implicitly believed. But even now the peculiarities of our national character seem to be as little understood as ever. It is, indeed, extremely difficult for a Frenchman to comprehend those strongly marked distinctions in the characters of individuals and of classes, which are produced in this country by the independent spirit that our system of government is calculated to generate and promote. Above all, he is completely puzzled by the touch of *blackguardism* which is observable in some of our amusements. Boxing and dog-fighting are to him matters of endless wonderment; and in his admiration he believes, like Matthews' prisoner of war, that "every body boxes in England." Thus a Paris paper lately asserted that many ladies of high rank witnessed the prodigious *rat-icide* of the dog *Billy* in the Westminster pit. Another gravely quoted *Life in London*, as a picture of the mode of living in England. And we observe the following silly paragraph in a *liberal* journal of recent date. The writer has the impudence too to put his nonsense into the mouths of Englishmen. "*John Bull*," says he, "a comedy

which was formerly represented every week at one of the great London theatres, has not been played for three months. Some Englishmen remark that prohibitive ordinances begin to be established in England, and that in proportion as the British government advances in the theory of public liberty, it retrogrades in the practice of that theory." If we are not very much mistaken, this will be news to Messrs. Elliston and Kemble. Let not Connor aspire to the honours of *Dennis Brulgruddery*, and be the sedition of the *Red Cow* for ever forgotten!

COPY OF THE PLACARDS,

DISTRIBUTED IN THE DUBLIN THEATRE ON THE MARQUIS
WELLESLEY'S VISIT, BY THE ORANGE FACTION.

Ex-Governor of the
BANTAMS
Shall change his
MORNING TON—E!
NO POPERY!!!

The Protestants want TALEOT,*
As the Papists have got all but!!!
And FLEMING,† tho' he has the Mace,
May find it hard to keep his place.
"GABBETT'S DIGEST."‡

* The late Lord Lieutenant, who drank the "Glorious Memory" at Alderman James's inauguration dinner, in three weeks after the King's departure from Ireland, whilst the ink with which His Majesty's parting injunction was written, might almost be said to have been still wet.

† The present Lord Mayor.

‡ A legal work of some repute, compiled by Mr. Gabbett, the Police Magistrate and Barrister, of College-street Division.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. VIII.

THE SLOE-BLACK PEEPER.

Air—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

PEGGY hath a squinting eye,
 But no one knows at what it squinteth;
 Right and left her glances fly,
 But what they glance at, no one hinteth;
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nancy's roguish sloe-black peeper;
 Few its looks, but every one
 Strikes sly Cupid's arrows deeper!
 Oh, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear!
 My pretty roguish black-ey'd Nancy!
 I despise
 Peg's squinting eyes,
 But sloe-black peepers please my fancy.

Peggy wears her dresses high,
 And then her stays, so tight she'll lace 'em;
 Not a charm can one espy,
 Tho' busy fancy tries to trace 'em!
 Oh, my Nancy's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free,
 To rise or fall as nature pleases!
 Yes, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear!
 My plump and playful black-ey'd Nancy!
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness,
 And *your's*, like *her's*, just suits my fancy!

Peggy's mouth to grin's inclin'd,
 But 'mongst her teeth there's ne'er a white one;
 And then they look as if design'd
 To snap at, or perhaps, to bite one!

But Nancy's *iv'ries*, oh, how clean !
 And then her breath is sweet as roses ;
 And lips were never redder seen,
 Nor aught more straight than Nancy's nose is :
 Oh, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear !
 My pretty roguish black-ey'd Nancy !
 How I prize
 Your sloe-black eyes,
 But squinting Peg's I ne'er can fancy !

SOUND MAXIMS.

"IF ordinary beggars are whipped, the daily beggars in fine clothes, out of a proportionable respect for their quality, ought to be hanged."—*Marquis of Halifax*.—There are two other maxims of this nobleman, which are quite to the purpose :—"Arbitrary power is like most other things that are very hard—they are also very apt to break."—"A people may let a King fall, yet still remain a people ; but if a King let his people slip from him, he is no longer a King."

CREED OF TONGA.

THE people of Tonga believe, that "there is no future place of existence for the souls of men, but Bolotoo, and consequently no state of future punishment ; all rewards for virtue and punishment for vice being inflicted on mankind in this world. When Mr. Mariner acquainted some of them with the Christian doctrine of eternal punishment, they said that "*it was very bad indeed for the Papalangies*"—(that is, the white people.)—See "*Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*."

IRISH JARS.

John Cochrane was charged with *bating* and *ill-trating* Ann, the wife of Mr. John Gee. John Cochrane is a knight of the hod—and a cleaner made fellow never trotted along a plank. He is, moreover, extramely hardworking and prudent—for an *Irishman*; and these good qualities got him a nice little wife some three or four months ago—Kathleen; own cousin, by the mother's side, to Mr. John Gee's brother-in-law, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ* (as the classicals says)—for Mr. John Gee is “an army kouterment maker,” and of course he felt very much annoyed that his brother-in-law's own cousin, by the mother's side, should throw herself away upon a *bricklayer's labourer*. Mrs. Anne Gee deposed, that on Wednesday night, Mither Cochrane came to her house, and challenged her husband, Mr. John Gee, to come out of it and be *bate*; that a great crowd of his folks come with him to see the bating, and there was a great botheration in the street about it; that she fastened up her husband in his own place, because he should not go out to be *bate*, and went out herself to try to persuade John Cochrane to be aizy; that John Cochrane swore “Be th' powers,” that he would not be aizy at all; and that upon her resisting his entrance into the house, he *bate* her, and upset her, and molished her.—“John Cochrane,” said the Magistrate, “what have you to say in excuse?”—“Fait, your Honour, a great dale!” replied John. Then, turning to Mrs. Anne Gee, he addressed her thus: “Answer to me, Mithress Gee, if you plaze.—Wasn't ye houldin up ye're heads becaze meself and Kathleen got to be man and wife without

axing ye? Wasn't ye telling it everywhere, that meself was married in borrow'd clothes, and that Kathleen couldn't go to the bed that same night for want of the *shemaze*? ”—To all these questions, Mrs. Anne Gee answered boldly, “No—I did not.”—“Faith, then, ye'll say any thing, Misthress Gee—like the man that owns ye!” rejoined John.—“But what have you to say to the charge of assault, John?” said the Magistrate; “how came you to forget yourself so far as to beat a woman?”—“Be the powers! your Honour, it isn't meself that 'ud be after *bating* the woman—barrin *she was her husband*! She tuk the poker to bate me with it, your Honour; and by the same token she did!” John was committed to the custody of the gaoler, until he should find bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions.

AMOUNT RECEIVED

ON THE BENEFIT FOR THE FAMILY OF THE LATE
MR. EMERY.

THE extraordinary overflow of Covent-garden Theatre, on the night of the benefit for the Wife and Family of poor Emery, is unprecedented; the following account may be relied upon:

1050 Box tickets, at 7s. each	-	-	-	£ 367 10 0
220 Pit ditto, at 3s. 6d.	-	-	-	38 10 0
Money received at the doors	-	-	-	537 10 0
				<hr/>
				£ 943 10 0
				<hr/>

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. IX.

Air—"Come send round the wine, and leave points of belief."

COME send round the wine, and leave plans of reform
 To patriot asses and radical tools;
 In the den of corruption we fatten and swarm,
 Then let's keep our places and laugh at the fools.
 Your place may be easy, and mine may be hard;
 But while the cash comes from the Treasury chest,
 The fool who'd relinquish his *honest* reward,
 Deserves not to eat or to drink of the best.

Shall I ask the *old fogie*, who sits by my side
 And plunders the hive, if our tenets agree?
 Shall I give up my friend, who for bribery was tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the Catholic girl of my heart shall I fly
 To seek somewhere else for a Protestant kiss?
 No! perish the placeman that ever would try
 To value his place by a standard like this!

To us 'tis all one whether Catholic Peers
 Get into the House or for ever stay out;
 And as for the Radicals, we have no fears,
 Though they bawl for retrenchment and kick up a rout.
 Then feather your nests well, and push round the bowl,
 Success to TAXATION! that magical word
 Is the true source of plenty, and sheds o'er the soul
 Of a placeman more joy than aught else can afford.

CONJUGAL DELIGHTS.

Mrs. Matilda Juliana Huggurstony, accompanied by Mr. Christopher Huggurstony, complained to the Magistrate that she had been cruelly beaten by her own brother, one Mr. Harry Beany; who, he said, had taken an *intipithy* to her, because she had married a German gentleman sixty-seven years old, instead of an English one! and, unfortunately, her husband, Mr. Christopher Huggurstony, was so far advanced in life, that he could not protect her from her brother's violence.

She said her father and her brother were proud because they had got a little money in the world, and were mad at her for marrying Mr. Huggurstony—though a better husband, *in his way*, never no woman need to have. But *that*, she said, was neither *here* nor *there*; for, if she hadn't had him, she might have had no husband at all, and half a loaf was better than no bread. They managed things comfortably enough, only her father and brother would never let them alone come what would; and on Thursday night, her brother, Harry Beany, laughing as he stood there, came up into her 'partment, got her down on the floor, *mollished* her best cap to rags, expressed such expressions as wasn't lawful for *her* to express, and she verily thought he would have *skrouded* the life out of her, if she had not took up a knife to defend herself with, which knife was nothing more nor a *bit of wood*, because she "*vorks at the vax*," &c.

The Magistrate censured her for using a knife, and desired to see it. Mrs. Huggurstony produced it in-

stantly, and it turned out to be a real penknife instead of a "bit of wood;" but Mrs. Huggurstony explained her meaning to be, that it was "no *sharper* nor a bit of wood."

"Well, Mr. Harry Beany," said his Worship, "what have *you* to say to all this?"

Mr. Harry Beany, a dapper-looking little sailor, took a fresh *chor of pigtail*—(he didn't forget the *pigtail*) and replied, "Why you see, Sir, I belongs to Squire Pelham's yacht—she's laid-up for the winter. I gets to Lunnun last night from Cowes harbour by way of Southampton, but that says nothing. I com'd up all right and tight; and, a bit arter, 'father,' says I, 'go you up stairs and ax sister to come down and take a drink with us, and let's see if we can't make up matters about this 'fernal old *Jarman*.' Well, up goes father—I stopp'd below. A bit arter, I hears a jarring—up goes I; she comes at me with a knife—only a *stickfrog* it's sartin, but it's a knife—and a knife's a knife, all the world over; but howsomever *that* says nothing. Let's see, where was I? Oh, she come at me with the knife! 'Hollo! are you coming *knives* at us, my lass?' says I, and down I lays her fore and aft along the bed, whips the knife out of her hand—shuts it up—puts it in my pocket—smoothed her down as comfortable as could be, and ax'd the old *Jarman* to drink, but he was sulky, and wouldn't—and that's all about it, your Honour."

"Pooooh! Mein Gott! would I trink with a *rascal*?" exclaimed Mr. Christopher Huggurstony.

His Worship recommended them to retire and compromise their disputes over a pot of porter.

"Not I!" said Mr. Harry Beany—"If she's got the '*connomy*' to come here and lay a *nambargo* upon me!

why let her take her fling, say I!—No offence to your Honour though."

Mrs. Huggurstony declared she would never wet her lips in his company again. Mr. Huggurstony cried "*Poooooh!*" and the Magistrate dismissed the affair by ordering the warrant to be suspended.

AUTUMN.

It was beneath a willow's shade,
The leaves had just begun to fade;
For summer's brightest bloom had past,
And winter's gloom was coming fast:
A darkling stream was murm'ring by,
And wintry clouds deformed the sky;
The day was dark—the air was chill,
And all things seem'd foreboding ill.
Yet was I blest, for tho' 'twas drear,
I felt to thee I still was dear;
For then it was I heard you say,
"Alas! go not so soon away!"

The rose, the jasmine, and the vine
No longer did their tendrils twine;
The violet and billy blue
Had lost their wonted smell and hue;
The song of birds had ceased to sound—
A gloomy stillness was around,
And fields, where summer late had shone,
Now were dreary, wild and lone.
Yet was I blest, for tho' 'twas drear,
I felt to thee I still was dear,
For then it was I heard you say,
"Alas! go not so soon away."

THE CITY CONCERT.

*Paulo Manora Canemus.**Tune—Ally Croker.*

WHEN Caroline, the great and big,
 Was feasted in the City, Sir,
 United Radical and Whig,
 In malice or in pity, Sir,
 Invited ev'ry cockney dame,
 The royal cause to lift on ;
 No matter what her rank and name,
 If *she* had but a shift on.

Oh ! such shifts ! the flaunting Belles of Drury
 Are neat to those of Crooked-lane, Ram-alley, and Old Jewry.

A few there were not so obscure,
 Who boasted of clean linen ;
 But they, as all their friends assure,
 Were driven by their men in,
 Who thought that after such delay,
 The Queen would be extinguish-ed,
 Unless the blustering *Times* could say
 That some few were " distinguish-ed."

Oh ! poor *Times* ! how sad a scrape you have got in,
 Whose proud distinction is at best 'twixt *addled eggs and rotten*.

To face at once so *rank* a crowd
 The Queen was thought unable,
 So Thorp, he begged to be allowed
 To hand her to a table,
 Where wine, and something better still,
 That smelt like Maraschino,
 Might, if administered with skill,
 Give courage to the Queen, Oh !

Oh the Queen ! the sober Queen of Britain !
 She very soon was in a state an armed chair to sit on.

When safely seated in this chair,
 The females were paraded,
 And, like a showman, the Lord Mayor
 The honours of the day did :
 Mrs. Thorp herself came first,
 ("Her maiden name was Twigs, Ma'am.")
 Who curtseying low, cried "May I burst
 "But I adore your wig, Ma'am."
 "Oh your wig! your wig so black and curl'd Ma'am,
 "That like the whiskers of a jew, it looks for all the world,
 Ma'am."

The Queen, who thought this speech a scoff,
 Exclaimed, "Mon dieu quel fardeau!"
 So Mrs. Mayor was hurried off,
 And up flounced Dame Ricardo.
 Quoth Thorp, "This lady, whom you view,
 Her head so lofty carrying,
 Is one whom an Oporto Jew
 Cut off his son for marrying."
 Oh the son! *his* figure would not please ill
 One whose taste might chance to lie between an owl and weasel.

The Queen, at seeing Mrs. Sykes,
 Was ready to affront her,—
 No German Princess more dislikes
 These gentry of the counter.
 "But mean and vulgar as you think her,"
 Said Thorp, "you needs must thank her,
 Because her dad, though once a tinker,
 Did become a banker."
 Oh the dad! fit sire of such a filly,
 At the race-ball at Doncaster they call'd her Orange-lilly.

Next Mrs. Wilde the presence graced,
 The splendour to increase Ma'am;
 Tho' lowly born, she has a *taste*,
 And been, like you, in Greece, Ma'am;
 And though she wed a peaceful squire,
 "Was for a tar more fitted!"
 For she is used to standing fire,
 And was brought up at Spit-head.

Oh! the fire of poor Devaynes's kitchen,
From whose hot coals she stole the blush that makes her so
bewitching.

Scowling Williams next produces
What he calls his family—
It is a mode he daily chooses
Down our throats to cram a lie—
His real wife is safe in bed,
Not dreaming of such folly,
Perhaps the fellow, in her stead,
Has brought his Vauxhall dolly—
Oh the drab! her crime is doubly heinous,
Who could condescend to be that yellow Vulcan's Venus.

So far so well; but now the Quire
For harmony enlisted,
Threw all the fat into the fire,
(As Mrs. Wilde expressed it);
The blundering dogs began to sing,
With all their might and energies,
"God preserve our noble King,
"And confound his enemies!"
Oh! the brutes! The Queen was well nigh fainting,
And would have blushed, if one can blush, beneath three coats
of painting.

In anger for her coach she roar'd,
And into it, when ready,
She trundled, handled by my Lord,
And followed by my Lady;
And so they drove home in the dark,
The beau and his two graces,
Like (as a florist might remark),
Under a hood two faces.
Oh the hood! convenient garb for lovers,
For none but they can truly say how many sins it covers.

THE TROPICAL NIGHT.

THE tropical night keeps pace with the tropical day. The nights are uncommonly bright and serene. The stars which spangle the ethereal vault, emit a radiance which is unknown in Europe, and gild the hemisphere with an inconceivable brilliancy. Constellations, which are invisible in England, here display their beauties, and shine through all the summer without being intercepted with a shade. The magnitudes of these stars appear to be enlarged; and many, which, through obstructing mediums, are invisible in the northern latitudes, are here conspicuous through the purity of the air. Some stars of the first magnitude, which the peculiar position of the Heavens conceal from the higher latitudes, are not only visible in these climes, but shine with a lustre peculiar to themselves. The planets put on a more resplendent appearance, and display a refulgence which is exclusively applicable to the Torrid Zone. Their aspects are bolder and more striking than in other climates: and their radiance increases as well as that of the fixed stars. They glow with a brightness which, in this season, is sullied with no obstruction, and intermitted only by the periodical revolutions of the system. To increase the glory of this enchanting scene, the moon makes her appearance, not in "clouded majesty," but in resplendent brilliancy; diffusing a light which seems to originate in native lustre. In her presence the stars, both erratic and fixed, are apparently eclipsed, and deprived of half their honours; while her light is sufficient for the transaction of almost any business

in the open air. The smallest print may be read, without difficulty, and distant objects may plainly be seen. By her light the finest landscapes in nature are presented to the eye of the spectator; he gazes with admiration and wonder on the beauties which swarm around him, and wanders into the pathless regions of fancy without satiety or disgust. At the same time the air is tranquil and serene, and contributes greatly to heighten the general beauties of the night. Not a single cloud hides any portion of the vast expanse, or interrupts the contemplative mind in its pursuit of those meditations, which the solemnity of the scene and the stillness of the night had conspired to raise. It is a season which invites to serious thought, while it soothes the perturbations of the heaving bosom, and spreads tranquillity through all the powers of the soul. It is a season which awakens the mind to serious reflections; and carries the intellectual powers beyond the horizon which circumscribes the scene. It is a season calculated to convey the soul into futurity; to anticipate realities which lie beyond the grave; to connect what is past with that which is to come, and to make the mind deeply susceptible of consolation or remorse. In every country inhabited by man, the silence of night has been esteemed as congenial to meditation; but though "night has been fair virtue's immemorial friend," yet, perhaps, there is no region on the earth of which it can be said with more propriety, that "the conscious moon, through every distant age, has held a lamp to wisdom."

The beauty of the tropical night, in the summer season, surpasses all the powers of description. The lustre of the planets seems to increase in proportion to

that of the fixed stars ; the bodies of all appear magnified ; and, on account of that appearance, they seem to approximate towards the earth. The brightness of Mars, of Jupiter, and of Venus, is so transcendant as to outshine the most splendid appearance that the Heavens ever presented to our view in this country. Venus, in particular, occasionally appears horned like a little moon, and her light is so transcendantly beautiful, as even to cast a shadow from houses, trees, and other objects, which tend to offer obstructions.

And when, to these appearances, we add the moon rising in solemn and silent grandeur to heighten the magnificent scenery, it brightens the prospect while it expands the mind ; and raises the sublime phenomena to the summit of more than earthly grandeur. There are, perhaps, but few places on the globe to which these lines of Homer can apply with greater exactness than to a West Indian summer's night :—

“ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head.
Then shine the vales ; the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.”

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Tune—"St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

A PLAGUE on these Papists, they'll make such a pother
 When once they've *converted* their Bill to an Act;
 They'll always be teasing for something or other,
 Concessions no quiet will purchase.
 What though we give army—navy—
 What though we give them law and state;
 We ne'er shall dissuade 'em
 Till judges we've made 'em;
 And when they're appointed, and duly anointed,
 Be-wigg'd and be-rob'd with a Catholic oath;
 They'll tell us, that still they're oppress'd—disappointed,
 And must have a touch at our churches.

It is not just simply the sitting in parliament
 Ever can satisfy suitors like these;
 The same sort of favour Guiscard to great Harley meant,
 Papists would grant to the nation.
 Can we believe their mild avowals?
 Can we believe their qualified oaths?
 Don't we remember
 The fifth of November:
 With Piercy and Catesby, the parliament-gates by,
 And Tesmond, Tom Winter, and Garnet, and Fawkes,
 And Digby and Rockwood, who lost all their polls by
 Their genius for assassination.

Trust not, my friends, to their cringing and lowliness,
 (Much like the Queen's in her note to the King);
 Set them once free, and for praise to his Holiness;
 England's tranquillity's bartered.
 Then with their signs, and shrines, and shrivings,
 Starving on fish, and stews, and eggs;
 With vespers and matins,
 And saints in rich satins,

They'll touch up their Lordships of Durham and Winchester,
London, and Ely, and Archy of York;—
They'll light up their fires, and make their hot pinchers stir—
England's poor Church will be martyr'd.

Every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday,
Well must we fast by the rules of the Church:
What's meat on the *former* is death on the *latter* day,
He who eats mutton is undone.

Then on our knees to saints in velvet,
Kissing the stumps they stand upon,
Cutting strong capers,
And sticking up tapers,
And just as the vespers chime in with their merry tricks
Domine Francis drops in for a call,
And takes us to Smithfield to see a few heretics
Burnt for the glory of London.

Then upon Sundays, and every Church festival,
Singing and dancing, and op'ras and plays,
Will drive the folks mad, while the priests, as the test of all,
Give them a holy ablution.

Protestant parsons whipped and scoffed at,
Quakers and Methodists thump'd and ston'd
A night-joke to dish up,
They'll broil you a Bishop,
And then pay their priest; for in their road to heav'n, pence
Serve them as well as at Knightsbridge or Kew.
His Rev'ence sends off to Rome two and sevenpence,
Home comes a full absolution.

All this has occur'd, and been found rather troublesome;
Mary and James had a taste for the thing,
And though in these times clever speeches may bubble some,
Turn to old history's pages;
Read about Ridley, Cranmer, Holdgate,
Grey-headed Latimer, Ferrar, and Hauk,
With persons of honour,
Like Gardner and Bonner,
And then let us ask why we seek alteration
In laws which have yielded us quiet and peace,
Or fly in the face of a wise Reformation,
The boast of our country for ages?

Ask Mr. Madocks, or Henry Bate Dudley,
 Or any of those who have stopp'd out the sea,
 And created good land, where there nothing but mud lay,
 Exposed to the swell of the ocean—
 Ask them if after all their trouble,
 All their expence and all their care,
 They'd knock down their labours
 To please a few neighbours,
 And let in the flood to destroy all their cabbages,
 Which they'd been toiling for years to keep out,
 And open the door to its roarings and ravages—
 Lord! how they'd laugh at the notion!
 Then Britons, since well with your creed has the law fitted,
 Why should you change what you'd hardly amend,
 Or why, of the rights men have legally forfeited,
 Make such a free restitution?
 Think of the whips, the stakes, the torture,
 Think of the thumb-screws, faggots, and flames;
 The point they are winning
 Is but the beginning—
 Then this is the time for Old England's defenders
 To make a firm stand for the good of the cause;
 And while we've a King—let no Popes or Pretenders
 Lay hands on our dear Constitution!

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

THE celebrated Haydn composed, from his 18th to his 73d year, 113 overtures, 163 pieces for the viola di Gamba, 20 divertimentos for various instruments, 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin solos, 15 concertos for different instruments, 30 services, 83 quartetts, 66 sonatas, 42 duets, 5 German puppet-operas, (a performance which the Empress Maria Theresa was much attached to), 5 oratorios, 366 Scotch airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes. He was born in 1739, and died in May, 1809.

DISINTERESTED ATTACHMENT.

A RESPECTABLE widow had employed a young man, who, by his activity, his correctness, and fidelity, gave her proofs for many years of unquestionable attachment. Desiring to mark her esteem, she offered him her hand and heart; and she lived with him for five years in the happiest union. Lately she announces that she can no longer delay to make a proposition to him, and she requires that he will accept it. The husband having made the promise required, what must have been his astonishment on hearing the following proposition:—My attachment and esteem have but increased during the five years of our union. I wish to complete my gratitude. I am fifty years of age, you are hardly thirty; I am fitter to be your mother than your wife. You shall enjoy a happiness which you are entitled to, that of having a wife of an age suitable to your own, and children, which I cannot give you. Consent to our divorce, and choose a young wife. I give you up the half of my fortune. Do not refuse; I shall be amply recompensed for my sacrifice by the satisfaction of being a witness of your happiness, and of that of your family. The husband having in vain refused to accede to so strange a proposition, at last accepted it with a gratitude proportioned to the benefit conferred. He lives at present with a young wife, whom his former spouse assisted him to choose; and the latter, far from repenting her determination, enjoys the satisfaction of having formed the happiness of a couple, who, on their part, entertain for her a truly filial tenderness.

HOW TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION BY ASKING ANOTHER.

A PLEASING example of this art, in which Saunders has the reputation amongst his south country neighbours of being a proficient, occurs in the traditional records of the far-famed University of Auld Reekie. A professor of what in this country is called *Humanity*, and who flourished not a hundred years ago, was not more noted for his classical attainments, than for the delight which he took in exercising his wit upon such of his pupils as he considered to be fair game, either on account of their negligence or stupidity. Amongst the latter, the learned Professor seemed to consider the well-known D—— E——, the amiable character of whose venerable and excellent father might have served to shield his untalented son from the caustic wit of this gentleman. On one occasion, when Davie had been even less prepared than usual, the learned Doctor, in a supercilious manner, thus accosted the unfortunate pupil:—"Pray, Sir, can you tell me how long a man can live without brains?" To which Davie, looking up in the face of the interrogator, and, with a grin, to which his longitude of chin gave inimitable effect, promptly, but unexpectedly replied, "How auld may ye be yoursel', Professor?"

MADAME VESTRIS' FORTE.

WHAT do you consider Madame Vestris' *forte*? said a musical amateur to a fashionable punster. I consider her *fort* by no means *impregnable*, said the wag; it is certainly rather deficient in *breast work*.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. X.

THE BENCHER ; OR, WHITEWASHING DAY.

Air—"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them."

THOUGH num'rous our debts are, yet soon we forget them,
 When free from a bailiff's or turnkey's rude powers;
 For never were hearts, if the *nabmen* would let them,
 More form'd to be jovial and light than our's.

But though without cash
 We oft cut a dash,
 And *credit* besprinkles our path with flowers,
 Yet the day will come
 When we're *found at home*!

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
 But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 Let us light it up now—for 'tis *Whitewashing Day*!

The devil take tradesmen, who say we're ungrateful;
 Though we fly from the *grabs*, to our friends we are true!
 If we *can't* pay, *we can't*! then what is more hateful
 Than taking one's body for sums over-due?

Vile creditors blight
 Our prospects outright;
 And when they have *nail'd* us, cry, "Pay me, sir, pay!"
 So unless we give bail,
 We're lugg'd off to jail:

But since I'm now *up*, were I summon'd next minute,
 I'd laugh, drink, and sing, look cheerful and gay,
 And shew what the head of a *Bencher* has in it,
 Who has pass'd the ordeal of *Whitewashing Day*!

We no longer are *green*, and our *sprees* are recorded
 By men who have *suffer'd* too much to forget;
 With hope they were gull'd, and with promise rewarded,
 While our *quarterly pilgrimage* spung'd out the debt!

Their hearts may be broke,
 Yet *we* laugh at the joke,
 For nothing can make an *Old Bencher* pay;
 He's *up* and he's *down*
 To the tricks of the *Town*;
 He lives by his wits, and plays a bold part
 With an impudent air that ne'er will decay;
 Though his poverty's great, still greater's his art,
 For he clears off all scores by *Whitewashing Day*!

A SONNET IN SOLILOQUY,

ASCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, ON RECEIVING
 THE PRESENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

AFTER the *rupture*, who'd have thought
 I e'er should thus thy features trace;—
 That I should once again be brought
 Thus to admire thee face to face.

When you so coolly turn'd your back,
 I fear'd my efforts would be vain,
 Tho' struggling like the veriest hack,
 To bring that dear form *round again*.

When rump'd by *THEE*, oh, how forlorn,
 Was then my fate! Ah, well-a-day!
 More truly painful than the morn
 When I was *rump'd* by *CASTLEREACH*.

Peace be to *him*, and my best thanks to *THEE*,
 Thy portrait and *his* place are come to *ME*.

Foreign Office, Jan. 13, 1823.

A GRILL EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR,—As an eye-witness of the following circumstance, I beg leave to forward this account for your information, and that of the public : I can vouch for the correctness of the facts stated. In consequence of the letter which appeared in your paper, Mr. Cobbett, with the promptitude for which he has ever been distinguished, presented himself yesterday to certain authorities in Reading, for the purpose of being broiled, and requested that they would appoint a time for the redemption of his pledge to that effect. This day at nine o'clock was the time named, and preparations were commenced for the grilliard in the Market-place ; but some of the inhabitants complained that the smell of so great a body might be offensive on a gridiron. Mr. Conning offered to scatter mint, and Mr. French proposed to strew the pavement with assafoetida, to prevent any unpleasant odour ; but it was considered, that even Mr. Cobbett himself, during the process of decomposition, might become a nuisance : accordingly, a field in the neighbourhood was procured, and the immolation on the gridiron of good faith took place amidst the shouts and plaudits of assembled thousands. Mr. Cobbett, punctual to a second, appeared in the Corn-market, surrounded by many of his brass-button friends, as St. Giles's clock struck nine, and after inquiring the market-prices *pro forma*, distributed a programme of the procession, which, after some time occupied in forming, advanced to the field in the following order :—

Four Trumpets,
Six Farmers with brass buttons, two and two.

A Flag Bearer,
Motto—Peel or Repeal—Cobbett for ever.
Six Jolterheads, two and two.

THE GRIDIRON.
Six Leather-breeches Men, in pairs.

A sack of wheat on a pole.
Motto—Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, &c.

A Trumpet.
MR. COBBETT,
In a smock-frock and fool's cap, with a bell round his neck,
which, it was observed, was not in tune with the trumpet.

Mr. Cobbett's intimate friends.
Mr. Cobbett's company at the Ship, last year.
Mr. Cobbett's Reading acquaintance,
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

After the procession had moved a few paces, it was interrupted for a short time, by the hero of the piece stumbling over a row of sacks which stood in his way, but having recovered his footing, and d—d the market, the march continued. As they drew near the scene of action the crowd increased, and trodden toes mended by lame apologies were as thick as lies in the *Register*. All the world was there—man, woman, and child—some shouting, some laughing, some crying—not a boy was left in the town to hold a horse or a chaise—all flocked to see Cobbett fried. He, the victim to a hasty promise, marched on with a firm step, his countenance seemingly impressed with a strong sense of the distinction he was about to attain; anticipating, no doubt, the erection of an Escurial to his honour; perhaps, occasionally, feeling some apprehensions that broiling on a gridiron might not suit the peculiarities of his constitution. His demeanour, however, was cool for the season of the year, and, like

Socrates, he edified his friends in his last moments. He explained some of the contradictions in his *Register*, and accounted satisfactorily for having changed sides ; but I did not hear him.

Amidst much confusion the procession arrived at the field, where great preparations had been made. The Jolterheads beat a ring ; and a roaring fire having been kindled, the Gridiron was handed up and placed on the summit to take the chill off. Mr. Cobbett then commenced an oration, the heads of which are as follows :—“ Friends and fellow countrymen, I am come here to be broiled on my own gridiron ; I promised you as much, and here I am ; let me see another man in the kingdom who would do the same : would Mr. Canning do it ? or Mr. Peel ? or my Lord Liverpool ? No ! The boroughmongers and corruptionists take all your grievances as cool as Caucasus : they have no notion of frying for your benefit. Well, here I am, because I promised you : that’s upright and downright ; but I am quite right for all that ; I only erred in time, and I tell you again, that unless Peel’s bill is repealed, the best wheat will be at four shillings a bushel ; but mind, I do not say when ; it may be next market-day, or next year, but it will be. As for you, my very respected clodhopping friends, I feel more for you than for myself ; suppose now, in this broiling, I should be done a turn or two too much ; think of that—I should have no occasion for you, but what will you do without my *Registers* ? Why, you’ll follow your ploughs, pay taxes, and go to church ; pray for rain when the sun shines, and grumble when you get it ; you’ll eat fat bacon, and forget the boroughmongers ; like turkeys, you’ll fatten in blindness and beer ; your ignorance is your children’s best inheritance ; and from all this I

would have saved you, but you'll see me fried first."— A volume of smoke interrupted the orator ; and as the dinner hour was fast approaching, he prepared to ascend the pyre ; he cast his eyes down, and saw a crowd of little boys and girls forming the inner circle : looking round, he saw all the adult population of Reading and its vicinity ; then, with the step of a tragedy king, mounted the ladder, and extended himself on the gridiron. He was loudly cheered during the whole of this dumb show. After reposing a short time, he rubbed his hands, and said he felt very comfortable. The fire being fed with *Registers*, increased rapidly, and Mr. Cobbett began to melt ; when the fat was exhausted, he ceased to drip, and frizzled like an omelet ; the smell at this time was certainly somewhat inodorous, and was like almost any thing but a nose-gay. At this period some County Magistrates from the Vale, who nearly prevented the fight between Spring and Neate, arrived, and declaring the proceeding illegal, ordered the mob to disperse. Mr. Cobbett, however, who seemed to be in very good spirits, declared with great warmth that they had no right to interfere with the amusements of the people. During this discussion, the fire had abated, and the Magistrates, holding their noses, suggested to Mr. Cobbett that as he had fulfilled his pledge of being broiled, the sport was at an end.

Mr. Cobbett consulted with his friends without rising from the gridiron, and after two or three more turns, it was concluded he was broiled to all intents and purposes. His friends, therefore, lifted him off with tongs (not choosing to burn their fingers), and he descended. He then walked, with their assistance, to a chaise and four, decorated with flags and flowers,

and taking his stand in front, cheered and huzzaed, until the vehicle was out of sight and hearing. The multitude dispersed quietly, highly delighted with the day's diversion; some of the Jolterheads, on their return to the Market-place, found that several sacks of corn had sold themselves at a lower price than even Cobbett prophesied, and they jogged home, muttering "Dang it, he's always right somehow."

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

June 21, 1823.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

To the Editor of the Reading Mercury.

SONNET.

Tal, che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole.—PETR.

THERE is a mood, to madness near allied,
 When visions of the past—that will not rest—
 And thoughts long banish'd—feelings long supprest—
 Gush on the heart, in wild o'erwhelming tide—
 Objects of unforgotten hope or pride,
 The scenes we loved, the friends we valued best,
 Tumultuous thronging thick upon the breast,
 Live o'er again,—and she for whom we sighed,
 Perhaps, now cold, uprises from the tomb;
 Her look—her eyes—her voice—her melting tone,
 Her bounding form—perchance from childhood known,
 Revive in all their beauty—all their bloom—
 Visions of bliss that faintly light the mind,
 But, shifting, leave a scorching trace behind!

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. XI.

THE LICENTIOUS LORDLING'S SOLILOQUY.

AIR—*'Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own.'*

Oh! had I some nice little lass of my own,
In a cool shady bower, far off and alone,
I'd rifle her charms, though her tears ran in showers,
And banquet on kisses, as bees do on flowers.

'Tis my pride and delight

The fair sex to betray;

To innocence blight,

And lead virgins astray:

For, oh! to be thought a lewd dog while I live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give.

Though my breast be polluted with many a crime,
Though I'm reckoned the veriest fool of my time,
Yet I'm sure to succeed, when I try to ensnare,
For the fair sex are frail—aye, as frail as they're fair.

Then talk not to me

Of virtuous blisses;

I'll rove like the bee,

And live upon kisses:

My life shall resemble a long and dark night,
For nothing by day yields SHAM PETER delight.

EPITAPH

IN GUILDFORD CHURCH-YARD.

READER, pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this cumbrous clay insures,
And what *I was*—is no affair of yours.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN SAUNDERS;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

MR. JOHN SAUNDERS, a remarkable soft spoken mild young man, of demure carriage, and rather respectable appearance, was placed at the bar, under a—not very violent—suspicion of having stolen a horse; but it turned out that the suspicion was groundless, and, that, instead of John Saunders stealing the horse, the horse stole John Saunders.

It appeared that as Mr. Stephen Marchant, of Turnham-green, was riding quietly homewards from Town, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, his horse got a pebble in one of his feet, which made him go lame, and Mr. Marchant alighted to extract it. Whilst he was busied in this operation, who should come up to his assistance but John Saunders, with a large white band-box in one hand, and an umbrella in the other. Mr. Marchant accepted his help with many thanks; and John Saunders setting down his band-box, began grubbing away at the unlucky pebble with the spike of his umbrella, whilst Mr. Marchant held up the foot of the horse; and he grubbed and grubbed at it, so earnestly that, at last, the spike of the umbrella broke off as short as a carrot. Well, what was to be done now? Why, Mr. Marchant, thinking he could knock out the pebble with a large stone, asked John Saunders to hold the horse, whilst he looked for one; and John Saunders readily undertook to do so; but, whilst he was groping about for the stone, he saw, to his utter astonishment, John Saunders on the back of the horse, and scampering away

towards Kensington, as if the deuce was in him—his umbrella tucked close under his arm, and his great white band-box banging about, from side to side, *like mad*, as he said. Mr. Marchant stood aghast for a moment, and then followed, crying “stop thief! stop thief!” with all his might. Every horseman on the road, with the horse-patrol, and many foot passengers scampered after him, and the hue and cry resounded far and wide :—

“ Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman !

“ Not one of them was mute ;

“ And all, and each, that pass’d that way,

“ Did join in the pursuit.

“ And still, as fast as he drew near,

“ ’Twas wonderful to view,

“ How in a trice the turpike men

“ Their gates wide open threw.”

— Tramp ! Tramp ! away he went through merry Kensington, down Phillimore-place, dashing by Holland-house, and so away for Hammersmith, with a continually increasing rabble rout at his heels. —But he gained upon them at every bound of his steed, shot through Hammersmith-gate with the rapidity of lightning ; and wheeling round to the left, down Fulham-lane, he got so far a-head of his pursuers, that they could see nothing but the bobbing of his great white band-box, as it went bobbing and swinging from side to side. Down Fulham-lane, however, they followed him, slap-bang!—and on they went, hallooming and hooting, through mud and through mire, through fog and moonshine, ’till at last he took a desperate leap over a fence of a ploughed field, and when they came up to the gap, even the bobbing of his band-box was invisible—in *plain* terms, he fairly “ tipped ’em the double”—he was vanished, and

Mr. Marchant having thus lost his horse, was under the annoying necessity of getting home how he could. On the following morning he repaired to town, to give notice of his loss to the police; and almost the first object that caught his eye on getting into Piccadilly, was John Saunders—still mounted on his Bucephalus; but without either band-box or umbrella. He looked at John Saunders, and John Saunders looked at him; and they drew near to each other—by instinct, as it would seem. Having conglomerated, John Saunders offered him his horse again—telling him he had “mounted it by accident,” and it ran away with him; that he wished it at the d——l almost, for taking him so far from home; and that he was come to town for the sole purpose of advertising in the newspapers for the owner. Having told the astonished Mr. Marchant all this, he dismounted; gave the bridle-rein into Mr. Marchant’s hand, and then produced the manuscript of his intended advertisement; but Mr. Marchant having no idea of a man’s “mounting a horse by *accident*,” seized John Saunders by the collar, and gave him in charge to one of the passing patrol, who brought him to the office.

So far was Mr. Marchant’s statement of the affair; and, he having concluded, John Saunders was called upon for his defence.

John Saunders, as we have already stated, was a remarkable mild, quiet young man; and he told a story—or rather a story was drawn out of him—bit by bit, of which the following is the substance:—He resides with his mother at Alfred Cottage, Clapham-common—is himself in the glass line (and truly, he seemed as *transparent* as glass)—but is, at present, out of business. On the afternoon preceding the night

on which he met Mr. Marchant and his horse, his *mamma* sent him to her milliner's, at Kensington, to bring home a bonnet and feathers, which she had sent there to be "done up." He went to Kensington — called upon a friend, who gave him some Scotch ale— went to the milliner, who put the bonnet and feathers in a large white band-box, and he was quietly returning home to Clapham with it, when he fell in with the gentleman and his horse with a pebble in his foot. But he wished he had never fallen in with them; for he had been made very miserable by it. He offered his services to get the pebble out, and spoiled his umbrella; he undertook to hold the horse, while the gentleman looked for a stone, and the Scotch ale having got into his head, he supposed induced him to get upon the horse's back—quite contrary to his intention. The horse ran away with him directly—directly contrary to the way he wished to go — he was hurried along in a dreadful manner, he knew not whither, 'till the horse stopped at Brompton; and then he found that the large white band-box was worn almost to tatters by its excessive agitation on horseback, and that one of the feathers of his mother's bonnet was sadly broken. He then considered, within himself, that it would be impossible to find the gentleman to whom the horse belonged that night, and having bought a new band-box for his mother's bonnet, he rode home to Clapham, put the horse in a butcher's stable, gave it some corn, had his own supper, and went to bed dreadfully tired. In the morning he got up early, wrote an advertisement about the horse, and was coming into town to put it in the papers, when he met the gentleman, who was very angry with him, and gave him into custody.

Mr. Marchant, in reply, said he was inclined to believe his story, but he thought it right he should be told authoritatively that he was not to play such pranks with impunity.

The Magistrate, therefore, gave John Saunders a suitable admonition, and dismissed him.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.

No. XII.

MR. B.'S ADDRESS TO MISS B—TL—ZI: A SCENE AT
BOW-STREET.

AIR—"Come, rest in this Bosom, my own stricken Deer!"

COME rest in this bosom, my sweet pretty dear!
SHAM PETER shan't teaze thee; come, cuddle up here;
Thy sister's a sweet one, but thou art more sweet,
And for such *bearded monsters* too charming a treat.

Oh! why art thou brought to this place of ill-fame,
Thou can'st not be guilty, though Bow-street's its name.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,—
I but know that I love thee, wherever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me 'Protector' in moments of bliss,—
Thy protector I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this;
SHAM PETER no more shall thy footsteps pursue,
Or a bullet shall find to his heart a way through.



ON THE
DEATH OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

ON passing St. Helena in His Majesty's ship —, on the day of Napoleon's death, an eagle was observed hovering over the desolate isle. The following tribute to the departed hero, was written immediately after the event of his decease became known, (which was not till the vessel arrived in England), on recollection of the singular circumstance.

Soul of the brave thou wert fled,
Perchance thy great spirit triumphantly rode
On the wind-driven cloud that roll'd o'er my head,
The glory around thee from mortals to shroud,
As thy spirit was borne to its blessed abode.
Sad was the heart, and moist were the eyes,
Indignant the feeling, and heavy the sighs
Of thy humblest friend, as he hung o'er the wave;
Fervent the prayer for thy welfare he gave,
As fervent his curse on the coward and slave,
The turnkey of tyrants, the spy on the brave!

As I gaz'd on the rock of thy rest,
 Griev'd such sad dwelling so long should be thine,
 Little my heart would have mourn'd
 Had I known how on wing to be bless'd,
 Thy spirit its prison indignantly spurn'd,
 Far happier and freer than mine.

On that day, as we drank to thy liberty,
 Our prayers were heard, and thy spirit was free ;
 When the curse was breath'd on thy jailors that day,
 The death angel proudly had borne thee away,
 And left them to guard o'er the tenantless clay.

I heard the tale with incredulous smile,
 When they told me the bird of thy pride was high ;
 I mark'd him cleave the yielding air,
 I saw him float o'er the prison isle,
 But deem'd not the royal bird was there,
 To guide thy soul to its native sky.

In all thou wert the child of fate ;
 And who hath mark'd thy varied state,
 That will not hold belief with thee,
 Thou wond'rous child of destiny ?
 The kings thy valour downward hurl'd,
 She as thy spoils gave to the world ;
 As she form'd for thee a royal throne,
 So the prison isle was all thine own,
 E'en a jailor was made, for that task alone.

Yes—read me right, each English heart,
 And find me one other so lost to disgrace,
 Who would every pride forego :
 But one in a nation could act the part,
 And he the b****t of the b***e,
 The lowest of the ***.

Fare thee well ! there is one who mourns thy fate :
 Thou wert the true legitimate ;
 And he that once hath scan'd thee well,
 Thy greatness—thy weakness all could tell—
 Yet feels and owns the truth with pain—
 “ Take thee for all in all—in vain
 “ We look to see thy like again.”

ON THE ORIGIN OF TITHES IN ENGLAND.

TITHES were not uncommon among the Jews, but they were chiefly confined to a tenth part of the spoil taken from the enemy.

Bishop Barlow, Selden, and others, have observed that neither tithes nor ecclesiastical benefices were ever heard of in the Christian Church, or pretended to be due to the Christian priesthood; and, as that Bishop observes, no mention is made of tithes in the Grand Codex of Canons ending in the year 451.

Selden contends that tithes were not introduced here into England, till towards the end of the eighth century, i. e. 786. About the year 794, Offa, king of Mercia, gave unto the church the tithes of all his kingdom (Mercia) to expiate for the death of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, whom, in the year preceding he caused basely to be murdered. Tithes were before paid in England by way of offerings, and about 60 years after Offa's establishment Ethelwolph enlarged it for the whole kingdom.

Charlemagne established the payment of tithes in France (A. D. 778), and made that famous division of them in four parts. One to maintain the edifice of the church, the second to support the poor, the third the bishop, and the fourth the parochial clergy (a most equitable and just law). The next authentic mention of them is in the laws agreed upon between king Gertrun, the Dane, and Alfred and his son Edward the elder, about the year 900.

Blackstone says he will not put the title of the

clergy to tithes upon any divine right, though such a right certainly commenced, and as certainly ceased, with the Jewish Theocracy, &c.—2 *Comm. c. 3.*

FROM THE UNITED STATES PAPERS.

A MAN who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris, in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. ‘I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr.’ — ‘Citizen, there are no Monsieurs now.’ — ‘Very well, then le Marquis St. Cyr.’ — ‘You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquisats*.’ — ‘In that case, De St. Cyr, if you please.’ — ‘*De* is not used now.’ — ‘Then say simply, St. Cyr.’ — ‘Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished.’ — ‘Well, if it must be so, write *Cyr*.’ — ‘No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*,’ (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus, piece by piece, the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, till he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name.

In a company of toppers, whose fancies are always inventive of “a reason fair to fill their glass again,” a round of *belles* was proposed. Dr. Barrett, upon being called upon for a fair object of his admiration, gave, with much gravity, “*the College Bell*.”

WILSON'S SUBSCRIPTION.

Tune—Scots wha hae.

WHIGS ! who have with Michael dined,
 Whigs ! who have with Bennet whined,
 Hasten now to raise the wind,
 For a Knight's dismissed.
 Gold will foil the oppressor's lash—
 Now's the time to spill the cash :
 See proud Taylor by a dash
 Strikes him from the list.

Who will fail to ope his trunks ?
 Who will be a stingy hunks ?
 None but such a wretch as funks
 At *Bull's* satiric touch.
 Ogden, Cobbet, Hunt, and Hone,
 Your pity and your pence have known,
 And Wilson, even Tories own,
 Merits quite as much.

By our anxious hopes of place,
 Common wrongs and joint disgrace,
 He can never show a face,
 Or must make him rich.
 On then, Whigs ; and let's requite
 The luckless, senseless, starless Knight,
 Who rivals Baker in the fight,
 And Waithman at a speech.

EPIGRAM

On the Duke of Wellington lodging the Contents of his double-barrelled Gun in Viscount Granville's Nose and Cheeks.

At levee or at royal *fete*,
 Your Grace will welcome be ;
 But after the poor Viscount's fate,
 You never sport with me.

G. R.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MRS. GARRICK.

THE decease of this "time honoured" lady may render a few faint sketches of her character not uninteresting. Her "ruling passion" was to consider all dramatic effort as trifling, when compared with Garrick: he was indeed the "god of her idolatry," and thinking that

"When Garrick died,
 "'Twas Shakspeare that sighed,
 "For the loss of his all in
 His sweet Davy, O,"

the play of *Hamlet* was, by the express order of the widow, thrown into his grave.

'Tis true other *Hamlets* have succeeded; to particularize their various merits might be invidious, but they were not the *Hamlets* of Mrs. Garrick. She was yet fond of encouraging rising talent, and would frequently invite to Hampton popular performers.

The anglers, who have so often personified "Patience in a punt," will recollect two stately willows on the lawn, rendered sacred by the Temple appropriated to Shakspeare: they were planted by Garrick, and in the midst of a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. Garrick was seen running about the grounds in the wildest disorder, "like *Niobe* all in tears," exclaiming, "Oh, my Garrick! my Garrick!"

Her letter of remonstrance against Kean's *Abel Dragger* was brief:—"Dear Sir, you don't know how to play *Abel Dragger*." His reply deserves also to be recorded, and placed to the credit of his gallantry:—"Dear Madam, I know it."

Of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick it may be said that a fonder pair never existed. "In sweetest harmony they lived" to the latest period of their lives.

Mrs. Garrick was in the habit of making a pilgrimage every year to her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, on the anniversary of his death. The manner in which she lingered about the stone, under which the ashes of her husband rest, attracted, upon one occasion, the notice of the individuals to whose care the interior of the Abbey is intrusted. They asked her if she would like to be accommodated with a chair; she replied in the negative, adding, that her chief desire was to be left alone for a few minutes. The vergers accordingly retired. On rejoining them, she asked them, whether the seventh volume of some edition of Shakspeare, (probably Johnson's) had been placed upon her husband's coffin at the time of his funeral? They answered, that they did not know, or that they had not heard of such a circumstance. On opening the vault, for the purpose of consigning Mrs. Garrick herself to it, the volume of Shakspeare in question was found upon Garrick's coffin; the binding was quite perfect, but the paper was much decayed, and the letter-press entirely defaced, in consequence of the damp.

THE WEALTH OF SENECA.

LORD JOHN, an extravagant life to amend,
The morals of Seneca sent to his friend.
Dear Jack, quoth the spendthrift, I know this old buck,
He called pleasure, and drinking, and gluttony, muck;
And the rascally Cynic possessed, sir, 'tis clear,
With all his fine preaching, a million a year.

MONSIEUR DUPIN.

Who has e'er been at Paris, has heard of Moreau,
Of Berthier, Macdonald, and brave Augereau !
But a much greater soldier just now figures in
The list of French heroes—*Monsieur Dupin !*

This Monsieur Dupin is a lawyer by trade,
Nor is it known how he a soldier was made ;
But Wilson—to merit alive and akin—
Will vouch for the laurels of *Monsieur Dupin !*

And when, in his need, he was forced to request
That those would speak of him who knew him the best ;
His life, and his deeds—out of service and in—
He hired this hero, called—*Monsieur Dupin !*

To be sure, poor Dupin could know little, or nought,
Of whom he had conquer'd, or where he had fought ;
But this was no wonderful cloud to be in,
For the world knows as little as—*Monsieur Dupin !*

If you ask why Dupin should be summon'd to speak,
Who knew nothing of him, your question is weak ;
For those who the *least* of his actions have seen,
Can speak the *most* of them—like *Monsieur Dupin !*

The best of his fame is the *writing a book !*
But 'tis one thing to *fight*, and another to *look !*
“ In the rear of the army, and in a whole skin,
“ I could write one *myself*,” cries brave *Monsieur Dupin*.

On that day in Spain, when his troops lost the field,
Which, at the *first volley*, they hasten'd to yield,
He *wrote*, and he *ran*, and he made such a din—
“ As I myself should,”—exclaims *Monsieur Dupin*.

Being put on the shelf, on account of *that day*,
He lay, doing nothing, but drawing *full pay* ;
The army declar'd 'twas a shame, and a sin,
“ It is just my own practice,”—says *Monsieur Dupin !*

His next glorious deed was the breaking a jail—
 His *only* deed, too, where success did not fail!
 The *guilty* he saved—left the *innocent* in—
 “ ’Tis exactly what we do,”—says *Monsieur Dupin*!

And is it, then, strange, in the day of his need,
 Dupin should be *hired* to praise and to plead?
 In Spain, or in Egypt, where’er he has been,
 Great Wilson has done—just as much as Dupin!

EPIGRAMS

ON A RECENT OFFER FROM PARIS TO KEEP AN EVENING PAPER
 IN “SNUFF.”

“ Take this to *buy snuff*,” says old Louis: who knows
 How honest John Bull may be *led by the nose*!
 “ No, begar, not de nose,” with a grin, Monsieur cries;
 “ He send over de snuff, to *throw dust in Jean’s eyes*.”

BY THE NONPAREIL, ON THE SAME.

Mounseer, d’ye see, is not such a crust,
 But he knows the right way is, to *down with his dust*.

BY A NEIGHBOURING EVENING PAPER, ON THE SAME.

Mister M——,
 You are a Judy.



ON DRUNKENNESS.

DRUNKENNESS expels reason; drowns memory;
 Defaces beauty; diminishes strength;
 Inflames the blood;
 Causes internal, external, and incurable wounds:
 Is a witch to the senses; a devil to the soul;
 A thief to the purse; the beggar's companion;
 A wife's woe and children's sorrow;
 The picture of a beast and self-murderer,
 Who drinks to other's good health,
 And robs himself of his own.

"No vices are so incurable as those which men
 are apt to glory in," and we can never apply this remark

more correctly, than to the sin of drunkenness. We are not such rigid moralists, nor such squeamish noodles, as to compel men to abstain from conviviality, and from what is commonly called a cheerful glass, provided they have sufficient discretion and controul over their passions and feelings, as to know *when* they have had enough. But there are many individuals who are so lost to all sense of reason and propriety after they have swallowed half-a-dozen glasses, that instead of sitting down to enjoy their bottle, they sit down to be the laughing-stock to their companions, who glory in the act of sending a "young one" off to bed dead drunk. The pleasures arising from the free exchange of sentiments on every subject between intimate friends, are indeed too gratifying to be given up entirely by a man who is thoroughly sensible of the charms of friendship, and of the attractions of polite conversation; but when men meet together for no other purposes than those of drinking, guzzling, and "*getting regularly in for it,*" the exhilarating bottle is generally so briskly circulated, that instead of enjoying a few hours of harmony and pleasurable satisfaction, the *day* not unfrequently terminates in black eyes and bloody noses, and the *night* in a neighbouring watch-house: but where is the man who can listen to the *still small voice* of *reason* amidst the deafening shouts of drunken hilarity and senseless merriment? With equal hopes of success may you endeavour to convince a poor unplaced starving patriot, that it is better to be without a farthing in his pocket, in a state of actual starvation, than to feast luxuriantly in splendid servitude.

This is a vice (thanks to Providence) but rarely to be met with in a female; at any rate, in one above the lowest rank in life; but where women are found to

indulge themselves in this vice, ruin, misery, and wretchedness, are the sure attendants on such vicious propensities. Disappointments in our worldly pursuits sour our tempers, and make us hate mankind, and loathe the society of those we not unfrequently designate, in our moments of hasty passion, a set of thieves ; but a drunken wife places all our other calamities at so great a distance, that they are as mere grains of sand to the Pyrenees, in comparison. To view the adored object of our early love rioting in drunkenness, neglecting her offspring, and tearing from her bosom all the ties of blood and of affection, is of itself sufficient to drive to madness and despair her miserable partner in her afflictions. If there are abandoned females in the world, we confess we may not unfrequently trace the source of all their errors and misfortunes to ourselves ; and though custom has branded them with infamy, whilst their betrayers are considered as men of reputation and of honour, reason and justice will allow us no such distinctions. That man who sacrifices a virtuous woman to his lustful and lawless desires, is a wretch so vile and guilty, and so void of every principle of honour and integrity, that instead of his being suffered to associate with his fellow-creatures, he ought to be consigned to drag out a miserable secluded existence *here*, and to the torments of hell and the devil *hereafter*.

LINES TO LADY HOLLAND,

ON THE LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX LEFT HER BY BONAPARTE.

BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

LADY, reject the gift ; 'tis ting'd with gore !
 Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate ;
 It has been grasp'd by an infernal pow'r,
 And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

Lady, reject the gift—beneath its lid
 Discord and slaughter, and relentless war,
 With every plague to wretched man, lie hid :
 Let not these loose, to range the world afar.

Say, what congenial to his heart of stone,
 In thy soft bosom could the tyrant trace ?
 When does the dove the eagle's friendship own,
 Or the wolf hold the lamb in pure embrace ?

Think of that pile, to Addison so dear,
 Where Sully feasted, and where Rogers' song
 Still adds sweet music to the perfum'd air,
 And gentiy leads each grace and muse along.

Pollute not, then, these scenes—the gift destroy ;
 'Twill scare the Dryads from that lovely shade ;
 With them will fly all rural peace and joy,
 And screaming fiends their verdant haunts invade.

That mystic box hath magic pow'r to raise
 Spectres of myriads slain—a ghastly band !
 They'll vex thy slumbers, cloud thy sunny days,
 Starting from Moscow's snows or Egypt's sand.

The warning muse no idle trifler deem ;
 Plunge the curst mischief wide in ocean's flood,
 Or give it to our own majestic stream ;
 The only stream he could not dye with blood.

THE HAT IN JEOPARDY.

THERE was a very curious hearing in the Court of Conscience, Dublin, in which — Condon, Esq. was plaintiff, and Mr. Charles, the celebrated magician, was defendant. Plaintiff stated, that he sought to recover 30s. the value of a hat spoiled by defendant; that going with another gentleman to Mr. Charles's exhibition in Grafton-street, his friend, who had some knowledge of these matters, puzzled the magician, and gave him some little annoyance, on which Mr. Charles gave to each of them "a fresh egg," keeping another himself; at the same time saying, that if they could do exactly as he did, three hot omelets should be produced for the company; he then broke the egg, and poured the contents into his hat, desiring them to do so with their hats, which they did (here the gravity of the Magistrate had to struggle with his risible faculties); and on turning their hats up, their hands and sleeves were all bespattered, to their great annoyance, while Mr. Charles suffered no inconvenience, but produced his omelet. Judge—Mr. Charles will you have the goodness to go through the experiment here, for the benefit of the company? Mr. Charles bowed assent, amidst peals of laughter. Plaintiff said that this was no treatment for a gentleman, and that the public were concerned in such an outrage as this of Mr. Charles's, and that he walked home at night without a hat. Sir John, with great good humour, then turned to Mr. Charles, and asked what he had to say to all this? My Lor, I am sorry you and I are trouble vith such a silly ding as dis is; Sir Garret Neville, I am told,

dismiss dis worthy jantleman yesterday, saying much laughter, and advising him to keep de secret, and mind de advice of Sancho Panza, ‘The more you, &c.’ My Lor, in de language of your greatest poet,

“By your leave, I shall a round unvarnish tale relate
Of all, what drugs, what sharms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,
I stain’d this hat withal.”—(*Loud laughter*).

Dis jantleman have come wid his friend to my exhibition; they den appear to know every ding so well as myself, and den I thinks I vill try them; there vas a much large fashionable company; my performances, either in science or slight of de hand, may be acquired; my tricks are all much easy—any body can do dem—dat is, when dey know how (*Loud laughter*). My Lor, tis no laugh; you remember Columbus’s egg: he say, “I vill make dis egg stand on end.” He, too, vas laugh at, but he tap de end on de table, and de ding was done! Why did not the jantleman do as I did? Where is de oder jantleman? He have more sense than because he have vex himself, and been laugh at, to come and vex at and laugh at me. Plaintiff—This is all nonsense, Sir, you ought to apologise. Mr. Charles—Apologize for what? Here is your hat (taking it out of a handkerchief); you state it is spoil, you throw it at me on my stage, and den you say you go home uncovered; where is it injured (blowing on the hat); here, my Lor, where is it injured? Judge.—Who knows, Mr. Condon, but the hat is improved by this magic; it does not appear to me to be injured; you should have got Mr. Charles to blow on the hat before. Mr. Condon—Why did he not offer to do so? Mr. Charles—Let him take his hat—“an egg to-day

is better than a shicken to-morrow." He thinks, perhaps, your Lordship and I are shickens; but the Dutch proverb tell him "some reckon dere shickens before dey be hatched." A friend of Mr. Charles then begged he would rest his case here. As no injury had been sustained, he humbly conceived nothing could be recovered in that court. Judge—Really, gentlemen, such a case as this is quite rare here; I can give no damages for what plaintiff has felt about his hat; there is, I believe, no harm done, and I must dismiss the case with costs. The decision appeared to please the "greasy rogues" in the court below, who, like true Paddies, forgot for a time their own griefs and animosities to "see the fun." The parties left the court in apparent good humour.

TOBACCO.

SUBLIME Tobacco! which, from East to West,
 Cheers the Tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress:
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

THE RHINO.

Tune—Sally in our Alley.

Of all the Aldermen in fur,
 Oh Matthew is the fellow,
 To smell a bone, no hungry cur
 Is sharper in a cellar.

For money lent,
 His Grace of Kent,
 A lottery he can't try now,
 So he must find
 Some other wind
 To raise the ready Rhino.

The Queen began to make a talk—

Quoth Brougham "She shan't come over"—
 Quoth Mat, "Your treach'rous tricks I'll baulk,"
 So off he shipped from Dover.

Brougham lagging came,
 And cried, great Dame,
 To come you should fly now :
 But Mat prevails—
 She fills her sails
 For this dear land of Rhino.

And now she made a mighty swell,
 With Matthew at her elbow ;
 None was so fit, within Bow bell,
 To be of the great Belle—Beau.
 The ragged crow'd
 Huzza'd so loud,
 The Queen and Wood's the cry now.
 Huzza ! says Mat,
 I've found the Cat
 Whose paw shall find the Rhino.

'Twas quite a raree show, to meet
 Mat and the fat Old Lady
 Parading through the wondering streets,
 Like chimney-sweeps on May-day ;

And to the throng,
 Cheapside along,
 Mat shook his fist so high now,
 As who should say
 Base duns! away,
 I've found the bag of Rhino.

What followed then is so absurd,
 That should I set before ye,
 But on one day's frenzy, on my word,
 You'd not believe the story—
 In masquerade
 Come every trade,
 And all as drunk as swine, Oh!—
 Kettles, kilts,
 And boys on stilts,
 All hir'd by royal Rhino.

'Twas such a sight as ne'er was seen
 Since Chaos, I heard Parr say;
 Tinker and Duke, and trull and Queen,
 Bang up and Lady Jersey—
 How far the fun
 Might still have run,
 Is what nor you nor I know;
 But Messieurs Coutts,
 Like selfish brutes,
 Refused to give them Rhino.

And now that Fifty Thousand Pound
 Has fill'd her soul with gladness,
 E'en that too little would be found
 To kindle a new madness:
 She fix'd her hearts
 On *foreign parts*
 To Holy Land she'll hie now!
 And bilking Mat,
 Will waste on *that*,
 This silly nation's Rhino.

OYSTERS AND OBSTINACY;

OR, SIXPENNYWORTH OF CORINTHIANISM.

IT is very well known, or, if it be not, henceforth *be* it known, that Mr. Smith, at the corner of Exeter 'Change, keeps a little oyster-shop; and where large and small oysters are disposed of to suit the capacious or diminutive mouths of his customers, just as their various inclinations may incline. Such being the accommodating disposition of the purveyor and disposer of fish, it cannot be matter of astonishment that he should receive the liberal patronage of the epicurean *piscean* part of society; and of these, it appears, was Mr. Abraham Arrowsmith, who, being a *gentleman* addicted to *little* Corinthianisms, and, moreover, possessing, in an eminent degree, an astonishingly *open countenance*, vulgarly denominated an immense longitudinal expansion of mouth—he, the said Abraham Arrowsmith, being inclined for a *tuck out*, repaired, with two of his friends, where he was likely to meet with fish (oysters) of a size to suit the immense chasm through which he deposited “the good things of this world.”

The *trio*, having been to the play, agreed to call in at Smith's, by way of a *swell*, to get sixpennyworth of oysters each! Smith treated them like *gentlemen*, and laid before each of them a dozen as fine natives as ever slid down the throat of an epicurean oyster fancier. One of the *trio* did not like his oysters with the *beards* on, and to have a bit of fun, by the way of a *lark*, cut off the *beards*, and threw them in the face of one of his more hungry companions; who, to return the compliment, tipped him an oyster-shell. The

oysters being all entombed in their stomachs, and having finished their *larks* with each other, they determined to have a *spree* with the “fishmonger” before they *rambled* to their *nests*, in “a parlour that is next to the sky !” One proposed to another to drink up the vinegar ; but he declined, as he was afraid of abdominal griping ; he, however, took up the cruet, and emptied its contents on the floor. The other two took the salt-cellar and mustard-pot, and as vinegar alone was not good, they put the contents of the mustard-pot and salt-cellar to keep it company, and then, arm-in-arm, left the room ; and as they were going out of the shop, tendered sixpence each in payment for their suppers.

Smith, who had been a good deal *crabbed* at their noisy mirth, and thinking them unused to feast upon such dainty, and *expensive* suppers, determined to see that all was right before he suffered the *trio* to depart, especially as they had proved themselves so very *scaley*, by forgetting to remember the waiter, whose *fees* were his wages, and who, of course, expected to make his *penny* out of every customer. He therefore requested them to return with him for a moment, which they declined : this had a guilty appearance, so he sent in the servant to see if “all was right,” and she came out exclaiming, that the vinegar, the salt, pepper, and mustard, were all gone to *pot* ! Smith having ascertained the extent of the injury, offered very fairly, upon their paying him sixpence extra for the loss he had sustained, to let them go about their business ; but no, they declared they would not pay a *mag*, so they were put into the clutches of a *Charley*, who found lodgings for them at the State’s expence for the night.

On their appearance before the Magistrate, one of them said, that if Mr. Smith had asked for the sixpence with *civility* it would have been paid; but *ven* he talked of *pummelling* them they were not to pay and to be *whopped* into the bargain.

Mr. Smith deposed to the destruction of the salt, pepper, &c.

Mr. Minshull referred to the New Police Act, which says, "that if any person shall artfully destroy the property of another, he shall, upon conviction, pay a fine not exceeding 5l. or be committed to the House of Correction, *Tread Mill*," &c.

The reading of this clause caused the *trio* to turn as pale as *cod sounds*, and the fishmonger said he did not want to have the *chaps* put in a further *pickle*; and though he thought their conduct had proved them to be *loose fish*, yet he should be satisfied if they paid the sixpence.

The Magistrate hoped they would not act so indiscreetly again, and ordered them to pay the sixpence, and also a shilling each for their several discharges, which they did, but not without expressing their dissatisfaction at the decision. They clubbed their *dibbs* together, paid the *blunt*, and *toddled* off, talking of oysters, watch-houses, charleys, fishmongers, and hard-hearted justices.

THE AMORITE AND HITTITE.

Two Jews were distinguished, one for his skill in pugilism, the other for his fondness of the fair sex. A gentleman being asked to what *tribe* they belonged, answered, "I don't know; had they not been Jews, I should have supposed one of them to be an *Amorite*, and the other a *Hittite*."

ON PARLIAMENTARY DINNERS.

ON LORD CASTLEREAGH'S CALLING UPON HIS FRIENDS TO ATTEND
REGULARLY, AND NOT TO GIVE OR ACCEPT INVITATIONS TO
DINNER.

HARK ! I hear the sounds of sorrow
Fill each office corridore—
Castlereagh cries—" From to-morrow,
Statesmen, ye must dine no more !"—

No more let's see each office man on
Foot about the hour of seven,
Teazing Arbuthnot and Duncannon,
" *To find a pair until eleven.*"

No more let's see Sir George, or Binning,
Or Huskisson, or Wellesley Pole,
Hinting in sounds so soft and winning,
" That soup and fish are apt to cool."

Let Michael spread in Privy-gardens
The board for Fergusson and Co.
Let Sefton's cook exhaust his lardings—
They but allure away the *foe*.

But some there are who never dine,
(Who ne'er are *asked* to dine at least),
Who swallow Ayles' *tea* like wine,
And reckon Bellamy's a feast.

They can abjure *resolles* and *patés*,
And we must imitate their powers ;
Besides, *they* keep their vigils *gratis*—
We are paid for keeping ours.

But *Placemen* ! if ye heed my summons,
A *mental feast* I shall prepare :
Our *House* shall truly be a Commons,
And Rickman's roll our bill of fare.

Ley spreads upon the spacious table
 A cloth—(no matter what its hue)
 The Chaplain, fast as he is able,
 Says grace, and bids us all fall too.

Without *four soups*, I should be loth
 Such splendid guests to entertain,
 So Western shall be *barley* broth,
 And *Wood*, a *potage à la Reine*!

Mulligatawnney, or Scotch *porridge*,
 Either *Mackintosh* may be;
 And (not his merits to disparage),
 Spring Rice is *Prontanier au ris*.

For fish—the bench the Speaker's left on,
 Out-rivals *Groves*, to all beholders—
 No one can see my good Lord Sefton,
 But thinks of a *cod's head and shoulders*.

Brougham's crooked shifts and talents boasted,
 His slippery tricks no more conceal;
 Dragg'd into light, cut up and roasted,
 What is he but spitch-cock'd *eel*?

Calvert is *salmon*—on a dish
 Ne'er lay a thicker or a rounder;
 Palmer's an undoubted *Fish*,
 And flat enough to be a flounder.

Sir Ronald's *lobster*, if you crack
 His scarlet shell and straggling claws;
 Old Markham is a muddy *juck*,
 And Warre and Davis *shrimps* for sauce.

Of flesh and fowl too, there are plenty—
 Taylor is chick for fricassees,
 Coke's Norfolk turkies may content ye—
 Rutlandshire supplies us geese.

Nugent would a meal afford one,
 Who liked *calves' head* without the brains—
Rump steaks we'll slice from gen'rous Gordon—
 There 'tis cut and come again,

Creevey's tripe, unsavoury stuff, !
Fit meat alone for dog or cat, he ;
Henry Bennett is a puff,
And Ossulston a *petit paté*.

Hobhouse is *cow-heel*—which to cram,
Would need a true St Giles's taste.
We'll put aside that dish of Lamb,
Too delicate for such a feast.

Grant is a *sheep's pate*, broil'd and sing'd,
And none more empty or more hot is ;
Hume is a monstrous *bore's head*, fringed,
And garnished round with many a *notice*.

Yorkshire puddings, rich in grease,
Are the types of Sykes and Wyvill ;
Guise's brains are *Gloucester cheese* ;
Peppery Lambton is a *devil*.

Parnell's a *potatoe*, mealy,
Thick as ever Ireland grew ;
Newport's *buttermilk* ; and Heley
Hutchinson's an *Irish stew*.

For the rest, as housewives tell us
How they serve their broken trash,
Wilson, Bernal, Moore, and Ellice,
Make an economic *hash* :

Come then, hungry friends, fall to't,
And, if *patiently* ye dine,
Kind Liverpool shall find ye fruit,
And jovial Bathurst choose your *wine*.

SALE BY AUCTION.

OLD WHIGS.

To be sold, *without any reserve*, to the highest bidder, on Tuesday, the 4th of February, 1823, at the Great Rooms, near Palace Yard, Westminster, to which place they will be removed from St. James's-street, for the convenience of sale,

A COLLECTION of Old Wigs!

The *bonâ fide* property of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who are induced, by the difficulties of the times, to submit them to public notice.

The Sale to commence at 3 o'clock for 4 precisely. Catalogues may be had of Messrs. Cowper, Rose & Co. —Messrs. Ley, Rickman & Co.—Mr. Debrett, Mr. Stockdale, and all publishers of Court Kalendars, Pocket-books, &c.

Amongst the striking articles for sale, the following are selected for particular attention :—

Lot 1—An old stiff Wig—the hair nearly worn off—extremely rough towards the Crown—originally *Foxy*, but now entirely *Grey*;—this lot may be had a bargain.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford and Lord Holland recommend Lot 7, consisting of two *Red Night Caps*, which they formerly wore as Wigs, but which, for reasons best known to themselves, they are now extremely anxious to dispose of.

Lot 8—Is a full-bottomed Wig, belonging to Lord Nugent, particularly *large about the head*, and not keeping well in with the *Temples*.

Lot 12—A Coachman's curly, coming entirely over the shoulders—the undoubted property of the Earl of Sefton.

Lot 14—Is particularly recommended by Alderman Wood, being a second-hand *black Wig*, late the property of an illustrious personage deceased.—Nothing but urgent distress would induce the worthy Alderman to part with this lot, which is the only *souvenir* of his late great friend which he possesses, and which was left by her one night at his house by accident.

Lot 16—The Bishop of Norwich ventures to submit a full-sized Buz Wig.—This Wig appears never to have had a caul.—N. B. Colour light blue.

Mr. Brougham offers Lot 18 to notice, being an old scratch made out of a Bird's-nest.

Lot 21—Is a *Weeping Billy*, the property of the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett.

Lot 23—An old *Caxton*, belonging to the Earl Spencer.

Lot 31—Mr. Thomas Coke, of Holkham, has an excellent *Crop* to dispose of.—The sun and air have had a wonderful effect upon this Wig, which got its last dressing at the late County Meeting in Norfolk.

Lot 34—Is a *Scarlett Wig* worn at Cambridge during the last election, but which came too low down upon the *poll* to please the wearer.—N. B. This Wig, upon closer inspection, is not so deep red as it appears at a distance.

Lot 40—A *Cur-tailed Wig*, belonging to Doctor Hume—considerably the worse for wear.

Lot 41—A *Frenchified Wig*, the property of Ex-General Wilson—originally a military bob, but now cut down to a Tyburn top.—This Wig was lost in a mob, attending the Funeral of the late Queen Caroline, and

was nearly spoiled by too copious applications of Honey-water.

Lot 43—Mr. Lambton has to offer a *Coal* black Wig, suitable to yellow complexions.

Lot 45—Messrs. Whitbread, Creevey, Davies, Fyshe Palmer, W. Williams, &c. &c. &c.—a parcel of Blocks of sizes.

N. B. This Sale will be by *inch of candle*, the old system of the Pulpit being particularly objectionable to the proprietors.

Persons coming to view are requested not to touch the lots, as at the sale last year two or three *Welsh Wigs* were stolen from the advertisers, and have not since been returned.

P. S. No Ties are observable in these Wigs—but for the convenience of retail purchasers, a small collection of *Perry-Wigs*, the property of the same parties, are kept continually on sale by *private contract*, at the Office of the Morning Chronicle newspaper.

AVERAGE AMOUNT

OF BANKRUPTS' PROPERTY FOR THREE YEARS.

FROM a parliamentary return respecting Bankrupts, it appears, that on an average of three years, the debts of English Bankrupts, amounted to the amazing sum of 3,456,382*l.* a year. The dividends fell short of 4,500*l.* little more than half-a-crown the hundred pounds. The dead loss is more than fifteen per cent. upon the income from trade of every sort, which was assessed for the property-tax.

ON THE SEIZURE OF THE CARRIAGE OF AN
ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE,

WHILE STANDING AT MRS. C——Y'S DOOR.

As Nabman Dick was looking o'er a string
Of body writs, and forms of *feri facias*,
With eye of hawk, so sharp and wary,
He notic'd Fr—d,
Thought not in red,
Stop at the house of Mrs. C——y;
Cried Dick, "that carriage is the very thing—
Have it I must, although the act's ungracious."
"The horses too!" cried Dick, "are mine, by G—d!"
"Nay, not so fast," return'd the surly Jarvy,
Who overheard the Nabman's exclamation;
"The nags are mine*,
The carriage may be thine,
Although it bore the glory of the nation;
But, really, Dick, your conduct's mighty odd,
And, if I dar'd—Oh! d—me, how I'd sarve ye!"
"Odd! my old Buck, 'tis nothing now-a-days—
We always have to *grab* their goods or bodies:
The Nobs have got no ready rhino;
No Duke or Lord
Can now *afford*
To pay his debts—*that*, Jarvy, I know;
So folks in trade are forc'd to try all ways
To get the *blunt*, or starve like simple noddies."

[Unless we are much misinformed, the creditors of the illustrious personage alluded to, have contrived to get a pretty decent sum secured to them, by way of interest, on their debts; so that, if the principal be never paid, they will not perhaps be such very great losers as may be imagined.—ED.]

* The horses, this time, were hired. The former ones were re-deemed by His R— H—ss's sister.

CULINARY CORINTHIANISM ;
OR, THE LOSS OF A BREAKFAST.

CHARLES OMEROD, Esq. was brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with having committed an assault and battery on the kitchen-door of Mr. Joseph Gurney, and also on the person of Charlotte Newman, cook to the said Joseph.

Mr. Gurney is proprietor of the boarding-house, No. 46, Jermyn-street—a tailor, and a most respectable, quiet man. Charles Omerod, Esq. is a gentleman, as his title imports—young, (say five-and-twenty), tall, straight, genteel, Titus-cropped, and very much at his ease; with shirt-collar and cravat *a la Byron*; and at present boarding, with his mother and two sisters, in the house of Mr. Gurney. Charlotte Newman, as aforesaid, is cook-maid to Mr. Gurney, and a remarkably pretty one—though somewhat pert withal. Perhaps her prettiness makes her pert; for we have it on the authority of Shakspeare himself, that “if ladies be but fair and young, they have the gift to know it.” Then, as to the assault and battery, both of the door and the damsel, they appear to have originated in a right assumed by Charles Omerod, Esq. to have free egress and regress to the kitchen of Mr. Gurney at all times—there to inspect the pots, pans, pudding-moulds, gridirons, ladles of every kind, graters, cleavers, choppers, skewers, spits, cullenders, kettles, and dredging-boxes, with all and several the goods, articles, or utensils (culinary) used or employed in cooking his dinner. The right thus claimed by Charles Omerod, Esq. was

resisted by Mr. and Mrs. Gurney and their cook-maid; Charles Omerod, Esq. persisted; assault and battery ensued; and thereupon issue was joined.

All the parties being in attendance before the Magistrate, as aforesaid, Charlotte, the cook-maid, deposed, that on the morning of Tuesday last, she being about her work in the kitchen, Mr. Omerod came down stairs with a new set of fire-irons, tongs, shovel, and poker, and a new stew-pan, under his arm. That she instantly went out of the kitchen, pulled the door after her, and bolted it, at the same time telling Mr. Omerod that the kitchen was not a place for gentlemen. That Mr. Omerod thereupon insisted upon her opening the door, or else allowing him to open it. That she refused to do either, having received her master's orders to that effect. That Mr. Omerod grew more and more angry every moment; and at length—placing the fire-shovel, poker, and stew-pan on the floor, he began battering at the kitchen-door with the tongs. That she still held the bolt in her hand, so that he could not batter as he wished; which put him in such a towering passion, that, dropping the tongs, he seized her arm with both his hands, and tried to twist it off at the elbow. That her mistress prevented his so doing, and got her away, and then he took up the tongs again, and, in downright spite, smashed the door to atoms!

In her cross-examination by the Magistrate, she said she believed Mr. Omerod's object in coming down to the kitchen that morning, was to peep into the pots and stew-pans, to see that she had properly cleaned them—a very *cottish* and unbecoming occupation for a *gentleman*, she thought. She also believed that he had been out to purchase the tongs, shovel,

poker, and stew-pan, which he was bringing down stairs, because he was not satisfied with those already in use.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney corroborated all that Charlotte the cook stated—adding, that they had kept a boarding-house many years, but never had such a troublesome inmate before. They had every necessary apparatus for cooking, they said, and it was not to be expected that they could be continually purchasing new things, merely to satisfy the whims of every fresh-comer.

Charles Omerod, Esq. carelessly lolling upon the table—for which he was several times reprov'd by the Magistrate—listened to these statements with a gentlemanly indifference; and, when he was called upon for his defence, he began it by asking whether it was fit, proper, or necessary, that, in such a case as this, he should be brought away from home without his breakfast?

The Magistrate replied, that there happened to be a warrant out against him, and it was the duty of the officer to execute it without attention to meals; that, nevertheless, he was very sorry he had not had his breakfast, and hoped he would suffer no serious inconvenience for want of it.

“Oh! it is no *great* consequence,” rejoined Mr. Omerod, and immediately set about his defence—after his own exquisitely listless and laconic fashion. He declared *cookey* was wrong in charging him with a predilection for peeping into pots, pans, and pipkins—sole object was to see that there were proper things there for use—did not assault girl—girl assaulted him—almost strangled him—he took her hand from his throat, of course, and twisted it a bit—didn’t hurt

her. Fact was, there was a disputed right about the kitchen, between him and Mr. Gurney, which Mr. Gurney might bring into a court of law as soon as he chose—certainly as often as Mr. Gurney put up kitchen-door to bar his way, so often he would beat it down.”

“Then, in that case,” said the Magistrate, “my course is very direct, Mr. Omerod. In the first place, I direct that you put in bail for your appearance at the Quarter Sessions, there to take your trial for the assault upon the girl; secondly, that you pay Mr. Gurney the full amount of the damage you have done his kitchen-door; and, thirdly, I give you warning, that so often as you beat down his door, so often will you be made to pay for it, upon his complaining here.”

Charles Omerod, Esq. bowed, drew up again, sucked his teeth, and asked what bail would be required? He was informed on this point; and also, that he might appeal against the decision, as to damages done the door, upon his entering into the necessary recognizances to prosecute that appeal at the Sessions.

In the course of the day he gave securities in both cases, and departed as well satisfied with himself as ever.

FAMILY DIFFERENCES.

“I WONDER,” said a woman of humour, “why my husband and I quarrel so often; for we agree uniformly in one grand point—he wishes to be master, and so do I.”

TIT FOR TAT;
OR, TATTERSAL'S FROLIC.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

NEAR Hyde Park Corner—rather to the left,
 Quitting the 'pike, as you leave Piccadilly,
 You're sure to find—if not of sight bereft,
 Whether you're thron'd in dennet or on filly,
 Or humbly *stumping it*, no matter!
 Fam'd Tatt's—so fam'd for what he'll sell you;
 Or if you're still at fault,—ah! that is patter.
 "Ax at the *horse spittle*," and they'll tell ye;
 Tatt, did I say? there's magic in the sound!
 Bloods of first water—tip-top wits,
 Long gaiter'd *youkers*—buckskin'd breeches cits,
 Nay every one, for miles the country round,
 Come 'ticularly on one day—
 What's that!—Why Sunday—
 To look at what?—Tatt's Tits.
 Then Tatt's a dealer—Yes of course,
 Damme, you didn't take him for a horse?
 He's often *near one* though—a better judge of horse flesh
 Ne'er stood in leather.—
 He'll tell you whether,
 Aye in the dark,
 Better than even Clarke*:
 A horse has sore legs,
 Goes on *three* or *four* legs,
 Whether he's ginger'd,
 Spavin'd, gall'd, or injur'd,
 False mark'd in the tooth,
 Or broken knee'd;
 Rattling bellows forsooth,
 Or bolting speed.
 Whether he's got a stoop ill,
 Or worse, "*an artificial pupil*."

* The famous Bracey Clarke, Veterinary Surgeon.

Wind or limb, 'tis indifferent to him ;
 Zounds, he looks through him,
 As if from birth he knew him,
 Or that his sides transparent were as gauze flesh.
 But this is not his greatest pride,
 Tatt has a nobler—a much nobler scan,
 Though none can better sell or ride,
Knock down a horse—or *knock up* one.
 Still 'tis his boast,
 On honour's post,
 To chalk up one,
 And be, what all allow,
 A Gentleman !!!
 When time permits, Tat often rides about
 To view the country, where it's purest seen,
 A bit of blood's his greatest pride *without*,
 An unaffected heart his greatest pride *within* ;
 Oft with the meanest on his road he'll chat,
 Gentle or simple ;
 For many a blotch of ignorance and pimple,
 Is thus removed by knowledge ; so thinks Tatt ;
 An anti-scorbutic in its way—a kind
 Of Gowland's lotion to the human mind ;
 Which gives a vigour, and imparts a grace
 Immortal—heavenly as a cherub's face.
 One eve returning near to Highgate Hill,
 A turnpike cross'd his road—'twas getting late ;
 "Through," cries out Tatt impatiently, but still
 "Excuse me," says the gentleman at the gate.
 "Why, how's this 'pike—this morn I paid your toll ;
 "I took no ticket, certainly,—but then
 "You told me—yes, remember, bless your soul,
 "I needn't, for you'd know me well again."
 "Aye, aye," cries Toley, "come no bilking here."
 "Bilking," says Tatt, his indignation rising.
 "Yes, bilking—*post the coal*—or backwards sheer :
 "Here's a pretty caper—
 "Perhaps the *blunt runs taper* ;
 "I shouldn't wonder, *sich* things a'n't surprising."

Tatt eyed the 'pike man from his top to toe,
 And would have mill'd him, but his ponderous size
 Told rather 'gainst him; for but one fair blow
 Would have been Tatt's *hic jacet* for the flies;
 He leant upon his *bar*—like Herc'les on his *club*,
 Then rais'd his form like 'Chilles (statue recent)
 Like him he was *all brass*—prepared to drub;
 But in his speech alone was *barely decent*,
 His *flood* of eloquence 'twas badly *dammd*,
 Pour'd out of bounds a stream of motley curses,
 “*Ve vant* no tailors here—no gemmen shamm'd,”
 “No snobs on carrion with their empty purses.”
 “You won't then let me through?” “No, that I *vont*,
 “'Tis all in *wain*.”
 “Silence,” cries Tatt,
 “Take that,”
 And paid the man again.
 “Come, come, the ticket;
 “Unbar your wicket;
 “Toley, *I'll mark ye*, mind me if I don't.”
 “Mark, and be d—d,” bawls Toley. Tatt rode on,
 Wishing well barbacued the sulky hog,
 Reach'd home at last—alighted—rang for John,
 “Jack, go and see if you can find me Scrog.”
 Scrog soon appear'd,—says Tatt with glee,
 “Could you to-morrow lick a man for me?”
 Then told the story,—
 Scrog's in his glory:
 “His fives,” tight clinch'd, half laughing, half enrag'd,
 “Will next day do!—to-morrow I'm engag'd.”
 “Oh yes,” cries Tatt, “then leave the rest to me:
 “To-morrow I fight the long expected match;
 “I know my man—when him I've wapp'd, d'ye see,
 “I'll try if he you mention's any catch.”
 Scrog won his match; then early rose next day,
 Drest as a countryman in hat and clothes,
 Sought out the road where Toley's turnpike lay,
 And came upon his nabs just as he rose,
 “How are you?” cries out Scrog, in friendly way:

"What's that to you?" replies the sulky 'pike :
 "Be civil, Toley;"—"Civil to you, eigh !
 "To such a thing as you I'll do just what I like."
 Then cross the way he struts with giant strides,
 And sneers and goads—while Scroggy laugh'd as if he'd
 crack his sides,
 At this Colossus of the *roads*.
 This coolness Toley cou'dn't bear,
 So doff'd his coat upon the rode-side dust ;
 " *Youk*, will you box ?"—Says Scrog, "I do not care,
 "'Tis your own seeking, if I must I must."
 How long they fought I'm not prepar'd to say ;
 Toley fought well—fought desperate, fought tough,
 Scrog held him up, and finish'd him away,
 Like a first hand, till Toley cried—enough !
 Tatt well rewarded Scrog, and soon next morn
 Rode to the field of action—where forlorn
 In an arm-chair lay Toley,
 His head bound up—for Scroggy's fistic grace
 Had scarcely left a vestige of his face.
 His body rested upon pillows wholly ;
 "How are you, Toley?" Toley rais'd his eye,
 T'other was beat till all was *blue* ;
 Tatt immediately he knew :
 Vollies of curses soon the 'pike let fly,
 As Tatt bawl'd out with visage rather sly,
 "Do you remember t'other *darkey*†,
I think I said I'd mark ye ?"

† Night.

EMERY'S VACATED CHAIR.

MANY shall come, and many shall dare,
 But who shall fill the vacated chair ?
 The star is set, and e'en hope is afraid,
 For the strongest light throws the deepest shade.—
 Nature and art may again take the rein,
 And Genius may hold up Nature's train,
 And yet with all these, the Muses despair
 Of filling again the vacated chair.

E. K.

PAT AND HIS MULE.

CRAWLEY *verses* CALLAGHAN.

MR. PHELM O'CALLAGHAN appeared before the Magistrate, to shew cause why he should not be charged with having stolen Mr. Pat Crawley's mule.

Mr. Pat Crawley, according to his own account, is a Scotchman born of Irish parents in the "Saut Market o' Glasgow." They, dying, left him a pedlar's pack, and a brown donkey; and, ever since he has followed the profession of *Autolycus*—a frequenter of fairs, wakes, and wassellings, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Latterly, he has travelled in this manner from the Salt Market in Glasgow quite down to Penzance, in Cornwall; gathering gear as he went, and increasing his worldly goods at every village by the way. At Penzance he sold his donkey and bought a mule; and travelling on towards London, he arrived at the house of Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan in Buckenridge-street, St. Giles's, on the evening of Friday last. Now Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan being his seventh cousin on the mother's side, he thought he and his mule would be perfectly safe under his roof; and the more especially as Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan expressed great joy at the sight of him. So Mr. Pat Crawley put his mule in Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan's little stable at the back of his place—rubbed it down; supped it up; and then went out to enjoy himself with a mutchkin o' whisky at the change-house forenent the corner. At the change-house he found the ingle bleezing finely, and the whisky o' the best, and the gude wife unco sonsie, and so many of his mother's

cousins come in to see him, that mutchkin followed after mutchkin, till they reemed in his noddle ; and at the last o't he gang'd to his bed, at Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan's, with a black eye and an empty purse—having lost seven good gowden sovereigns he didna ken how. In the morning he got up at break o' day, thinking to saddle his mule and gang his ways 'fra' the town ; but the mule was gone ; and no one kenn's where.

The Magistrate condoled with him on his loss, and recommended him to be more careful of his property in future ; and then asked Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan what had become of the mule ?

“ Ye're Honour's axing me about the mule,” replied Mr. Phelim O'Callaghan, “ an I knows nothing about her at all—barrin Pat Crawley put her in the stable himself, along with *dunkies*.”

“ The *dunkies* ! what do you mean by dunkies ? ” asked his Worship.

“ Them are little bits o' things—little bits o' mules—dunkies, your Honour, as carrys the cabbages and purraters about ; and I told him, says I, Pat Crawley, says I, de'il a bit of a lock there is to it—that's the door, your Honour : an Pat says I, buy your own lock, says I, or her'll be off may be ; an he wou'dn't, your Honour, and so she was—”

“ Was what ? ”

“ *Off*, your Honour, sure enough—that's the mule, your Honour, bad luck to her ! ”

One of the patrol said he had been called in by Mr. Pat Crawley, upon the discovery of his loss, and he had examined Mr. O'Callaghan's premises in consequence, and as there was no other way from the stable but through Mr. O'Callaghan's *house*, he was of opinion

that the mule could not have been taken away without Mr. O'Callaghan's connivance.

Mr. O'Callaghan declared he knew nothing whatever of it, and his Worship might have a six months' *carrackter* of him any day in the week.

His Worship, however, told Mr. O'Callaghan that he must either find the mule or remain in custody; and he left the office under the surveillance of the officer and Mr. Pat Crawley himself.

THE NEUTRAL ADMINISTRATION.

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.

Henry VI. Act 3.

Says W—NN (improvement understood),*

I took my place for Ireland's good:

Says P—L, I had a diff'rent view,

And stipulated "*nothing new*."†

'Tis thus a Cabinet is gain'd

Where "*strict neutrality's*" maintain'd;

Where no agreement we can trace,

Except in this—the love of *place*!

* Accepted office, with a reserve to ameliorate the general condition of Ireland.

† Could never have returned to office on any understanding that the Government of Ireland was to be conducted on any *new* principle.—*Mr. Peel's Speech.*

MICHAEL'S DINNER ;
OR, STAUNCH FRIENDS TO REFORM.

FAIR Reform—celestial maid !
 Hope of Britons ! Hope of Britons !
 Calls her followers to her aid—
 She has fit ones, she has fit ones.
 They would brave in danger's day,
 Death to win her, death to win her !
 If they met not by the way,
 Michael's dinner, Michael's *dinner* !

Lambton leads the patriot van—
 Noble fellow, generous fellow !
 Quite the dandy of the clan—
 Rather yellow, rather yellow.
 Of fair liberty, he tells
 Tales bewitching, tales bewitching ;
 But they vanish when he smells
 Michael's kitchen, Michael's kitchen.

Lawyer Brougham is next in rank,
 Prates like Babel, prates like Babel ;
 He has never eat or drank
 At brib'ry's table, brib'ry's table.
 What then now can stop his mouth
 In this hot age, in this hot age ?
 'Tis, *if he would tell the truth*,
 Michael's potage, Michael's potage.

Hobhouse, who pretends to *was*—
 Cur of Burdett, cur of Burdett,
 Fir'd his pop-gun ; but the House
 Never heard it, never heard it.
 He foresaw from Canning's lash,
 Stripes to cutting, stripes to cutting ;
 So he slunk away to hash
 Michael's mutton, Michael's mutton.

Where was, on that famous night,
 Hume the surgeon, Hume the surgeon?
 Who pretends to set us right
 By constant purging, constant purging.
 No division yet expecting,
 Fond of work he, fond of work, he
 At the moment was dissecting
 Michael's *turkey*, Michael's turkey.

Fergusson his place may choose
 In the bevy, in the bevy—
 He is the real Taylor's goose,
Hot and heavy, hot and heavy.
 He'd outdo with sword and flame
Senna-cherib, Senna-cherib:
 What that evening made him tame?
 Michael's *spare-rib*, Michael's spare-rib.

Thus the social round they form
 In Privy-gardens, Privy-gardens;
 And they care about *Reform*
 Not three farthings, not three farthings.
 To yawn and vote let *others* stay,
 Who can bear it, who can bear it?
They much wiser drink away
 Michael's claret, Michael's claret.

While ye thus in claret, Sirs,
 Lose your reason, lose your reason,
 England will recover hers,
 Lost last season, lost last season,
 Factious mobs, seditious hordes,
 Must grow thinner, must grow thinner;
 When plain common sense records
 Michael's *dinner*, Michael's dinner.

On Mr. Lambton's motion for Reform, the Whigs were taken by surprise, and many of them, who were dining with M. A. Taylor, were on the division shut out from voting.

LAW AND EQUITY.¹

A NEGRO fellow, previous to the revolution, being suspected of having stolen goods in his possession, was taken before a certain Justice of the Peace, in the county of Philadelphia, and charged with the offence. The negro acknowledged the fact, and made the following decisive defence: — “Massa Justice, me know me got dem tings from Tom dere, and me tink Tom teal dem too; but what den, Massa? dey be only a piccaninny knife and a piccaninny cork-screw; one cost sixpence, and tudder a shilling; and me pay Tom for dem honestly, Massa.” — “A very pretty story, truly,” said his Worship, “you knew they were stolen, and yet alledge in excuse, you paid honestly for them; I’ll teach you better law than that, sirrah! don’t you know, Pompey, that the receiver is as bad as the thief? You must, you black rascal, be severely whipt.” — “Very well, Massa, if de *black* rascal be whipt for buyin tolen goods, me hope de *white* rascal be whipt too, for same ting, when you catch him, as well as Pompey.” — “To be sure,” replied the Justice. — “When, den,” says Pompey, “here be Tom’s massa; hold him fast, constable, he buy Tom as I buy a piccaninny knife, and de piccaninny cork-screw. He know berry well poor Tom be tolen from him old fadder and mudder; de knife and de cork-screw hab neder.” Such was the justice, as well as the severity of Pompey’s address, that after a short pause, the Magistrate, with the consent of Tom’s master, dismissed him, and discharged the action.

TECHNICAL BEAUTIES; OR, THE TITHE QUESTION.

(See Mr. W—th—ll's Speech on the above Question.)

"D—the shop; I'm nail'd to the counter like a bad shilling."

LENITIVE, in the Prize.

You know, good Sir, that when the Parson's "*nolens*,"
Nothing but Parliament can make them "*volens*;"
For in these matters, this his constant rule is,
Never to abate, except "*in vinculis*."
To see what's right, in worldly things, they're dull men,
Unless they're rous'd by this our "*brutum fulmen*."
From old abuses, nothing e'er can force 'em—
Their motto—" *vestigia nulla retrorsum* :"
So potent, for *res*, the love that's in them,
They stick religiously to claims "*in rem* :"
Refuse him—his flock are in a hobble—he
In a law-suit soon the "*primum mobile* ;"
As in such litigation, in reality
Together go this will and "*potentiality*."
For tithing 'tatoes too, why all this fuss?
'Tis right—a pious man loves "*summum jus*."
And now on me you wish to throw the "*onus*"
Of shewing how the peasant gets a "*bonus*."
What, cannot you perceive?—if not, then I do,
How better commutation is "*in solido*."
What can be clearer?—Nought, by J—s, honey,
When Pat has not a *thirteen* left of money!

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

AN old lady, somewhat evangelical, hearing her son slip out an oath on a Sunday, exclaimed, "My dear Richard, what are you about? What can you think of the law and the prophets?"—"What do I think of them?" said he—"why, I think *the law pockets the profits most infernally*."



MODERN REFINEMENT.

THE contrast between a tradesman and citizen of former days and those of the present, is really not less wonderful to the philosophic, than it is alarming to the speculative moralist. To go no farther back than forty or fifty years, a thriving tradesman was almost as stationary as his shop. "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you," was a maxim continually in his mind. Born within the sound of Bow-bells, he rarely ventured out of it, except perhaps once or twice in a summer, when he indulged his wife and family with an expedition to Edmonton or Hornsey. On this

occasion, the whole family, dressed in their Sunday's clothes, were crowded together in a *jarvey* hired for the day. On Easter or Whitsunday, if he had had a *good week*, he would perhaps treat himself with a ride on a Moorfields' hack, hired at eighteen pence a side, through what was then called Cuckold's Round. If in holiday time a friend was invited to dinner, which was not often the case, his fare was a large plum-pudding, with a loin of veal, the fat spread on a toast, well sauced, with melted butter, or a buttock of beef; or if his friend was of the common-council, possibly a ham and chicken. The drink was elder or raisin wine made by his wife, and the strong ale in a silver tankard. The meat was brought up in new-scoured pewter; the apprentice cleaned the best knives; and the maid, with her hands before her, waited at table, serving every guest with a low curtsy. Her wife was dressed in her best damask-silk gown, with flowers as large as a fire-shovel, so stiff that it would have stood alone, probably left her by her grandmother. These tradesmen paid their bills when due, and would have conceived themselves ruined, if an acceptance was ever presented through the medium of a notary; and after going through all parish and ward offices, as well as those of their company, terminated their days in rural retirement at Turnham-green, Hackney, or Clapham Common; from whence they could now and then take a trip in their one-horse chaise, to visit the shop where they had acquired their fortune. The daughters of these men were taught all kinds of needle-work, and at a certain age were initiated into all the culinary secrets of the family,—preserved in a manuscript handed down from their great-great-grandmother. The sons, instead of losing

their time in an imperfect acquisition of a little Latin, were well grounded in Cocker's and Wingate's arithmetic, and perfect adepts in the Rule of Three and Practice.

A tradesman of the present day, is as seldom found in his shop as at church. A man of any spirit, he says, cannot submit to sit kicking his heels there ; it is consequently left to the care of his apprentices and journeymen, whilst he goes to the coffee-house to read the news, and settle the politics of the parish. His evenings are spent at different clubs and societies. On Monday he has a neighbourly meeting, consisting of the most substantial inhabitants of the parish. This it would be extremely wrong and unsocial to neglect. On Tuesday he goes to the Cyder Cellar, among whom he has many customers. Wednesday he dedicates to a disputing club, in order to qualify himself to make speeches at the vestry, or at the common-council. As a man of taste, and a cultivator of oratory, he forms an acquaintance with scene-shifters and supernumeraries at the theatres, from whom, on their benefit nights, he takes tickets, and at other times receives orders. If he has the misfortune to sing a good song, at least a night in the week is devoted to private concerts of gentlemen performing for their own amusement at some public house. As a good husband he cannot refuse to accompany his wife and daughters to a monthly assembly at Chivers's, or Wilson's, or to an eighteen-penny hop at a tavern in St. Giles's, or Soho, and sometimes to a card party, to play an innocent game at shilling whist. During two or three of the summer months he and his family take a *tower* — as they term it,—to Margate, Brighton, Hastings, or some other fashionable watering-place, where, to make

a handsome appearance, cut a figure, and look like *themselves*, they are dressed out in every expensive piece of frippery and fantastical nonsense then in vogue. If a friend is invited to take a family dinner, nothing less than three courses will go down ; besides, the footmen, the porter, and errand-boy, are exhibited in liveries. Port and Sherry are discarded, and nothing thought of but Claret and Madeira.

On a tradesman of this sort entering into the holy state of matrimony, his wife's drawing, dining, and dressing-rooms, must be furnished in the first style of splendour and magnificence, and instead of her being satisfied with an elegant pier and chimney-glass, she must have her wainscoat *inlaid* with reflectors.

If he has a family, the young ladies have an upper-governess and an under-governess kept in the house, besides the daily attendance of the Music, Dancing, French and Italian masters, whereby they are taught to jabber a few mispronounced French and Italian phrases, and to strum two or three tunes on a piano-forte or guitar ; but not a single stitch of plain work, for fear of making them hold down their heads, or spoiling their eyes ; and as to housewifery, they could as soon make a smoke-jack as a pudding !

The education of the male part of the family is not more sensible. At school they are taught the Latin grammar, and advance in that language as far as Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, which is forgotten three months after they leave school. This, with a smattering of French, a little dancing, scraping on a fiddle, or blowing a tune on a German flute, completes the piece.

This style of living is for a while supported by paper credit ; and assisted by two or three tradesmen of the

same description, who jointly manœuvre drafts of accommodation, and run through all the mazes of *that art* denominated swindling; till at length overpowered by the accumulated expences of renewals, interest, stamps, stop-mouth and forbearance money, this gentleman-like tradesman makes his appearance in the Gazette, preceded by a *Whereas*, and falls to rise no more, but terminates his life in the Fleet or King's Bench; his lady in the parish workhouse; his daughters, if handsome, in a brothel; and his sons, unable to procure a livelihood by industry, make their exit at Newgate, or are sent on their travels at the national expence—to Botany Bay.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.

THE first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or to make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allurements imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing, without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husband.

STANZAS,

DEDICATORY TO FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ., ADVOCATE,

Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, late one of the Presidents of the Speculative, and Editor of the Edinburgh Review, &c. &c. &c.

YOUR days, Mr. Jeffrey, how gaily they sped,
When the proser were with you, whatever you said,
Taunting Burke with your eloquence, Swift with your jest,
While the chorus was Constable's chink in your chest!
But *opinions* stride on, while *things* linger behind—
What of old pass'd for thunder, now weighs but as wind.
And you, a great man as could possibly be,
Stand diminish'd to modest dimensions by me.

I am sure, like one waked from a dream, you look back
To the days when you hoisted your flag of attack;
When against the old fortress you open'd your trenches,
With a jig, as the mode of your masters the French is;
While one priest whistled on with the note of Voltaire,
And the smile of another recalled D'Alembert,
And you seem'd a great man as could possibly be,
—— Never dreaming of damnable dampers from me.

You all seem'd so giddy, so gamesome, so gay,
Paine and Hell shouted, "Go it! we're sure of the day;"
Such a confident, crowing, contemptuous air,
Fill'd the hearts of a thousand good fools with despair;
While there wanted not some of our old pluckless Tories,
Who like spoonies would fawn, and talk big of your glories—
Calling you a great man as could possibly be,
—— Lacking heart even to hope for a hero like me.

How the fine yellow's dimm'd in its delicate hue!
What a stain has been stamp'd on the beautiful blue!
How each frolicsome face that enliven'd Craig-Crook,
Has been changed for a down-looking, dumpish, sour look!

O! the heart that of old could be quicksilver bound,
 How it sinks! I am sure it weighs more than a pound!
 O! the biggest small man that could possibly be,
 How he casts up his whites when he thinks upon me!

Geese, their nature is such, cackle loud in one's pond,
 But just whistle, and phoo! in a funk they abscond;
 Byron christen'd five geese after five worthy souls—;
 Ugo Fudgiolo, Shiel, Proctor, Maturin, Knowles;
 But, if I had pond pets, I'm more wise, I should call 'em
 After such folks as Macintosh, Brougham, Smith, and Hallam;
 Not forgetting one smart little cackler to be,
 When its wings are well clipt, 'yclept Jeffrey by me.

Now you'll scarcely believe it, for all that's been done,
 I had never a harsh thought about you—not one:
 For the sake of my Country, my Faith, and my King,
 I was forced a few rockets among you to fling.
 But, even then, what I did, if aright understood,
 Was not meant for your ill, but your serious good;
 And, if you're the least man that can possibly be,
 You should thank yourself for it—much rather than me.

I protest I'm half sorry to see you so low—
 You that were such fine, frisky, brisk boys long ago;
 You may think as you please, but you'll make me quite sad,
 If you all keep so moping while we are so mad!
 Mr. Jeffrey, cheer up! You're a nice little fellow,
 Notwithstanding the sins of your azure and yellow;
 Though you're not the first wit that can possibly be,
 You're a clever old body--there's butter from me!

Were I forced by some dread democratical hand,
 To change heads (what a fate!) with *some* Whig in the land,
 I don't know but I'd swap with yourself, my old gander,
 (I should then be Diogenes—not Alexander!)
 But to show my good will in a manner more solemn,
 I inscribe to your name—(jump for joy!)—this whole volume,
 Being always your servant, your friend, and so forth—
 The humanest of conquerors—

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

MR. HAYTER's picture is a representation of the House of Lords, during the proceedings against the late Queen Caroline. The Hon. George Agar Ellis, a munificent patron of the arts, is understood to be the gentleman for whom the picture has been painted, and who, we presume, chose the subject for the sake of bringing together a vast number of cotemporary portraits of distinguished individuals.

The artist had obviously great difficulties to overcome. The sharp, angular formality of modern dress, the dullness of its colours, the absence of flowing drapery, with its rich hues and varied shades, the building itself flat and unadorned at all times, and on this occasion setting at defiance all notions of architectural beauty, with its temporary galleries of glaring scarlet, and strange mixture of lights—these were obstacles of no trifling magnitude to the combination of unity of effect with the characteristics of individual resemblance. These obstacles have been overcome to an extent far beyond our expectation. The picture is decidedly a whole, and not, as was to be feared from the nature of the subject, a mere bringing together on one piece of canvass of a number of separate parts, without the *ensemble* of a connected design. The time chosen is August 23, 1820, when Theodore Majocchi was examined by the Peers. The reason why this time was chosen is thus given in the catalogue:—
 “This day was preferred, as one when the Honourable and Learned Gentlemen of the Bar had, if possible, a little less occupation than during the examination or cross-examination of a witness, which enabled the

painter to shew, with more propriety, the faces of some gentlemen, whose looks would otherwise have been turned to the spectator." In the foreground are the counsel on both sides—the most striking, and perhaps the most interesting part of the picture. First, sitting down, are Dr. Adams and Mr. Parke in conversation, and Sir C. Robinson reading. The portrait of Mr. Parke is excellent for likeness and spirit. Further on, without the bar, are Messrs. Williams, Wilde, and Denman, the last looking up and giving a paper to Mr. Brougham. The portrait of Mr. Williams is clever, and the head of Mr. Denman remarkably fine. Ranged along the bar are the Solicitor-General in his very attitude—the Attorney-General with his face towards the spectator, the likeness good, the eyes beautiful—the witness—the interpreter, expressive, although unfavourably placed for expression—Dr. Lushington, with his back to the spectator; and Mr. Brougham, turned round to speak to Mr. Denman, with one hand on the bar, not a very fortunate portrait in features or character. It would be tedious to describe the positions assigned to the Peers introduced into this picture. We shall just mention some of the most prominent heads and figures. In the middle of the floor is Lord Grey, with his right arm extended, "checking," as the catalogue informs us, "the prolixity of the interpreter, the Marchese Spinetti, desirous to proceed with the examination of the witness." It seems rather hasty to charge so pleasant an interpreter with prolixity: the explanations of the Marchese were invaluable, as a relief to the long and fatiguing examinations. Lord Grey's attitude is imposing and natural. It will probably be thought that the portrait has a more youthful air than the original; but the

objection is less just than feasible, for his Lordship, at a distance, and when in the act of speaking, does appear much younger than he is. On the floor, at some distance, behind Lord Grey, is Lord Holland, also on his legs. This is an admirable portrait—admirable not more for the accurate delineation of the features than for the characteristic air of the whole figure. His Lordship's easy, sturdy English deportment, is given to the life. Amongst the lords on the opposition bench, the most striking are those of the Marquis of Lansdown, the Duke of Buckingham, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. On the other side of the House the heads of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Exmouth, and the Duke of Wellington, particularly attracted our attention. The last is a likeness; but too smooth, too delicate, too "like a waiting gentlewoman." The character is not sustained. The attempt at a portrait of Lord Liverpool appears to us to be a decided failure. The head of the Duke of Devonshire is excellent. The grand and distinguishing merit of the numerous portraits in this picture, and a merit too of the highest order, is, that they are less marked as likenesses by a merely correct copy of the outline, than by their spirited representation of individual peculiarities. As an instance, we may mention a portrait of Lord Rivers, of whom merely a slight side view is presented; yet no one to whom his Lordship's figure was familiar, could hesitate for a moment. This is very observable too in some of the heads in the extreme back ground, where the members of the House of Commons are placed who attended the trial, and especially in the portrait of Sir F. Burdett. In the seat near the entrance, outside the bar, the painter has introduced the late

Marquis of Londonderry, Sir C. Long, and Mr. Tierney. The first not good, the second beautiful, the third spirited.

The taste and ability with which the artist has met the difficulties he had to surmount; the singular fidelity with which he has preserved likenesses, in positions where it seemed almost impossible to present even a distinct view of the head or figure; the true feeling of pictorial effect which he has shewn in the choice of his point of view, and in the arrangement of the subject—forbid us to dwell upon his failure in particular parts, and the occasional want of depth, mellowness, or finish in the colouring. He may congratulate himself on having finished a truly great work, inferior indeed to the efforts of the great masters of original historical design, but honourable in a high degree to his skill and perseverance.

[It was not our intention to have admitted criticisms upon works of art into this Work; but the important circumstance this painting commemorates, and the ability with which the remarks are written, induced us, in this instance, to depart from the rule.—ED.]

THE VICAR AND PHYSICIAN.

How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!

I dub them both a race of noddies:

Old D. D. has the Cure of souls,

And M. D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare

Our souls and bodies must endure,

One has the Cure without the Care,

And one the Care without the Cure.

BRANDENBURGH-HOUSE FESTIVITIES;
OR, THE LEINSTER TRIUMPH.

Now shame on sly guesses, beat up for addresses,
Ye remnant of *Rads* in our Ireland green;
Each patriot Pat-Riot, who hates peace and quiet,
Sing whillaloo for our virtuous big Queen.

First shout whack for virtue, and then I'll divert you
By singing a glorious and marvellous scene :
With triumph I name it, let Leinster proclaim it—
Our Duke and his Duchess have dined with the Queen !

There was also Duncannon, the boast of our Shannon,
With Thanet, sat down to the prog and poteen ;
How well their names tally with sergeant Vassali,
His halbert exchange'd for the wand of the Queen.

There was ould Madame Damer, the devil can't tame her,
With a foreign professor they call'd Thomasine :
Och ! their talk of "*belle arte*" delighted the party,
And both hob-a-nobbed to the health of the Queen.

Antaldo Antaldi, he grinned like Grimaldi,
And pledg'd the fair Duchess in right Maraschine ;
And the Duke flirted boldly with sweet Countess Oldi,
The widow bewitched, *who does jobs for the Queen.*

Mister Hume too, the Doctor, who acts as her proctor,
And bothers the Speaker with venting his spleen,
With the Mayor of the City, behaved themselves pretty,
Delighted to dine with a Duchess and Queen !

Other Peers were invited—the summons they slighted,
Not feeling quite sure what the message might mean—
Whether rough blindman's-buff-o, or pantomime stuff-o,
For "*sans etiquette*," was the phrase of the Queen.

Och ! would they ask *me*, Pat, I'd go sure with glee, hot,
My hod I'd abandon, and dress myself clane :
I could romp with the best, boy—and then, for a jest, boy,
Och ! sure I'd delight the *warm heart* of the Queen.

Tell Dan to kiss Dona ; let Nick tumble Monah,
And Barney O'Brallagan romp with Kathleen :
Don't be shy, girls, or guarded, for virtue's rewarded—
Our Duke and his Duchess have din'd with the Queen !

Sister Shelah and Nancy, choice girls of the fancy,
Turn out at the revel of Donnybrook-green—
Earn meat, drink, and clothing : a kiss goes for nothing—
Our Duke and his Duchess have din'd with the Queen !

BON-MOTS OF FOX.

THE following *bon-mots* of the late Mr. Fox are copied from the notes made by Mr. Beckford, in an edition of Walpole's life of that statesman :

Being asked what measures government would take to prevent *emigrations*, Mr. Fox replied, that " he knew not positively ; but, whatever might be attempted, he knew but one effectual way, and that was to make it worth the subject's while to *stay at home*."

Mr. Fox supped one evening with Edmund Burke at the Thatch'd-house, where they were served with dishes more elegant than substantial. Charles's appetite being rather keen, he was far from relishing kick-shaws, that were set before him, and addressing his companion—" These dishes, Burke," said he, " are admirably calculated for your palate—they are both *sublime and beautiful*."

LOVES OF THE MORTALS :

A PARODY ON MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

CRITICISM EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Poem from which the following extracts have been made, was printed at the Lee Priory printing press, for private circulation only. We have, by great good fortune, possessed ourselves of a copy, and by singular perseverance and industry, ascertained it to be the production of that erudite scholar and elegant poet, Timothy Tickle, Esq. of Tottenham. We feel it will be impossible to proceed regularly with the publication of so extensive a Poem, its bulk being 122 octavo folios, beside 28 pages of notes. We shall nevertheless give such extracts from the Poem, as we think are likely to amuse our readers. The plates illustrative may be had of Humphrey's, St. James's-street, designed and executed by Cruickshank and others. Our readers will perceive we could with some justice substantiate a very grave charge of plagiarism against a favourite Poet, whose subject there can be no doubt was borrowed from the work before us. Indeed it is astonishing how closely he has copied the most beautiful passages, and endeavoured to imitate what was in itself inimitable; but we shall reserve ourselves on this score till another *threatened* production* appears, and then we shall certainly "kill two birds with one stone."

* Lord Byron's Heaven and Earth, which was announced at the same time.

THE LOVES OF THE MORTALS, A POEM,
BY TIMOTHY TICKLE, ESQ.

It happened, after the wives of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the amorous Terrestrials, the Sons of Earth, beheld them, they became enamoured of them.—*The First Book of Love*, chap. vii. sec. 2.

PREFACE.

This Poem, somewhat different in form, (*having cancelled three Cantos, and lopt off two feet from the end of each line in the measure*) and much longer in extent, was originally designed as an Episode for a work, about which I had been at intervals employed, during the last *twenty years*.

Some few days since, however, I found that my friend George Canning, whose “*Loves of the Triangles*” have rendered him immortal, had by a *strange sort of coincidence*, chosen the same subject for a Drama; and as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, backed with the precedent title of right honourable, the weight of a government secretaryship, and the influence of ministerial power, I thought it best to “*steal a march upon him*,” and be first in the market with my humble sketch; with such amorous tales and dialogues of the children of men, as I had leisure to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, become the harbinger or fore star of the blazing conusation which is to follow, giving to myself the chance of what astronomers call an *heliacal rising*, *i. e.* emerging spirally, or falling flat before the *luminarior orb*, by the radiance of whose brightness I was to be eclipsed, for ever,—*should he appear*.

As objections may be made by the reviewers in the Quarterly or Blackwood's, a sycophant crew, for whose opinions I have not the slightest respect, I think it right to inform them, they may say what they please of my poem, not caring one farthing for them or their criticisms, well knowing I could purchase a page and a half of their highest encomiums, for less than a lawyer would draw out an Old Bailey brief; only let them remember not to charge me with blasphemy, sedition, or treason, while full in their view stands the man milliner's mysteries, or the pretended "Translations from an ancient Chaldee manuscript," with which Maga hellish maid first broke down the breast-work of decency, and opening her sluices, sent forth a flood of impiety, falsehood, and malignity, that spread itself over the land, like a pestilence polluting the springs and the sources of literature, and villifying all that dared stand in the breach opposed to her profligate progress. The love stories on which I have founded my Poem, are popular Tales of eminent Characters, without *a grain of religion within them*. I have merely narrated the facts, and put them in rhyme, that amorous readers may taste of the pleasures of love in soft sounding sonorous jingles of verse sympathetic.

In addition, it struck me that the loves of *certain terrestrials* would afford a medium for beautiful allegories, rich in all the luxuriant colouring of nature, and robed in the brightness of fancy's variety. I have endeavoured, in the following stories, to shew the fall of the soul from its original purity, and the loss of appetite and happiness which it suffers in the full enjoyment of this world's perishable pleasures. Of conscience I shall say nothing, being a stranger to

fear. Let the sexes remember inquiry is sure to succeed to love's illicit amours. The heathen mythology, which little masters and misses will find at the end of their dictionary, owes its charms to this sort of "*veil'd meaning*," and it has been my wish, (however much I may have failed in the attempt), to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

LOVES OF THE MORTALS.

" But chief, thou nurse of the didactic Muse,
Divine Nonsensia, all thy soul infuse ;
The charms of beauty and of rapture tell
How loves and graces in a Mortal dwell ;
How slow progressive maids protract desire,
How yields their bosom to the sacred fire ;
How mighty love impetuous sleeping round
Spreads through the court, and makes its circling bound ;
How princes waste their substance and their slaves ;
Victims to Love are lost in early graves."

Parody on Parody,

George Canning's Loves of the Triangles.

The Poem commences with an Address from a mortal of *some consequence* to his favourite Marchioness.

'Twas when that I was in my prime,
When my young star had just begun
Its race of glory, and young time
Frolick'd before his birth day's sun ;
Where pleasure rear'd her magic spire,
And beauty shed a genial ray,
To cheer the young heart fresh and gay,
With am'rous hopes of warm desire.
When princely love was deemed a prize,
Unlike these days of crime and woe,
And subjects saw without surprise,
Their young P—— toying in disguise
With every pretty wench below.

The subject of this Poem is particularly suitable to the genius and taste of Mr. Tickle. There is throughout a luxuriant richness of thought, and glowing language, heightened by splendid imagery, and a beautiful *moral* union of the sensual with the sentimental,—a preponderance of the animal propensities over the intellectual faculties, that is every way worthy the British *Catullus*.

The feelings of regret on the instability of all human happiness, expressed in the following lines, will be generally admired.

Alas! that pleasure should destroy
By full enjoyment, every charm
Of earthly bliss,—and the bright joy
Of woman's love, no longer warm
Hearts form'd for nature's genial sports.

What mortal has reached the silver age of sixty, and not felt every pang the poet here describes.

'Twas in the noon-tide of my bloom,
Trackless along the milky way
I rov'd, and slept where soft perfume
F—h—t yielded as she lay.
And as I look'd from time to time,
Black Hecate fled, and day-light broke
Upon her angel form sublime,
Like Jove—I melted as she spoke.

The mortal then proceeds with the detail of his love, in some passages of such *pure* and exquisite sentiments of virgin thought, that although we shall not, for certain weighty reasons, follow him, we cannot hut admire the *chastity* and elegance of the composition.

The hero imparts a kindred feeling to his fair, and the lovers, we learn,

Told each the story of their love,
The history of the ever-blissful hour,
When, like a bird, from its high nest,
Won o'er by fascinating eyes,
For woman's love he left his palace.

How long the intimacy continued with the fairest of her sex, we do not learn, but the separation produced a mad and desperate passion for profligacy and gambling, which the Poet makes the roving hero describe :

The world was dull where she was not,
Courts, treasures, all a barren waste ;
I would have chang'd my envied lot
For any humbler fate, to taste
Again the bliss and joy I wrong'd,
Spurn'd from me in a mad dark hour,
But all in vain—to her belong'd
Inexorable spirit—power
To resist the current of her will,
And the rude tempest of the mind.

* * * * *

EX-SHERIFF P—— TO OLIVIA, PRINCESS OF C——.

'Twas on that memorable day,
When you the town did first surprise,
When 'lighting from my one-horse *shay*,
I came my ready court to pay
To a wrong'd Princess in disguise.
Told how on city missions sent,
I came to bring your claims to light;
How with true radical intent
Your royal battles meant to fight.

One of earth's fairest woman-kind
I thought you, and I felt inclin'd

To open wedlock's mystic book,
 But ah, how soon was every gleam
 Of hope and mad ambition shook,
 Like the dim shadowing of a dream.

* * * * *

The Ex-Sheriff then proceeds to relate the impression which the charms of the amiable and suffering Olivia made upon his tender heart.

'Tis not in words to tell thy power—
 The despotism, that from that hour
 Passion held o'er my stubborn mind.
 I wandered near the hallowed spot,
 To every passing wench was blind,
 Reform and politics forgot,
 All but the one—Olivia's bright self,
 All my amours placed on the shelf.

The last line of this stanza is very mechanical and inharmonious, but some allowance should be made for the Ex-Sheriff's erudition, when it is known he was, some few years since, a journeyman coach-maker. His description of the true Platonic affection which subsisted between him and the Princess, is in better style.

'Twas hopeless all—nought could avail—
 She stood a miracle of truth,
 Like Hunt or Cobbett when the youth
 Of London gull with idle tale;
 And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
 'Twas not as man, as mortal, no—
 Nothing sensual did glow
 In pure Olivia's jolly face;
 She lov'd me, but as one of race
 Patriotic, who oft, it seems,
 Supplied her highness' ways and means.

* * * * *

Her Highness has, we hear, displayed some ingenuity in raising supplies among credulous tradesmen upon her uncle's will, &c.

Well, I remember, by her side,
When in Hyde Park we grac'd the ride ;
In the old royal *shandaradan*,
Uncivil too was *that* ere man
That opes the gate, I never can
Forget, with what heroic grace
The Princess popp'd her noddle out,
And ask'd the fellow, face to face,
What all that bother was about?
Said she, I am of royal line,
And just come here to make a shine,
So ope the gate and let me pass.

We find by the Poem, that the Ex-Sheriff presented Olivia with the old royal *shandaradan* in which she used to drive about the metropolis; and also purchased the cast-off liveries of some of her Highness's Cousins, to enable her to make a suitable appearance,—reserving to himself a lien upon the property. The succeeding lines are much too amorous for our publication. The Ex-Sheriff's attempts on the ch—t—ty of the Princess are very properly resented with becoming dignity—he is expelled the house, and prevented intruding into her royal presence in future. The situation of her grand chamberlain is conferred on Romeo C—t—s, Esq. The remorse and rage of the Ex-Sheriff are finally described in the succeeding lines.

[This *jeux d'esprit* appeared a few days after the Loves of the Angels, and was considered a close copy of the peculiarities of the author.]

A PEEP O'DAY SCENE.

BUCKS *versus* BILLINGSGATE.

ON Saturday two brace of Bucks (bipeds, not quadrupeds) were brought from St. Clement's watch-house, charged with having grievously assaulted a Billingsgate fishmonger. We say two *brace*, because two of them were long and the other two very short—as cleverly matched in size as possible; and as they made a very pathetic appeal against the cruelty of publishing their names, we are constrained, in order to a proper understanding to their case, of distinguish them in some other way. Now one of the long ones had his knowledge-box covered *a la Titus*, and the other *a la Spiderbrush*; and of the short ones, one was smilingly lackadaisy-cal and the other was angry and snap-pish; so we shall take the liberty of designating them Messrs. *Titus*, *Spiderbrush*, *Lackadaisy* and *Snapshotto*; and, as even-handed justice requires that we should be equally merciful to the fishmonger, we shall call him *Abrawang*.

It appeared by the statements *pro* and *con*—or rather *con* and *pro*, seeing that the *con* came first in order—that at three o'clock on that same morning Messrs. *Titus*, *Spiderbrush*, *Lackadaisy*, and *Snapshotto*, were twaddling to roost, after having supped with a surgeon, to whom they had been escorting a friend, who had “received a *cut*”—whether a cut mental or a cut corporeal *non constat*, as the lawyers say—which is as much as to say, in this instance, that nobody thought it worth while to ask which. Well, they had, as aforesaid, been supping with a cut-curer,

and they came along, Titus, Spiderbrush, and Snapshorto, arm-in-arm—*Titus*, tipsy; *Spiderbrush*, so so; Snapshorto, broiling with brandy and choler—as hot as a devil'd biscuit; and as for Lackadaisy, he slid on ten or twelve paces before them, neither drunk nor sober, but, as it were, dreaming on both, *cote a cote* with a nymph of the *pavé*. In this order they reached Wych-street, in their way to their dormitories in the Temple; and when near the Olympic Theatre they had the ill luck to meet with *Abrawang*, and then their troubles began. *Abrawang* had just shaken off his slumbers, and was sallying forth from his house in quest of Billingsgate, brimful of crimp-codish cogitations. “*Anunst* the 'Lympic the-hater'” he attempted to pass Messrs. Titus, Spiderbrush, and Snapshorto, and in so doing he might have “*promiscuously* brushed against the cocksy little bit of a gemman,” Mr. Snapshorto, but he was sure he did not do so purposely; and, “if so be as he did touch him it *wa'nt* a touch what 'ard turn the horn of a lobster.” Mr. Snapshorto, however, felt his dignity offended, touch or no touch—indeed he declared that *Abrawang* came against him with such force as to force him out of the perpendicular, and therefore running forward he placed himself before *Abrawang* and boldly demanded satisfaction. *Abrawang*, angry at being thus cut short in his fish-fagging furor, snapped his fingers in little Snapshorto's face, and told him, if he did not instantly get out of his way, he would double him up, carry him off to Billingsgate in his *breeches* pocket, and there sell him for a *dried sprat*. This taunt upon Mr. Snapshorto's lack of length was extremely annoying to Mr. Snapshorto: and short as he was, there is no knowing to what

length he might have gone, if Mr. *Titus*, the tipsy, had not shortened the business by doffing his tog and challenging Abrawang to a turn-up. Thus challenged, Abrawang peel'd also; and though nothing like so tall as *Titus*, came to the scratch *instantly*. To it they went, slap, bang, and bother; — now *Titus* planted a punch upon Abrawang's sprat trap; and then *Abrawang*, with a salmon-like leap, got a slap at *Titus*'s right eye; now Abrawang's head was in Chancery under *Titus*'s left arm; and then *Titus* received a wind-expelling *pash* in his dumpling *depôt* from Abrawang's fishy fist. Sometimes *Titus* was topmost, and sometimes Abrawang—" *Hah !*" said *Titus*; "*Oh !*" said Abrawang — "*Go it !*" "*come it !*" — thwack, smack, slap, dirt, dump, and splutter. Meanwhile Spiderbrush and Lackadaisy did all they could to keep the peace; and, at length, succeeded in tearing *Titus* away; but by this time the watchmen had toddled themselves to the spot; and Abrawang insisted upon charging the Charleys with his opponents. On the other hand, Messrs. *Titus*, Spiderbrush, Lackadaisy, and Snapshorto, insisted upon charging the Charleys with Abrawang; but the Charleys were too *downy* to the upshot to grab a poor fishmonger, and let four "*prime swells*" go free; and so they conveyed Messrs. *Titus*, Spiderbrush, Lackadaisy, and Snapshorto, to the watch-house, whilst Abrawang went quietly on his way to Billingsgate.

When the matter was brought before the Magistrate, Abrawang having told his tale, begged his Worship to observe how his countenance was *disfigurer'd*, as he called it, by the thumps of Mr. *Titus*—and sure enough his mouth was pushed all on one side, so that he was obliged to speak *sideways*, as it were. On the other

hand, Mr. Titus gave *ocular* demonstration of Abrawang's vigour, by displaying a bottle-green eye, surrounded by divers brown, spotty, abrasions of the integument on the cheek-bone. There was much argumentation on both sides, as to who began the row ; but the Magistrate held that Abrawang was most likely to be in the right — inasmuch as he was just out of bed, going about his lawful business, cool and collected, and his opponents were but just going to bed, after having spent the night in drinking.

Under these circumstances, he ordered that they should find securities for their appearance at the Sessions ; and they did so, a barrister and a dealer in boiled beef becoming bail for them.

MATRIMONIAL JOURNAL.

A GENTLEMAN lately took the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper : — *Monday*, rather cloudy ; in the afternoon rainy. — *Tuesday*, vapourish ; brightened up a little at night. — *Wednesday*, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. — *Thursday*, high wind, and some peals of thunder. — *Friday*, fair in the morning : variable till the afternoon, cloudy all night. — *Saturday*, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning.

PARODY

ON "WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE."

WHILE Johnny Gale Jones the memorial was keeping
 Of penny subscriptions from Traitors and Thieves,
 Hard by at his elbow, sly Watson stood peeping,
 And counting the sums at the end of the leaves.
 But oh, what a grin on his visage shone bright,
 When after perusing whole pages of shame,
 'Midst his *soi disant* betters,
 In vilely-formed Letters,
 The Doctor beheld little Waddington's name!

"Hail, imp of sedition!" cried he, while he nodded
 His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes,
 "Magnanimous Pigmy! since Carlile's been *quoded*,
 "We wanted some shopman *about of your size!*"
 "For, though many we've had, yet unblest'd was their lot,
 "When Murray and Sharpe with the constable came;
 "And for want of good bail
 "They were sent off to jail,
 "And their mittimus signed with an Alderman's name."

Then, come, the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The greatest, the grandest that thou hast yet known;
 Tho' proud was thy task my placard-board sustaining,
 Still prouder to utter placards of thine own!
 High perch'd on that counter, where Carlile one stood,
 Issue torrents of blasphemy, treason, and shame,
 While snug in your box,
 Well secur'd with two locks,
 We'll defy them to get little Waddington's name.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE :

THUS MODERNIZED.

RICH and furred was the robe he wore,
And a bright gold chain on his breast he bore;
But, och! his speaking was far beyond
Waithman himself, with his snow white wand.

"Humpty! dost thou not fear to stray
"With the lady, so far from the King's *highway*?
"Are Britain's sons so dull or so cold,
"As still to be cheated with tinsel for gold?"
"Mistress Dumpty! I feel not the least alarm,
"No placeman ever dare do me harm;
"For though they vote her and me a bore,
"They love their own heads, and their places more."

On he went—in her coach to ride,
While he cozen'd the lady who sat by his side;
And lost for ever was she who was led
By Humpty's honour—and Dumpty's head!

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

HERE lies poor Johnson! Reader have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear;
Religious—moral, generous and humane
He was—but self-sufficient—rude and vain:
Ill bread and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions—sayings—mirth and melancholy;
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit;
Will tell you how he wrote and talk'd, and cough'd
and spit.

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

AMONG the watch-house rubbish brought before the Magistrates, were three of that description of *bipeds* commonly called *Lobby-loungers*," or "*Box-lobby-loungers*," or "*half-and-half Swells*"—that is to say, half sharp and half flat—half a bottle and half price, half bully and half boor—in plain terms, idle young men, with empty heads and full stomachs, who, in all the magnificence of a full pint of cape, strut into a theatre at half price, and manifest their gentility by swaggering from box to box, pinching the strumpets, d——g the box-keepers, and annoying the sensible part of the audience as much as they dare.

Our three prisoners—or "*watch-house birds*," as the *Charlies* call them, were evidently beings of this *caste*—as their adventures would seem to signify.

They strutted into the box department at the English Opera House on the preceding night at half price, and *half-seas-over*—whether with cape, black-strap, or blue-ruin, did not appear. Two of them were particularly *half-seas-over*, viz.—Mr. Bob Dodd and Mr. Will. Wood; the other, Mr. Fred. Hughes, was but so so. They first addressed themselves to the dress circle, where Mr. Bob Dodd—a slight made, half-grown, flaxen-haired youth, instead of waiting for the box-keeper to open the door of the box in which he wished to make his *debut*, set about kicking it with all his might. What gentleman of spirit would waste his breath in bawling for a box-keeper, when his own foot well applied to the door must inevitably compel "*the spooneys*" within to open it?—and so it

turned out: some of the quiet ones within—hearing such a magnificent thundering, did open it: and Mr. Bob Dodd was just setting himself to make his *entré*, room or no room, when one of the box-keepers came up and assured him the box was full, at the same time endeavouring to close the door again. “What d’ye mean by that, ye *rascal*!” cried Mr. Bob Dodd, “is that the way to treat a *gentleman*?”—“Sir,” said the box-keeper, “I mean no offence, and if you will walk this way I will endeavour to find you seats up stairs. “Up stairs be d—d!” retorted Mr. Bob Dodd, “I shall go in here, come what come may, as old what’s his name says—so come along, Willy Wood! — *Hiccup*.” Both Willy Wood and Bobby Dodd now attempted to force themselves into the box; the box-keeper and the company within exerted themselves to keep them out; the constable of the theatre arrived at the scene of action, and, what with persuasion and a show of his authority, he prevailed upon Mr. Bob and his friend to relinquish their attempt upon that particular box. But Mr. Constable had scarcely let them go, when the hubbub was renewed, and turning back, he found they had got the box-keeper up in a corner, and were trying, as he said, “to squeeze their money out of him”—for they had made up their minds to stick to the dress circle, and since there was no room for them in the said dress circle, they insisted upon having their half-crowns back again—“so fork out the blunt, you little rascal!” There was a great row; the entrance to the lobby was blocked up; the constable again interfered; Mr. Will. Wood collared the constable; the constable collared Mr. Will. Wood; Mr. Fred. Hughes caught hold of Mr. Will. Wood’s coat-tail, and tried to pull him away from the constable; the constable only held him the faster—determined to

send him to the watch-house ; and there was the poor gentleman see-sawing backwards and forwards, with the constable pulling away at his neck, and Mr. Fred. Hughes at his tail, for nearly ten minutes, whilst Mr. Bobby popped about the lobby, like a pea upon a tobacco-pipe, squeaking for help, and wishing all contumacious constables and "*blackguard* box-keepers" at the very *diable*. At length the constable prevailed, and Mr. Will. Wood, half strangled, and sadly damaged in his mind, was led away to the watch-house, followed by Mr. Bob Dodd and the other gentleman, and there all three were safely stowed away for the night.

When brought before the Magistrates, they defended themselves vigorously--alleging that there was plenty of room in the box they sought to enter, and that they had done nothing worthy of the misery that had been inflicted on them.

The Magistrate (G. R. Minshull, Esq.) told them he could see plainly how their case stood. They were young men of great respectability he had no doubt, but on the night in question they had taken a little too much wine, and that had made them a little too presuming ; that presumption had excited them to disorderly conduct, a riot had ensued, assaults had been committed, and by a very natural consequence, they passed the remainder of the night in the watch-house.

Messrs. Will. Wood and Bob Dodd were then ordered to find bail for the general riot, and Mr. Fred. Hughes for assaulting the constable in the execution of his duty. Messrs. Wood and Dodd, however, afterwards made their peace with their prosecutors, and the charge against them was withdrawn ; but Mr. Fred. Hughes declared he would go before a Jury at the Sessions, as he conceived that he had been shamefully ill-used, and was certain that the witnesses had sworn falsely.

THE BEGGARS.

Of all the trades a going, sure, a beggar is the best,
 So said a good old English song, which spoke the truth in jest ;
 And a begging we will go, will go, will go ; and a begging
 we will go.

Of all the beggars going, who prey on public pence,
 The Whig excels in wants and woes, in tricks and impudence ;
 So a begging we will go, will go, will go, so a begging we will go.
 The beggar in the public ways, his ills, as merits shows,
 Is lame, or blind, or idiot struck, or wants his hands or toes ;
 When a begging he will go, will go, will go, when a begging he
 will go.

So, by their faults, the starving Whigs attempt to raise the wind,
 In council fools—in action lame—in understanding blind ;

And a begging they do go, do go, do go, and a begging they
 do go.

Old Charley was the leader, the Bamfylde Moore Carew
 Of that audacious, lying, tricking, filthy, drunken crew ;

And a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, and a begging *he* did go.
 This cunning Fox, he prayed and whined, and swore from door
 to door,

That, fall'n from a good estate, his virtues kept him poor ;

So a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, so a begging *he* did go.
 In fact, the rogue play'd, wench'd, and drank two sinecures away,
 And only begg'd to have the means to wench, and drink, and play ;

So a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, so a begging *he* did go.
 And all the club at Brookes's, most generous of men—

Gave readily what they were sure of—*winning back again* ;

When a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, when a begging *he*
 did go.

Scots Gerald next went begging, a sufferer by the law ;

And a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, and a begging *he* did go.
 But whether this subscription succeeded ill or well,

We never heard ; but some folks say that Mackintosh could tell ;

And a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, and a begging *he* did go.

When bloody Bellingham destroyed a man he ne'er had known,
On the lamented felon's grave their sanguine alms were strown ;
And a begging *they* did go, did go, did go, and a begging *they*
did go.

To take man's life, by law, or war, Whigs count a horrid thing,
But this was an assassin of a servant of the King;

So a begging *they* did go, did go, did go, so a begging *they*
did go.

When vulgar Hone to market brought his pointless parody,
And season'd his sedition with a spice of blasphemy,

Then a begging he did go, did go, did go, then a begging he
did go.

His graceless Grace of Bedford the bold example sets,
And pays his mite to comfort him—*I wish he'd pay his debts.*

For a begging they do go, do go, do go, for a begging they do go.
And, by his sire's example led, my Lord of Tavistock

Subscribes ten pounds, to prove himself—a *chip of the old block* ;

And a begging they did go, did go, did go, and a begging they
did go.

And Sefton, on his death bed, as it was thought to be,
Encourag'd the blasphemer, just to vex the Ministry,

When a begging he did go, did go, did go, when a begging he
did go.

When Cobbett stole the bones of Paine, it was with the intent
To raise a penny rate, to buy a seat in Parliament ;

And a begging *he* did go, did go, did go, and a begging *he* did go.
But the pure Whigs of Coventry had quite another sense,

And much preferred *receiving pounds* to giving *him* their *pence* ;

For a begging *they* do go, do go, do go, for a begging *they* do go.

When guilty of a libel the bold Burdett was found,

And sentenced by a Tory Judge to pay two thousand pounds,

A begging he did go, did go, did go, a begging he did go.

He afterwards refus'd the aid ; but not till the account

Had shewn him that they ne'er could raise a quarter the amount ;

Though a begging they did go, did go, did go, though a begging
they did go.

From begging for the poor, they took to begging for the great ;

And begged that they might buy the Queen annuities and plate ;

And a begging they did go, did go, did go, and a begging they
did go.

We have not heard if their success in this was bad or good,
But hope it was the latter, for the sake of Matthew Wood;

For a begging *he did go*, did go, did go, for a begging *he did go*.
A begging he did go, indeed, this patriot and sage,
But 'twas for his own profit, when the Queen went off the stage;

And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.
But, we have reason to suspect that this subscription pines,
And is about as profitable as his Cornish mines;

So a begging *he will go*, will go, will go, so a begging *he will go*.
And next, lest any class of crime unhonour'd should escape,
The tender Waithman recommends the case of Mr. Snape;

And a begging *he does go*, does go, does go, and a begging *he does go*.
We know not whether Brougham has yet subscribed, but think he must,

The crime being only forgery, a petty breach of trust;

So a begging *they will go*, will go, will go, so a begging *they will go*.

When Captain Romeo ran away from Naples in a funk,
With nothing but a pound of macaroni in his trunk,

A begging he did go, did go, did go, a begging he did go.

To keep this pilot of the cause of Italy afloat,

Enthusiast Bennett's gen'rous hand subscribes a one pound note;

And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.
We have not breath to spend on all the vicious, or the vile —

On Wooler, Watson, Waddington, Hunt, Honey, and Carlile;

But a begging *they all go*, all go, all go, but a begging *they all go*.

From all the jails in all the land, their begging boxes spread,
And e'en the grave, at faction's call, delivers up its dead;

And a begging *they do go*, do go, do go, and a begging *they do go*.

But lastly comes a beggar man, who would be *knightood's* shame,
But that the title he assumes is only a false name;

When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he does go.

The soldier, or the sailor, who accosts one in the street,
Can show the scars he got, or tell the enemy he beat;

When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he does go.

But here's a bold impostor, the sauciest of the batch,
Who never won a fight at all, and never got a scratch;

*Yet a begging he does go, does go, does go, and a begging he
does go.*

He has not dealt in blows and blood, as silly people think,
But is a very hero,—in the way of pen and ink;

But a begging he does go, does go, does go, but a begging he
does go.

And ~~thus~~ he can produce us, of the battles *he has seen*,
Certificates on paper—having none upon his skin,

When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he
does go.

While other soldiers Paris took, and France at freedom set,
This rival hero storm'd a jail, and rescued Lavalette,

And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he
did go.

So as from no French foe-man's head he ere won laurel leaf,
He hires a French advocate to praise him from his brief,

And a begging he does go, does go, does go, and a begging he
does go.

Thus we have seen subscriptions which disgrace our factious times,
For every shade, both light and deep, of follies and of crimes;

When a begging they do go, do go, do go, when a begging they
do go:

For drunkards, gamblers, libellers, thieves, smugglers, defamators,
For forgers and blasphemers, and for murderers and traitors;

A begging they do go, do go, do go, a begging they do go.

To Wilson's list we wish success; because we hope the money
Will go to the poor families of Francis and of Honey;

Since a begging they do go, do go, do go, since a begging they
do go.

For all folks must agree, else differ how they may,

That they were killed upon the field, whence Wilson sneak'd away,

Though a begging he does go, does go, does go, though a beg-
ging he does go.

MOLLY LOW AND THE DRUMMER;

OR, THE FORCE OF LOVE.

THE following touching instance of the force of love was brought under the notice of the Magistrate.

There is, in the Strand, a very respectable young tradesman, whose name has nothing to do with this affair. It is sufficient to say that he occupies a large house, and, being a bachelor, he employs a house-keeper, whose name is Molly Lowe; and this Molly Lowe is the heroine of our story. Molly Lowe, then, is a woman of staid and serious demeanour; plain in her person, neat in her dress, past forty, and a spinster. For these reasons, all and sundry, her young master placed implicit confidence in her, and gave up the entire management of his household affairs to her direction. In his opinion, Molly Lowe was an immaculate matron, proof against every thing; but his opinion was a fallacious one—neither man nor woman, be their age and uprightness what it may, can be proof against *love*. And so it turned out in this case, for

“ *Love*, the disturber of high and of low,
Who shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,”

—Let fly his sharp arrow at Molly Lowe; and her forty years’ frost melted before the charms of James Wright—a beardless drum-boy in the First Regiment of Foot Guards! The first notice which her master received of this change in her temperature was conveyed in an anonymous letter, some five or six days previously, advising him to take care of Molly Lowe,

for that she had fallen in love with the little drummer aforesaid, and if he (the master) would return home unexpectedly some evening, he would find them junketting together on the contents of his larder. The master placed little faith in this anonymous communication; but, well knowing that nothing is impossible, he put the letter into his pocket, and determined to keep a sharp look out on Molly's movements in future. Several days passed without his discovering any thing at all to warrant the slightest suspicion, and he was just beginning to conclude that his anonymous correspondent was a wicked slanderer, when, on Monday evening, his suspicions were indeed excited by Molly's absence from her ordinary occupations. What could be the meaning of it? Every time she was called, she came down from her bedroom, and seemed very cross at "being called about so." "What can you be doing up stairs so much, Molly?" "Nothing," replied Molly. "Then what makes you go there so often?—what are you about?—what have you got in your head?" "Nothing—nothing—nothing," was Molly's invariable reply; and every succeeding question made her more and more angry. Her master was not satisfied with this simple negative—he felt assured there was something wrong; and calling the other servants together, he proceeded to Molly Lowe's bed-room, and there, to Molly Lowe's shame and confusion, he found the young drummer stowed away, like *Falstaff*, in a buck-basket! There he lay, sword, cap, and belt complete, coiled up, hilt to point, head to heel, in the bottom of a buck-basket, and covered over with a mountain of foul clothes! It was a miracle he 'scaped suffocation. Molly Lowe, suffused with mahogany blushes, declared that the

youth was a relative of hers ; and that she had sent him up to her room because there were some ladies coming to look at the apartments below, and she thought her master would not like them to see a soldier in the house. The enamoured youth said nothing ; and Molly's master, by no means satisfied with her matronly account of the matter, gave him in charge to a constable, who brought him before the Magistrate.

These circumstances having been related to his Worship, the constable added, that the drummer had confessed to him that Molly Lowe had bought him a watch with gold chain and seals ; that she had given him more than 3*l.* in money ; and that she assured him she was in fact his cousin, by the mother's side, only sixteen times removed.

His Worship asked whether Molly Lowe was in attendance ?

Her master replied that she was not—as he meant to content himself with discharging her from his service. He was not aware that he had actually been robbed either by her or her young admirer ; but he thought the youth deserved some punishment for his impudent intrusion.

The Magistrate having observed that he thought the matron (Molly) was the most deserving of punishment, asked the drummer what he had to say for himself.

The poor lad seemed quite mystified with his strange adventures. He merely replied that Mrs. Lowe asked him to come and see her, and he went ; that she gave him tea, and things up stairs ; and that he was very glad when they came and got him from among

the foul clothes, for he had been there more than two hours.

His Worship ordered that notice of his situation should be sent to his regiment; and in the evening he was delivered up to the drum corporal, who attended to receive him.

THE IRISH WEDDINGS;

OR, MUTUAL MISTAKES ON A BRIDAL NIGHT.

It is said that an affair of an extraordinary nature occurred lately in the county of Wicklow, which is likely to furnish matter for discussion in one of our Law Courts. The parties are exceedingly respectable, and it is to be lamented that the occurrence has plunged two families into inexpressible grief. Two marriages took place; the two brides were escorted by their admiring grooms on the wedding-day to an hotel, not far from town; they dined, took tea, supped, and then the ladies retired. The gentlemen unfortunately sacrificed a little too freely to the *jolly god*, and, on retiring to bed, each entered the wrong apartment. So, indeed, says the *Freeman's Journal*; but for our own parts, we should be happy to learn *which* of the gods, after quitting the shrine of Hymen, the *Ladies* had paid their devotions to, not to have prevented so *curious* a mistake! We, in charity presume, that *Somnus* had thrown his drowsy mantle over them, and who, by the way, is not, in general, the deity a young lady would select as a substitute for Love on her bridal night.

PARODY ON "FLY NOT YET."

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When treason, like the midnight flower,
 That dreads detection and the light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And damsels of the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
 That Waithman and the moon were made;
 'Tisthen the torch of faction glowing,
 Sets the Draper's tongue a going!
 Oh stay!—Oh stay!
 Wilson, flush with Whig arrears,
 No credit asks,—but oh, he swears
 He will not quit us soon.

Fly not yet, the hoax was play'd,
 In times of old, through Cock-lane shade:
 Though snug in covert all the day,
 (Like friends of ours) it rose to play,
 And scratch when night was near.
 And thus, should Patriots' hearts and looks
 At noon be dark as Cockney Brooks!
 Nor venture out till nightly sotting,
 Brings the genial hour for plotting!
 Oh stay!—Oh stay!
 When did Hobhouse ever speak,
 And find so many eyes awake
 As those that twinkle here?

 OPERA FIGURANTES.

THE Corps de Ballet at the Opera is entirely composed of Parisian Elegantes, selected with great *taste* by Lord L—th—r, whose judgment in these matters is perfectly *con amore* in a letter to a noble friend. On this subject Lord L—— says, that he has *seen, felt, and (ap)-proved* them all—to be excellent *artistes with very finished movements*.

PARDONABLE LEVITIES.

AMONG the prisoners from St. Martin's watch-house, were two gentlemen who gave their names *James Martin* and *Michael Sullivan*. They had been carried to durance for playing the devil's tattoo upon the doors of several respectable householders in St. Martin's-court, at three o'clock the same morning. None of the said householders, however, appeared to complain against them.

Mr. James Martin—a very diffident sort of gentleman—with a multitude of blushes, and a perpetual agitated nibble upon his nails, in his defence said—he was an entire stranger in London—not exactly so sober as he should have been—meant no harm—hoped it would be considered a *pardonable levity*.

“Pray, Sir, what are you?” asked Sir Richard Birnie.

“I am—a Doctor, Sir—a Doctor of Medicine; and, I am sure, I meant no harm in the world.”

Mr. Halls observed, that perhaps the gentleman being a doctor, was in the habit of making professional calls at all hours of the night, and so might have imagined himself knocking at the door of a *patient*.

“And so it seems he was in reality,” said Sir Richard, “for the man who can endure to be roused out of a good sound sleep at such an unreasonable hour, without coming forward to punish the intruder, must indeed be a *patient* subject.”

The Doctor blushed on—repeated that he had done very wrong—and was very sorry—very sorry indeed—

and the more so, that his friend should share in his tribulation.

“And may I ask what your profession is?” said Sir Richard to the doctor’s friend, Mr. Michael Sullivan—a dark-whiskered, ruddy-faced, thick-set gentleman.

“Me, Sir?” replied Mr. Michael Sullivan—“Me, Sir?—I am a *Barrister*, unfortunately!”

“A *Barrister* unfortunately?” said Sir Richard, “Why *unfortunately*?—*Brief*-less perhaps?”

“Briefly, Sir, it is even so,” replied the *Barrister*, with a low bow, and a smile remarkably jocund under the circumstances. He then went on to say that he did every thing he possibly could to restrain his friend and keep the peace; but he could not succeed, and he hoped their *Worships* would consider a mere pardonable levity, arising from his country friend’s uncontrollable propensity for music—and too much London Particular *Madeira*.

Their *Worships* said, however improper their conduct had been—and certainly it had been extremely indecorous, they were not disposed to visit it with any further punishment than the confinement they had already undergone—the more especially as none of the parties disturbed appeared to complain against them, and therefore they would be discharged upon payment of their fees.

This was done *instantly*, and the funny *Barrister* and blushing Doctor very cordially withdrew.

PARODY

ON "LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE."

Tune—"Crony Creevey."

BLESINTON hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left it seems to fly,
 But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
 Sweeter 'tis to look upon
 Creevey, though he seldom rises;
 Few his truths—but even *one*,
 Like unexpected light surprises.
 Oh, my Crony Creevey, dear,
 My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevey,
 Others' lies
 May wake surprise,
 But *truth*, from you, my Crony Creevey.
 Erskine wore a robe of gold,
 But ah, *too loosely* he had lac'd it,
 Not a rag retains its hold,
 On the back where Grizzle* plac'd it.
 But oh! Vansittart's gown for me!
 That closer sticks for all *our* breezes;
 Were it mine—then Whiggery
 Might sink or swim, as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Crony Creevey, dear,
 My simple, gentle Crony Creevey,
 Office dress
 Is gilded lace—
 A dress you'll never wear, my Creevey.
 Hobhouse hath a wit refin'd,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or confound us.

* Earl Grey we presume.—EDITOR.

On the Treasury Bench, at ease,
Londonderry still reposes ;
Bed of peace !—Whose *roughest place*
Is still, my Cree, a bed of roses.
Oh !—my Crony Creevey, dear—
My hungry, craving, Crony Creevey !
While on roses
He reposes,
What's the use of counting noses !
(*affectuoso*) Cree, Cree, Creevey.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON was the most punctual man in his observances of appointments, ever known to the writer. He delivered his communications to Congress, at the opening of each session, in person. He always appointed the hour of twelve at noon for this purpose ; and he never failed to enter the hall of Congress while the State House clock was striking that hour. His invitations to dinner were always given for four o'clock, M. T. He allowed five minutes for the variation of time-pieces ; and he waited no longer for any one. Certain lagging members of Congress sometimes came in when dinner was nearly half over. The writer has heard the President say to them with a smile, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you ; I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

MIRACLES.

EVERY age has its peculiar system of imposture ; whether it be a crusade, a South-sea scheme, a bottle conjuror, or a miracle. The last of these is the prevailing hoax of the present moment. The restoration of a dumb lady to the edifying use of the organs of speech, has made a great noise, and Prince Hohenlohe has the merit of having given to the tea-table one lady more, who is happily capable of aiding its decisions with more than a silent vote. The curing of blindness in a male patient will perhaps be allowed by the faculty to be as difficult an effort of the *vis medicatrix* as the removal of dumbness from a female, yet that was accomplished in a remarkable instance some hundred years ago, and in as authentic a manner as the recent wonders of the theological physician of Germany have been effected. In the thirteenth century, Bale tells us that a fanatical impostor pretended to be cured of blindness at the tomb of Henry the Third. The matter was of course received like one of the truths of the Gospel by the public; but a Franciscan, who had more of worldly knowledge than of priestly craft, detected the cheat, and composed a treatise on the subject, which he entitled *De Fanaticorum deliriis*, and dedicated it to Edward the First, who gave the work a gracious reception, although it deprived his father's relics of the power of working miracles; and what was still more undutiful, he actually employed the author afterwards on an embassy to France, as he presumed that his skill in detecting imposition and deceit, would, at that Court, have ample field for operation.

PARODY.

“GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.”

Go where Bennett waits thee ;
 But whene'er debates he,
 Oh then remember me.
 When his praise thou meetest
 To thine ear when sweetest,
 Oh ! still remember me.

Lordly Grey may press thee,
 Tierney too, caress thee,
 All the squad may bless thee ;
 But oh ! remember me.
 And when hopes are nearest,
 And the game seems clearest,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When at Eve thou rovest
 To the house thou lovest,
 Oh ! still remember me ;
 Then, when home returning,
 No kitchen fire burning—
 Oh ! then remember me.

Or when the Session closes,
 If Londonderry doses
 On his bed of roses,
 Still so loved by me,
 Think of those who told thee
 Such a bed should hold thee !
 Oh ! then remember me.

When around thee playing,
 Hume and Moore are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me ;
 And at night, when gazing
 On their patriot blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.

But when Lambton stealing,
Looks to sham a feeling,
To thy purse appealing—
 Draw its strings for me.
No gold their speeches bring me,
But their names to sting me—
 Oh! pray remember me,

VICAR OF BRAY.

OF this often mentioned character, (author of the well-known song of *The Vicar of Bray*), Mr. Brome, in a letter to Mr. Rawlings, dated 1735, thus writes—"I have had a long chace after the Vicar of Bray, on whom the proverb. Mr. Hearne, though born in that neighbourhood, and should have mentioned him, knew not who he was, but in his *last letter* desired me, if I found him out, to let him know it. Dr. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, and Mr. Ray from him, takes no notice of him in his *Proverbs*. I suppose neither knew his name. But I am informed it is Simon Aleyn, or Allen, who was Vicar of Bray about 1540, and died 1588, so was Vicar of Bray near 50 years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take. And if the pursuit after such game seems mean, one Mr. Vernon followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him. But this apology will take this turn; I excuse my folly by a greater folly in another."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

MANNERS AND MISS HUGGINS.

ONE Miss Huggins, a sprucely-dressed maiden lady, on the verge of 30, came simpering and curt-seying up to the Magistrate's table, and informed his Worship (Mr. Minshall) that she had the misfortune to be plagued with a very bad female apprentice, and she hoped that the law would rid her of the nuisance : for really it was quite unbearable.

This same female apprentice, a fine little girl of about 14, was placed before the Bench, and Miss Huggins gave a terrible account of the miseries she had endured from the "young thing." She (the "young thing") had no more manners than one of the brute creation, and no more idea how to demean herself to a lady, than a young Hottentot. She would often forget to say "ma'am," and would come out with her blunt "no," and "yes," even before company. But what was more shocking than all this, it was but the other night, that having occasion for a chair, upon which she (Miss Huggins) was sitting, engaged in the important occupation of putting her hair (Miss Huggins said it was *her hair*, and we don't dispute it) in paper, she approached her in her usual familiar manner, and said, "I want the chair." This was too much for human patience, and getting up from her seat, Miss H. took hold of the *young thing* by the wrists, and said she would keep her on that self-same spot until she added, "if you please, ma'am." The girl cried, struggled, and at last (could his Worship believe it possible?) actually struck her on a *very delicate place*, even on her *left bosom*.

This account was corroborated by Miss Huggins's mamma, and Miss Huggins, jun.

The poor girl, who stood sobbing by the side of her well-bred mistress, assured his Worship that Miss Huggins struck herself: for she took her by the wrists cross-ways, and shook her to and fro, and at length brought her own hands in contact with the *delicate-place*.

It further appeared that the girl is an orphan, and was apprenticed by the parish of St. Martin. The purpose for which she wanted the chair was to make up her bed, there being no room for a bedstead in the kitchen; "and that you know, your Worship," said Miss Huggins, "is quite as well; a person sleeps very comfortably upon chairs."

Mr. Minshull said, it was quite clear that the mistress and her apprentice would never do well together, and therefore the indenture was discharged.

The parish officers said they would take the girl into the work-house until another situation could be procured for her.

POOR MILITARY.

A YOUNG Ensign, residing in lodgings, the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered than he exclaimed—"Heaven defend me, Charles, where do you find space to breathe here? why there's hardly room enough for a cock to crow in: how long have you been in this *nut-shell*?"—"Not long enough," said the other, "archly, to become a *kernel*."

THE IDLE APPRENTICE TURNED INFORMER.

A NEW BALLAD, BY J. C. ESQ.

Tune—"When I was a Maid, oh then, oh then."

I ONCE was a *placeman*, but then, but then,

I once was a placeman, but then,

'Twas in the *pure* day

Of Lansdown and Grey,

And the rest of the talented men—men!

And the rest of the *talented men*!

I had been a lawyer, but then, but then,

I had been a lawyer, but then,

I hated the fag

Of the wig and the bag,

And envied the *Parliament-men—men*,

And envied the Parliament-men.

So I married a widow, and then, and then,

So I married a widow, and then,

Folks wonder'd to see

That a woman could be

So fond of a face like a *wen—wen*,

So fond of a face like a wen.

But she had a Borough, and then, and then,

She had a Borough, and then,

By the help of the dame,

I got into the same,

But never could do it, again—again,

But never could do it again.

So I found out another, and then, and then,

So I found out another, and then,

The worthy Lord Thanet,

He chose me to man it,

As free as a sheep in a pen—pen!

As free as a sheep in a pen!

At last we got power, and then, and then,

At last we got power, and then

A salary clean

Of hundreds fifteen,

Made me the most happy of men—men,
 Made me the most happy of men !

The first quarter-day came, and then, and then,
 The first quarter day came, and then

I reckon'd my score,
 But I never did more,

'Till quarter-day came round again—again,
 Till quarter-day came round again.

Dispatches came sometimes, but then, but then,
 Dispatches came sometimes, but then

I handed them slyly
 To Morpeth and Hiley

And limp'd back to Brookes's again—again,
 And limp'd back to Brookes's again.

If Ossulston called on me then, oh then,
 If Ossulston called on me, then

We stroll'd through the Park,
 And the folks would remark,

We look'd like an *Owl* and a *Wren—Wren*,
 We look'd like an *Owl* and a *Wren* !

If I walk'd with dear Sefton, oh then, oh then,
 If I walk'd with dear Sefton, oh then,

The people would stare,
 And think us a pair

Of mummers that *parodied* men—men,
 Of mummers that *parodied* men.

If I stay'd at the office, oh then, oh then,

If I stay'd at the office, oh then,

I damn'd all the Hindoos—

Look'd out at the windows—

And sometimes I mended a pen—pen !

And sometimes I mended a pen !

Such toil made me sulky, and then, and then,

Such toil made me sulky, and then,

If I ask'd for old Wright,

He came in a fright,

As if to a bear in his den—den,

As if to a bear in his den.

This lasted a twelvemonth, and then, oh then,
This lasted a twelvemonth, and then,

To end all our cares,
They *kick'd us down stairs*,
As a *hint* not to come back again—gain,
As a *hint* not to come back again.

The tumble was heavy, and then, oh then,
The tumble was heavy, and then,

I grew very sour
At placemen and power,
And croak'd like a frog in a fen—fen,
And croak'd like a frog in a fen !

I vow'd to have vengeance, and then, oh then,
I vow'd to have vengeance, and then,

'Tis a vulgar belief,
At catching a thief,
An accomplice is equal to ten—ten,
An accomplice is equal to ten.

So I turn'd Informer, and then, oh then,
I turn'd Informer, and then,

I tried to expose
My friends and my foes,
As equally infamous men—men,
As equally infamous men.

The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then, oh then,
The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then,

Grey haughtily swore
He'd trust me no more,
Not even with cutting a pen—pen,
Not even with cutting a pen !

Next Canning chastised me, and then, oh then,
Next Canning chastised me, and then,

If what is call'd *shame*
Were aught but a *name*,
I could ne'er show my visage again—again,
I could ne'er show my visage again.

MINE HOST AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

COCKLETOP *v.* COLMAN.

MR. CHRISTOPHER COLMAN appeared in custody of an officer, to answer the complaint of Mr. Cockletop, in a matter of assault and battery.

Mr. Cockletop is the venerable host of the King's Head tavern at Fulham; and Christophero Colman is a sturdy square-built master chimney-sweeper, who, much to the annoyance of Cockletop, has fixed his sooty residence next door to the King's Head.

Now it appeared by the evidence of Cockletop, that Christophero Colman is not content with obtruding himself and his dirty doings under the very nose of the King's Head, as it were, but he must, moreover, be continually insulting Cockletop's customers, disparaging his beer, vilifying his gin, railing at his rum, and abusing his brandy. Nevertheless, Cockletop bore all this with a very laudable serenity; he knew that his beer and his brandy, his gin and his rum, could speak for themselves; he knew also that his customers were too staunch to cut him on Christophero's account; and, therefore, he contented himself with keeping Christophero at arm's length, and patronizing a rival sweep at t'other end of the village. Things were in this state up to the beginning of last week, when a considerable quantity of soot having conglomerated in Cockletop's chimneys, he sent for the rival sweep above-mentioned to clear it out, and the cantankerous Christopher Colman took that opportunity of picking a direct and open quarrel with him; for under the flimsy pretence that the rival sweep had kicked up an unnecessary dust

at his front door, he rushed into Cockletop's parlour, abused him before all his customers, and finally knocked, or pushed him down—Mr. Cockletop himself, thought he was *pushed* down, but he had a witness, he said, who was ready to come forward hereafter and swear he was *knocked* down. Be this as it might, however, down he was, as flat as a flounder, upon his own proper floor; and he now called upon the Magistrate for redress.

Mr. Christopher Colman, in reply, did not attempt to gainsay the premises; on the contrary, he contended that he was justified in what he had done, inasmuch as Mr. Cockletop's favourite sweep banged his bags against his front door, by way of bravado.

The Magistrate observed, that Mr. Cockletop was not to be beaten for the misconduct of another person; and Mr. Christopher Colman must therefore find good and sufficient bail for his appearance at the Sessions.

LINES

LEFT UPON A YOUNG LADY'S TOILET, BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

SOFT god of sleep, when next you steal
To charming Celia's eyes,
To the dear maid in dreams reveal
Who 'tis that for her dies.

But should the fair one be displeas'd
At the unwelcome theme,
Fly her, and let my heart be eas'd
By finding it a *dream*.

O! WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?

A NEW SCOTCH SONG, TO AN OLD SCOTCH TUNE.

THE House which was used to cheer,
Is now more inclined to laugh;
And many, who thought me a *Seer*,
Begin to think me a *Calf*.
And 'tis O, what will become o' me?
O, what shall I do?
The Whigs grow suspicious, and some o' my
Radical cronies look blue—
ue—ue—ue,
Radical cronies look blue!

In India, I first rose to sight
 As *Paymaster, Surgeon, and Clerk* ;
 Fat bullocks I bought in the light,
 And sold them again in the dark ;
 And 'tis O, what did become o' me ?
 O, what did I do ?
 I grew pretty rich in a summary
 Way—which is nothing to you—
 ou—ou—ou, &c.

I heard that the House call'd the Commons,
Was venal, and stupid, and base ;
And I felt in my bosom, a summons
To fill so congenial a place—
And 'tis O, what did become o' me ?
O, what did I do ?
The voters they ask'd a large sum o' me,
Which I paid—with a larger in view—
—ew—ew—ew, &c.

So, when I got into the House,
I voted with Lord Castlereagh ;
But sat quite as mute as a mouse,
Because I had nothing to say :

But I thought of what would become o' me,
 And puzzled at what I should do—
 I question'd Sir James Montgomery,
 Who bid me do nothing but *boo*—
 —oo—oo—oo, &c.

I boo'd, and I voted quite dumb,
 I think it was two or three year,
 Expecting some profit to come,
 But it seem'd not a whit the more near.
 And 'twas O, what will become o' me?
 O, what must I do?
 The Ministers make a mere hum o' me,
 And give me no share of the brew*—
 —ew—ew—ew, &c.

No longer the dupe of their stories,
 I began to talk loud and look big;
 A very *small* man 'mongst the Tories,
 Is a very *great* man as a Whig!
 And 'tis O, what did become o' me?
 O, what did I do?
 I ratted, and seated the b—— o' me
 On the bench of the Radical Crew—
 —ew—ew—ew, &c.

I hasten'd my genius to show,
 Though I dealt not in figures of speech;
 But speaking of figures, we know,
 Is even in Maberly's reach!
 And 'tis O, what did become o' me?
 O, what did I do?
 I proved with a great deal of mummery,
One and *one* to be equal to *Two*—
 —wo—wo—wo, &c.

I wish I had stuck to that text,
 My fame had continued alive—
 But, alas! I grew bold, and tried next
 To prove *two* and *two* to make five.

* Scotch Broth.

And 'tis O, what did become o'me?
 O, what did I do?
 I swore it, and Walter and Finnerty
 Promis'd to bluster it through—
 —ough—ough—ough, &c.

But there was a fellow call'd Croker,
 Who never was heard of before;
 And with the assistance of Cocker,
 He show'd *two* and *two* to make four!
 And 'tis O, what did become o'me?
 O, what did I do?
 He prov'd all my arguments flummery,
 And all my figures untrue—
 —ue—ue—ue, &c.

The Navy I next took in hand,
 And I just mistook *houses* for *ships*,
 And, mixing the sea and the land,
 Made *seventeen millions* of slips!
 And 'tis O, what will become o'me?
 O, what shall I do?
 Croker took down every sum o'me,
 And show'd not a sum to be true—
 —ue—ue—ue, &c.

The de'il take the ominous name,
 The Crokers, and Crokers, and Cockers!
 They're destined to put me to shame,
 And leave me the bye-word of mockers.
 And O, what will become o'me?
 O, what shall I do?
 The newspapers make a drum o'me,
 And keep up a pretty tattoo—
 —oo—oo—oo, &c.

In vain would eat back each word,
 And shift, or deny, or explain;—
 I am *limed* like a poor captive bird†,
 And I hoot and I flutter in vain!

† Query. An Owl.

And 'tis O, what will become o'me?

O, what shall I do?

None to the rescue will come o'me,

Except an Attorney and Jew—

—ew—ew—ew, &c.

My fame to its dregs is ran down!

Even Coke will no longer believe!

Addresses, from county or town,

I never again shall receive!

And 'tis O, what will become o'me?

O, what shall I do?

My cyder is chang'd into *mum*—ah, me!

Gold boxes and *tankards*, adieu—

—eu—eu—eu, &c.

WIT IN AN ERROR;

OR, ALL COLOURS ALIKE IN THE DARK.

“THE Serjeants are a grateful race,

“And all things tend to show it;

“Their purple garments come from Tyre,

“Then arguments *go to it!*”

Thus Jekyll—But this Serjeant race

No Tyrian purple boast;

For Scarlet claims the right to Tyre,

And High Red rules the roast!

JARVEY AND THE MAB.

JASPER LINCOLN drove a lady and gentleman in his cabriolet to Acton, and in returning empty, he called at a public-house in that village to give his horse some water. Here he found Mr. Joseph Arnold also watering his horses — for, Mr. Joseph Arnold, when there is nothing particular going on in “the *fancyline*,” sometimes amuses himself with driving a *jarvey*, and upon the present occasion, looking upon himself as a “representative of the *jarvey* interest,” he determined upon showing off against the “cabriolet interest.” So, as soon as Jasper Lincoln drove up to the door, Mr. Joseph Arnold began by “d——g all cabriolets, and them what set ’em a going !” Jasper Lincoln took no notice of this sweeping attack, and then Mr. Joseph Arnold descended to personalities, “by d——g all cabriolets, and them what *drove* ’em !” “Mind your own business, Mr. Arnold,” said Jasper Lincoln ; “you are a very good man in your way, I believe ; and you mind *your* concerns, and I’ll mind *mine*.” “Wo’t gallop wi’ me ?” asked Mr. Joseph Arnold. “No,” replied Jasper, “I will not.” “Wo’t *fight* wi’ me ?” asked Mr. Joseph Arnold. “No,” replied Jasper, “I’ll have nothing at all to do with you.” “Then d—mme I’ll *run thee down* !” rejoined Mr. Joseph Arnold. And he did his best to be as good as his word ; for, when Jasper Lincoln had watered his horse, and drove off towards town, Mr. Joseph Arnold instantly mounted the box of his coach, galloped after him, and, coming abreast of him, suddenly pulled in upon the cabriolet, with the intention, as it appeared, of throwing the cabriolet

over into the near-side ditch. But it did not answer ; for Jasper Lincoln being upon his guard, checked his horse, and backed out of his way. Mr. Joseph Arnold being thus foiled in his *running-down* scheme, placed his jarvey right across the road, and swore he would either make him turn back or keep him where he was all night. At this moment, however, a gentleman, coming along the road on foot, saw what was going on, and got into the cabriolet, observing that he should then be a witness of Mr. Joseph Arnold's conduct — should he offer any farther obstruction. Upon this, Mr. Joseph Arnold thought proper to toddle off with his jarvey ; and Jasper Lincoln and his friendly fare quietly pursued their way to town.

The Magistrate now called upon Mr. Joseph Arnold for his defence—first asking him if he was only the *driver* of the hackney-coach in question ?

“ No,” replied the fat and venerable monarch of Duck-lane. “ No—I'm both driver and proper-rioter.”

“ No doubt of it,” rejoined his Worship ; “ and what have you to say in your defence ?”

“ Why, I've this 'ere to say,” answered he—“ that all what he's been telling of hasn't a bit of truth in it. —*That's* what I've got to say, your Worship !”

The Magistrate ordered that he should be fined in the full penalty of 10s. and costs, as awarded by the Act, for obstructing the free passage of his Majesty's subjects.

“ Fourteen shillings, Mr. Arnold,” demanded the clerk.

“ Fourteen shillings !” growled the great Drake of Duck-lane, slowly telling down the money — “ Fourteen shillings !—that's what I call a clean fourteen shillings worth of *dead robbery* !”

ELEGY ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

ADIEU to the village delights,
 Since the hamlet, alas! I must leave;
 Adieu to the moonshiny nights,
 And adieu to the "glories of eve!"

Adieu to the moan of the dove,
 Adieu to the joys of the plain;
 To the nightingales "down in the grove,"
 And the Jack-asses down in the lane!

Farewell to the puddles of mire,
 That bedevil'd my dear little feet;
 As careless, ah me! of attire
 I roamed in my rural retreat.

Farewell to the glen and the dell!
 Farewell to the mountain and lake!
 A long and a lasting farewell
 To gooseberry wine and seed-cake!

The pigstye's enchanting perfume
 No more shall my senses inhale;
Orinoco no more through the room,
 With *short-cut* make fragrant the gale.

Gin twist for a time I forsake;
 Backgammon, alas! I forego;
 No longer rum-punch I partake,
 Nor the dumpling's rich luxury know.

Adieu to the herds and the flocks,
 Roaming free through their sylvan demesnes:
 Adieu to the woods and the rocks—
 Adieu to boiled bacon and greens!

Farewell to the lass and the swain—
 Farewell to the partridge and quail:
 Thou, Pincher, farewell too! in vain
 Dost thou waggle thine innocent tail!

Sweet friends of my youth, too, forthwith

I must quit you ! a tender adieu !

Adieu to Elizabeth Smith !

And to George Theopompus Carew !

O ! think not my sorrows absurd ;

Cruel destiny bears me to town—

Farewell !—Can I utter the word?—

Farewell to my Grandmamma Brown !!!

EPIGRAMS.

I.

SIR JAMES, who more than once has *wheel'd about*,

Says he is "*glad* that Canning's free from gout."

Canning his *thanks* throughout the House proclaims,

Altho' he wished the Devil had Sir James.

II.

No cuirass Prince *Hilt* required

To guard his *warlike heart* ;

The valour by which he's inspir'd

Rests in his *hinder part*.

III.

Said Jack to Ned, just come from school,

" Why is *Hilt's* saddle like yon mule,

" That's lying on the grass?"

" Because 'tis *something*," Ned replied,

" Or else philosophy's belied,

" *Between a horse and ass.*"

THE ADOPTED SON ;

OR MR. AND MRS. CLARK *versus* JOHN LITTLE.

A YOUNG man named John Little, was brought before G. R. Minshull, Esq. charged with having committed an assault and battery, with new laid eggs, upon the person of Mrs. Bridget Clark—against the peace, &c.

In order to a proper understanding of this case, it will be necessary to say something of the history of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and the origin of their connexion with John Little.

Be it known, then, that some two and twenty years ago, Mrs. Bridget Clark was safely delivered of a daughter. She had then been united to Mr. Clark many years, and they rejoiced exceedingly in the birth of this daughter, but their rejoicing was of short continuance, for at the end of six weeks it died—leaving Mrs. Clark childless, and without the slightest hope, as she herself said, of ever being blessed with another. Mrs. Clark was, therefore, inconsolable, and for many days she refused to be comforted, though Mr. Clark did every thing he could think of, to induce her to believe that her hopelessness might be unfounded. Now it so happened, that about this time there was a graceless damsel, named Sarah Little, brought to bed—to her shame be it spoken ! of an unfathered little one, in St. Martin's workhouse. The child had no father—or if it had, he was a father who repented himself of the evil he had done, and bought off his responsibility by treaty with the parish officers. These circumstances came to the ears of the disconsolate

Mrs. Clark, and she proposed to her husband that they should take this child as their own. Mr. Clark did not much like this proposal, but he was a kind husband, and rather than see his wife "pining in thought" with "green and yellow melancholy," he consented ; and in a few days Sarah Little's little one, John Little, became the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. And they made much of it ; for as Mrs. Clark had predicted, they never were blessed with another of their own. They fostered it with the kindest affection during the days of its infancy, they sent it to school, and in process of time they sought to establish it in a creditable profession. But as little John Little grew large, he grew idle and dissolute—the child of sin, he delighted himself in sinful practices, and in spite of the affectionate intreaties of Mrs. Clark, and the severe remonstrances of her husband, he has continued in his evil courses—growing more and more "saucy and unbearable" day by day, even until now, that he is in the twenty-second year of his age.

This was the state of things up to Saturday night, on which night, as Mr. Clark deposed, he came in, whilst he and Mrs. Clark were entertaining a friend at tea, and gave himself such airs about the heat of the weather, and the pooriness of the tea, that Mrs. Clark found it necessary to chide him severely. John Little, little used to chiding, took it amiss, and to show his displeasure he broke the tea cup accidentally on purpose. Mrs. Clark reproached him with ingratitude. John Little told her she might go and hang herself. Mrs. Clark tried to box his ears. John Little avoided the blow, and having pelted Mrs. Clark with two new-laid eggs, two bunches of turnips, and one bundle of firewood, he upset the beer-barrel, and *bolted* !

Mr. Clark, having detailed these doings, declared that John Little should no more come within his doors, and called upon the Magistrate to punish him well for the egg and turnip assault upon Mrs. Clark; but the Magistrate told him he could not do so until Mrs. Clark should make the charge in person.

Then Mr. Clark went for Mrs. Clark, and she came—a very nice motherly matron—and she said to John Little, as he stood stupidly staring before the Magistrate, “Oh! John, John! *why* do you use me *thus*? Havn’t I been a loving and a lovely mother to you since you were a little *teeny babby*, till you are grown up to this height and strength? Your mother, John, was no mother to you, though she was your mother; and I have been more than a mother to you, though I was no mother at all. Oh! John Little! John Little! little did I think it would ever come to this! *Kiss me, John!*”—

So saying, she took John Little’s head between her hands, and raising herself on tiptoe—for John was too sulky to stoop to her—she faintly kissed his great lubberly bearded cheek, murmuring and weeping as though he had been still a “little *teeny babby*.”

How long this scene might have lasted there is no saying, if the Magistrate had not interrupted it by calling upon Mrs. Clark to make good her charge. But she was very reluctant to say any thing against him, and it was not till her husband had threatened to leave her and John to themselves, that she consented to charge her darling with the assault.

This done, John was called upon for his defence, but he had nothing to say, except that Mr. and Mrs. Clark were always *snubbing* him, and casting his *illegitimacy* in his teeth.

“ Ah ! John ! John ! ” cried Mrs. Clark, interrupting him, “ what signifies talking of *jittimacy* ! Didn’t I nurse you, and toddle you up, and pay three years *heddycation* for you at Mr. Todd’s ? And didn’t I pay fifteen pounds in good and lawful money, that you might learn the cutting and shaving, and be *beholding* to nobody—Didn’t I John ? Why—don’t you—speak ? ”

John would not speak however ; he would do nothing but stare, and at last he was, at the request of the old folks, suffered to go home with them, upon entering in his own recognizance to keep the peace.

“ AH ! MR. DENMAN, HOW DO YOU DO ? ” *

“ Mel in ore
Verba lactis,
Fel, &c.”

MONKISH RHYMES.

WHEN men obsequiously fervent
Subscribe themselves “ *your humble servant* ;
Or Spaniards, as it oft appears,
Wish you may *live a thousand years* ;
Or friend exclaims (a friend so true !)
“ *Ah ! Mr. Denman, how d’ye do ?* ”
It may be that, tho’ very civil,
They wish you dead, and at the devil !
But who shall say what may portend
This homage of a *Learned Friend* ?
For see, he *gives*—in this fond bland,
Affectionate and doating minute,
He *gives* !—what, think you, Sirs ?—*his hand* !
“ His *hund* ! then, faith, there’s *nothing in it* ! ”

* On the Lord Chancellor affectionately shaking Mr. Denman by the hand, when he attended as Common Serjeant of the City, the presentation of the new Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Waithman.

MY SIXTIETH YEAR.

ANACREON when his locks were sear
 Could toast the lasses cheerly ;
 And I, tho' in my sixtieth year,
 Still love the gay things dearly.
 The grape may sparkle in the bowl,
 With roseate spirit flowing ;
 But brighter to the gladden'd soul
 The cheek with blushes glowing.
 The blooming sex !—the charming sex !
 The dear delightful creatures !
 Be far from hence the cloud that checks
 The sunshine of their features.

Their lips are honey still to me,
 Their eyes the suns that light me ;
 And summer in the smile I see
 That dimples to delight me.
 Their voice is music to my ear,
 Apollo's harp excelling ;
 And beauty's twining arms appear
 A heaven for joy to dwell in.
 The charming sex ! the witching sex !
 The dear delightful creatures !
 No cloud has life but that which checks
 The sunshine of their features.

Then tell me not of time's decay,
 Tho' threescore years have found me,
 While thus, to boon my natal day,
 The summer things surround me.
 The lovely things with smiling eyes !
 'Tis spring while I behold them :
 They circle me with youthful joys ;
 And how can I be old then ?
 The witching sex ! the inspiring sex !
 The renovating creatures !
 No cloud can chill, but that which checks
 The sunshine of their features.

Yes, one in all, and all for one,
 I love the gay things dearly;
 And till my life's last sand is run
 Will toast them off, and cheerly.
 So pledge the sex (a bumper now !)
 That wrinkling time opposes;
 That plucks the grey hairs from his brow,
 And covers it with roses.
 The inspiring sex ! the better sex !
 The renovating creatures !
 What is't the wane of autumn checks ?—
 The sunshine of their features.

CASE.

EQUITY *versus* MORALITY.

One sale the Law condemns as wrong,
 Whenever it detects it;
 But virtues great to *two* belong,
 And *equity* protects it !
 If *one* a naughty volume write,
 Law strives to throw discredit ;
 But Eldon makes *two* blacks *one* white,
 And lends his aid to spread it.
 Which is the culprit here, I pray ?
 On which side now would *you* bet,
 When *lawyers* in their maxims say,
 “ *Qui non prohibet, jubet !*”*

* It is good sound law (and “*Equitas sequitur legem*”) that he who does not prohibit or prevent a robbery, or the piracy of another's property ; or (for the maxim bears a large construction) the dissemination of immorality, lends it the sanction of his authority, and is at least *particeps criminis*.

PAT LANGHAM.

PAT LANGHAM, an emeralder from Ballinafad, now stationary in London as an operative architect, was charged with creating a riot, and cruelly beating a watchman.

Pat Langham had spent his evening—Saturday evening—at a public-house in St. Martin's-lane, and the *cratur* getting the better of his discretion, he was ejected from the premises—whereupon he boldly thrust the fist of him through the window, with as little care of the consequence as though his fist had been a mallet. The clatter occasioned by this feat brought the watchman to the spot; and he was no sooner there, than he was *floored* by the horny fore-paw of Pat Langham, under the valiant war cry of—

‘ My name’s Pat Langham,
Windies and watchmen
I always bang em !’

And bang them he did, most unmercifully, as was fully proved by several respectable witnesses.

‘ Well, Pat, what have *you* to say?’ asked his Worship.

‘ Fait, your *Wortchip*, it was me *pay-table* where I was, let it be where it will; and I was coming out of it to go to my own place, and where are you going, Pat? says they to me. Gad’s blood, says meself, I’m going to me place, bekase I’ve got enough of it—that’s the *drink*, your *Wortchip*; and sure I had at that same time. Where am you going to, Pat? says they. To me own place, says I; then, take that, says they, and

they knocked the head of me clane through the *windy*,
just in no time, your Honour ; and that's the rights of
it—any how.'

Ordered to find bail ; and in default committed to
the Sessions.

THE BARONET AND HIS POTATOES.

IN Hertfordshire a Baronet resides,
(John Saunders Sebright—or, as heralds say—
Sir John) however, be this as it may,
A man he had whose name was William Day,
Who lov'd potatoes—(may be, greens besides),
But, from his master, *these* he took away.

The master to his man had been most kind :—
Had *paid his wages*—sent his child to school ;
Yet, did the wretch of *murphies* steal a pound,
With vile intent to plant them in *his ground*,—
All but *three-halfpence worth* he left behind,
Which *prov'd* he was a knave, if not a fool.

To stubborn facts, in vain are weak denials,
Therefore, the Baronet took up the *thief* ;
For well did he remember *Parson Vialls*,
Who prosecuted for *an ounce of beef*—
And swore, " altho' the parson was *mistaken*,
" Day, for potatoes, should not save his bacon ;
" Three halfpence worth was worth three halfpence,—he
" Resolved to stop such immorality."
And this he *tried* to do in open court,

But, vicious times !—a weak and prosing jury,
Though the potatoes *were* a *fav'rite* " sort,"

The Baronet was left to cool his fury :
Day they *acquitted*—whilst chagrin'd Sir John
Swore that the *age of honesty* " *was gone*."

PREVIOUS TO, AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

ADMIRATION.

WHILE graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
 What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill!
 An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
 And hopes she's disengag'd the two next dances.

FLIRTATION.

The suit obtain'd, they tread the mazy round;
 At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found:
 Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
 And proves himself a very nice young man.

APPROBATION.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
 Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle:
 Then, as new raptures raise in ev'ry glance,
 Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the dance."

DECLARATION.

Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old,)
 To hope the lady has not taken cold;
 Thinks she looks charmingly in dishabille,
 And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

HESITATION.

While secret joy her soft confusion veils,
 Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales:
 "She's sure Mamma will think these raptures wild—
 She knows not how to act—she's quite a child!"

AGITATION.

With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
 Begs she'll recal those words, and think again;
 Fearful of frowns, or veto from Mamma,
 The softening nymph refers him to Papa.

ACCEPTIONATION.

Joy on his lips, and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various parchments strung,
See Strephon bears the mystic circlet high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly.

SOLEMNIZATION.

At church arriv'd on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe falters out the word *obey* :
Thus of Love's Ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing Muse must trace.

POSSESSION.

Her honey-moon and raptures fled together ;
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather ;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

RUMINATION.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see ;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea :
Blue burn the candles, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

ALTERATION.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys ;
While he, poor soul, condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

IRRITATION.

Return'd at eve, unnumber'd queries wait him,
And she who loved so late, appears to hate him :
From trifles light as air the quarrel swells,
The husband bullies, and the wife rebels.

DISPUTATION.

Fierce and more fierce the wordy contest grows ;
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every thing but blows ;
Each to a separate couch in rage retires,
Whence sleep is banish'd by vexatious fires.

DESPERATION.

Breakfast renews the quarrels of my fable,
 She spoils the tea, and he upsets the table :
 All patience lost, no power can peace impart ;
 In one thing only they agree—to part.

DETESTATION.

Loud she proclaims the thousands that she brought him ;
 He cool retorts, “ ’twas only those that caught him : ”
 “ The world shall know your conduct, brute,” she cries ;
 “ Sooner the better, sweet,” the youth replies.

SEPARATION.

Equipp’d for parting, see these quondam turtles ;
 Dead are love’s roses, wither’d all his myrtles ;
 Such are the ups and downs of love’s short story,
 “ For better or for worse,”—’tis death or glory !

GEORGE CANNING ON CANDOUR.

FROM THE ANTI-JACOBIN, REPUBLISHED IN THE CHRONICLE.

“ MUCH may be said on both sides.” Hark ! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear
 The voice of *candour* ; hail, most solemn sage,
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age ;
 Candour, which softens party’s headlong rage ;
 Candour, which spares its foes, nor e’er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 — And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 Black’s not *so black*, nor white *so very white* !
 — I love the bold, *uncompromising* mind,
 Whose principles are fix’d, whose views defin’d ;
 — Give me the avow’d, the erect, the manly *foe*,
 Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good heav’n, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend* !

SALE OF A WHIG STUD OF OLD HACKS.

MESSRS. COWPER, LEY, RICKMAN, and Co. respectfully inform the public, that they have opened a Repository for the Sale of Cattle by private contract, near the Champion's Stables in Westminster, and hope for their usual support and patronage.

Contractors for Government treated with every liberality.

The following are amongst the articles well worthy attention :—

Lot 1. *Molyneux*—a *coach-horse*, used to harness all his-life, and well known in most of the stable-yards at the west-end of the town ; strong built, shews great substance, and a *fine high shoulder*. May be seen every day in exercise.—N. B. Not warranted.

Lot 2. *Bob*—a military charger, marked with a *star* ; rather out of condition, having been *turned out* for some time ; never was fired, and has not a scratch about him. He has been well physicked, and is fit for immediate service (if required). *Full couraged*, but rather hot. Any gentleman who is a dab at handling the *ribbands* might do any thing with this animal, whose temper is excellent.

Lot 3. *Old Harry*—a remarkably stout heavy-built cob, well known in the neighbourhood of Kensington ; rather *groggy* in the legs, but hunted a long time with Fox-hounds. Has been *ridden by a Lady* for many years, and is remarkably quiet in the stable.

Lot 4. *Duncannon*—a fine cream-coloured horse, sixteen hands and a half high ; shews a good deal of blood ; carries his head badly, but has been found an extremely serviceable animal for a *whipper-in*.

Lot 5. That high-couraged hunter *Baronet*, well known in the *Oxford* country; a free goer and a good fencer. Warranted to stand fire, and is only parted with in consequence of having thrown out a curb.

Lot 6. *Cam*—a small crop-eared *Hobby*; got by *Nonsense* out of *Loyalist*; very playful, but does no real mischief.

Lot 7. *Nihil*—a little grey poney by *Tankerville*; an awkward goer, and apt to shy at soldiers. If properly treated would make a steady hack, and is always ready for work.

Lot 8. *Buck*—a stout butcher's horse; a powerful animal, and though by no means fast, is famous all over the country for *bottom*.

Lot 9. *Jemmy*—a north-country horse, well known abroad as *Recorder*; colour Bom-bay. This horse, carried off more money at one time than any horse of his inches, distancing every thing behind him.

Lot 10. *Creeper*—an aged horse; sire unknown; lame in one of his legs, and goes very near the ground; might answer well in a dust-cart, being so quiet that the most timid gentleman may drive him.

Lot 11. *Michael Angelo*—a beautiful punchy little pony, colour bright bay, with black muzzle. An excellent feeder. His late master wished to put him in a chair, but never has been in harness.

Lot 12, *Queen Mab*—got by *Leather-seller*, dam *Impudence*; known as a hunter in *Surrey*; well accustomed to *harness*; was used in the store-keeper's department, and worked for several years with one of the first *Trotters* in the kingdom: removed from the *Bazaar* near *Portman-square*, for the convenience of sale.

N. B. He was called *Young* at that establishment, but that is a deception.

Lot 13. *Harry Twitcher*—an exceedingly active animal ; carries his nose up, and requires to be driven in a martingale ; has got two broken knees and a string-halt ; has been accustomed to *Reviews*, and has run in the Edinburgh Blue and Yellow for many years ; he would make a capital hackney coach horse, and will be swapped by the party to whom he belongs for a horse of greater value.

Lot 14. *Joe*—this animal was shewn about the country for several years as the surprising horse from Bengal ; he is able to cast up sums upon a slate, light a fire, and boil a tea-kettle with his mouth, and perform sundry other curious feats ; he is extremely industrious, and quick in *moving*, but never has been known to *carry any thing*, and it is supposed he is now too old to improve.

Lot 15. A large Jack-ass called *Peter*—this curious animal was tried, by way of experiment, as *leader* to one of the London *stages*, but was found unable to *draw*, and is now offered for little or nothing.

Lot 16. *Neddy*, a mule by *Trimmer*—of no use to any party, and known only for *carrying a tale*. He has been frequently in a dealer's hands, and done a good deal in the jobbing line.

Lot 17. *Colonel*—a cast cavalry horse ; rather lame, and has been ridden latterly by a medical man ; he is by no means fast.

Lot 18. *Will o'the Wisp*—aged ; well adapted to work either as *off* or *near* wheeler in a heavy coach, and may be put to *either side* without danger or difficulty ; he is very apt to *go on his knees*, unless great care is taken to hold him up ; very steady in his *walk* ; and to an elderly gentleman occasionally in want of a canter, he will be found invaluable.

Lot 19. *Humpty-Dumpty*, a grey *Mayor*—ran for the Queen's plate, but thrown out after being sadly beat about the head with a *broom* during the race ; has taken the *collar* twice quietly, and would go well in a *cart*.

These, together with many other lots too numerous to mention, may be seen any day (Sundays expected) till Easter, by application at the Stables, between the hours of three and four.

N. B. Job Horses by the day or month, as usual.

MICHAEL ANGELO, ON PERFECTIONS.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again ; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, " You have been idle since I saw you last."—" By no means," replied the sculptor ; " I have re-touched this part, and polished that ; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle ; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."—" Well, well," said his friend, " but all these are trifles."—" It may be so," replied Angelo, " but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes ;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

A TOUCH OF THE REVENUE'S TAXES, &c.

How admirably are Englishmen
 Disposed of! — "Tis worth while to ken
 The various items which they pay
 To give their government the sway:
 That is, ——— the Trinity of power,
 King, Lords, and Commons. They devour,
 Disperse, dispense, disseminate,
 And nineteen-twentieths tythe for state.
 Money for *Auctions* must be paid,
 Four times a year for budget—aid;
 Buyers and sellers, *mock* or not,
 Must yield the cash, or go to pot.
 In *Beer*, we drink the *duty* down,
 Then throw the doctor half-a-crown,
 Lest by the deadly liquid swilled,
 We should, by quenching thirst, be kill'd.
 For *Bricks* and *Tiles* to keep us warm,
 When vengeance threatens in the storm;
Candles, to light our feet to rest,
Coffee, if wearied and oppressed,
Cocoa, to strengthen sickly taste,
 Should pale decline hope's beauty waste;
 For *Cider*, *Perry*, *Verjuice*, made,
 Of *turnips* well prepared for trade,
 Which, when the cork is drawn, will fly
 And sprinkle every object nigh.
Glass of all colour, shape, and size,
 Whether for fruits, lips, lights, or eyes.
Hides, which for *hiding*, ne'er were meant,
Skins, howe'er badly skins are rent.
Hops which are dancing from the *Malt*,
 Would they together *mixed* like *Salt*.
Licences without licence given,
 Paid for, refused, and sometimes riven.

Roasted Goods, Paper, Pepper, Tea,
 Of every price and quality.
Spirits, Stone-bottles, Starch, and Sweets,
 To drink, save, cleanse, and furnish treats.
Soap, that our flesh like *theirs* may be,
 At least from *outward* colouring free.
Snuff for the nostrils' keen delight,
 Twins! that are drest in red and white,
 That ride before the ugliest face,
 Or point the loveliest of the race;
 Nothing a *Kiss* would be, unless
 The *nose* so bold a dimple press,
 And teach the maiden's blush to rise,
 Retreating to the heart in sighs.
Tobacco, for the pipe, or quid,
 In which narcotic juice is hid,
 Which yields the student and the tar,
 Tranquillity in peace and war.
Wire to ensnare birds, men, and beasts;
Wine never tasted but at feasts;
 And *Vinegar* for wine prepared,
 Fit only to be sold and shared
 Between those creatures that define
 Who shall drink water, who drink wine.
Excise, Post-Office, Customs, Lamps,
 Assessed,—Land Taxes, *Interest, Stamps,*
War Duties, Incidents, Exchequer Bills,
 And *secret-miscellaneous* pills.
Reduction of the nation's debt,
 The more reduced will larger get.
Pensions by *Act of Parliament,*
 Not by the people's good intent;
Allowances to *whom?*—and *Loans*
 For ever causing dying groans;
Salaries! for what?—how many feed
 Without exertion, worth, or deed:
 Let them be gluttled,—they must go,
 Down the unfathomed gulph below:
 Rather than hail the star, *Reform!*
 They roar, then perish in the storm.

A POCKET WIG.

THERE was brought to Bow-street office one Robert Wilkinson, the son of an attorney's clerk —

“ A youth condemn'd his father's soul to cross,
Who *picks a pocket* when he should engross,”

—charged with taking unto himself property to which he had no right or title—namely, a *Barrister's wig*.

It appeared by the evidence, that this hopeful youth was prowling about Temple-bar in the dead of the night, seeking something for his “pickers and stealers” to do. Whilst he was thus prowling, he was aware of a solitary gentleman approaching the bar from the east; and, hiding himself in the shade of the arch, he determined to try his luck upon him. The gentleman so approaching was D. —, Esq. of Pump-court, in the Temple, and he came soberly on, wrapped (probably) in forensic meditations, little thinking danger was so near him. As he passed through the archway, Bob Wilkinson popped from his hiding-place, crept softly after him on tip-toe, sliding his hand smoothly into his right-hand coat pocket, and drew forth—a wig! Like *Filch* in the Opera—he dipped for a *fogle* and prigg'd a wig! It was not a *professional* wig, but a scratch *à la Titus*; one that any closely-cropped gentleman might carry in his pocket to clap on occasionally when sitting in a theatre, or any other place where currents of cold air prevail. Small as it was, however, the Barrister felt it depart—he put his hand to his pocket and found it wig-less; and instantly turning round he saw Bob Wilkinson with the wig in his hand—standing, evi-

dently, wig-struck; for had the prize been a Bandana, or a pocket-book, or any ordinary pocket-property, Bob would have bolted *instantly*. Well, the Barrister seized him, Bob threw down the wig; the Barrister picked it up again, and, replacing it in his pocket, very properly gave unlucky Bob in charge to the watch.

Robert had nothing to say in his defence, and he was fully committed for trial.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

COFFEE-HOUSES appear to be of as late an origin as the reign of Charles II. Aubrey, in a letter to Anthony Wood, the Antiquary, dated 1680, speaks of "the moderne advantage of coffee-houses in this great citie (London) before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their owne relations or societies." And in his memoir of Sir Henry Blount, he adds, "when coffee first came in, he (Sir Henry) was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbowe, by the Inner Temple Gate, and lately John's Coffee-house in Fuller's Rents." The first coffee-house in London, was in *St. Michael's Alley*, Cornhill, opposite to the Church, which was set up by one Bowman, (coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, who put him upon it) in or about the year 1652. It was about four years before any other was set up, and that was by the above-mentioned Farre. Jonathan Paynter, opposite to St. Michael's Church, was the first apprentice to the trade, viz. to Bowman. MEM. The Bagnio, in Newgate-street, was built and first opened in 1679. It was built by some Turkish Merchants.—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*



MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

WHAT, what is Marriage? Harris, Priscian,
 Assist me with a definition.
 "Oh!" cries a charming silly fool,
 Emerging from her boarding school,
 "Marriage is—love, without disguises,
 It is a—something that arises
 From raptures and from stolen glances,
 To be the end of all romances;
 Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—but hush!
 I mustn't have you see me blush."

“ Pshaw !” says a modern modish wife,
 “ Marriage is splendour, fashion, life ;
 A house in town, and villa shady ;
 Balls, diamond bracelets, and ‘ My Lady !’
 Then for Finale, angry words,
 ‘ Some people’s’—‘ obstinates,’—‘ absurds !’
 And peevish hearts and silly heads,
 And oaths, and ‘ bêtes,’ and separate beds.”

An aged bachelor, whose life
 Has just been “ *sweeten’d*” with a wife,
 Tells out the latent grievance thus ;
 “ Marriage is—odd ! for one of us
 ’Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,
 Hemlock, or sword, or slavery ;
 An end at once to all our ways,
 Dismission to the one-horse chaise ;
 Adieu to Sunday can and pig,
 Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig ;
 Our friends turn out—our wives are clapt in,
 ’Tis ‘ exit Crony,’—‘ enter Captain.’
 Then hurry in a thousand thorns,
 Quarrels and compliments—and Horns !
 This is the yoke,—and I must wear it ;
 Marriage is—Hell, or something near it.”

“ Why, Marriage,” says an Exquisite,
 Sick from the supper of last night,
 “ Marriage is—after one by me !
 I promised Tom to ride at three.—
 Marriage is—Gad ! I’m rather late !
 La Fleur, my stays,—and chocolate !
 D—n the Champaign !—so plaguy sour,
 It gives the headache in an hour ;
 Marriage is—*really* though, ’twas hard
 To lose a thousand on a card ;
 Sink the old Duchess !—three revokes !
 Gad ! I must fell the Abbey oaks :
 Mary has lost a thousand more ;
 Marriage is—Gad ! a cursed bore !”

Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,
 Rises indignant from his throne,
 And mocks their self-reviling tears,
 And whispers thus in Folly's ears :—
 " Oh ! frivolous of heart and head !
 If strifes infest your nuptial bed,
 Not Hymen's hand, but Guilt and Sin,
 Fashion, and Folly, force them in ;
 If on your couch is seated Care,
 I did not bring the scoffer there ;
 If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,
 The hand that quench'd it was your own ;
 And what I am, unthinking elves !
 Ye all have made me for yourselves !"

*From Points of Misery, by Charles Westmacott.
 Illustrated by R. Cruikshank.*

THE ONE GRAND POINT.

A PETER PINDARIC.

WHEN Man and Wife,
 As oft in life,
 Both equally in fault we see,
 It needs must strike,
 That so alike,
 Its wonderful they can't agree* !
 But Dr. Johnson, moral sage,
 Review'd the past and present age,
 And ventur'd to declare,
 That Marriage (such its hapless fate)
 Was clearly an unnat'ral state,
 Which none could calmly bear.

* Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,
 Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
 Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

Martial. Lib. VIII. Epig. 35.

"For mark," said he, "what laws are made,
 How binding, nothing can evade,
 When strifes arise, and stormy weather;
 Yet spite of all the law's dominion,
 Custom, and force of old opinion,
 Can scarcely keep the two together*."
 A wedded pair there once existed,
 'Twixt whom these doctrines were divided;
 The husband in the last persisted,
 The wife was for the first decided.
 Constant their squabbles all day long,
 Their nightly theme, their morning's song—
 Their faith was this—*Whatever is, is WRONG!*
 One day the usual storm subsiding,
 (For, breathless, all must leave off chiding),
 The Dame began to smooth her brows,
 And thus address'd her peevish spouse:—
 "Really, my dear, I can't conceive
 Why little things should make us grieve,
 And put our tempers out of joint,
 When neither cares how these succeed,
 And we are perfectly agreed
 About the main, *the one grand point.*"
 "Agreed!" the man exclaim'd, "what stuff!
 In what grand point, I pray?"
 "The grandest point—'tis clear enough,
 As you," said she, "shall say:
 Agreed in this, which not a fool
 Will venture to deny—
You wish to rule,
And so do I!"

* Boswell's Johnson.

A WRONG WITHOUT A REMEDY.

AN innocent-looking, flaxen-haired, respectably dressed, soft-spoken young man, applied to the Magistrate for his advice in a case of great delicacy.

He had married a young woman, he said—one whom, at the time he so married her, he believed to be “purity itself;” but—and here his thoughts seemed too big for utterance—but at the expiration of the *fourth* month after their marriage she had given birth to a baby! thereby making it manifest that he had been most shockingly deceived by her in some way or other—though how, he knew not. It was, however, a circumstance that he could not overlook; and he declared his intention of separating himself from her, but her parents—who were “much more powerful people” than himself, had also declared that if he did separate himself, they would compel him by law to support his wife and child. He thought this an “extremely hard case,” and wished the Magistrate to inform him what he must do.

“As you were married so recently,” said the Magistrate, “doubtless you recollect the words of your vow?”

“Indeed, Sir, I do—perfectly,” replied the young man, with a deep sigh.

“Then you recollect,” continued his Worship “that you took her—‘for better for worse, to love and to cherish, until death shall you part?’—I am very sorry for you, but really I can afford you no redress.”

The hapless Benedict sighed again, and slowly withdrew.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
 —Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
 —Keep, keep, thy riches, melancholy Sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth untold
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.

—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
 Above the cities of a world gone by!

Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!

—Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,

Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!

They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest.

—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—

Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth so long;

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,

—But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;

—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,

—Restore the dead, thou Sea!

PROPHECY.

Conjurors abound in the present day, but none shine so much amongst *the stars*, as Mr. Moore, *Physician*—the rest, such as Ministers, French and English, may be classed amongst the lunatics, having their dealings principally with the Moon. There is no dependence on any but Mr. Moore. What doubts can we entertain of his judgment, when he tells us that in *March*, “Time and tide stay for no man, *not even* when in full Parliament met.”

And in *April*, that “Great struggles about this time among *men clinging to their places*.”

Here we feel as satisfied with his prophetic genius as we since have had reason to be, with what he foretold in *February*, viz.

“Now is ice often in the ditches seen,

“The fields are deckt with white, that once were green.”

On some other points, he is this year not quite so plain, but there is nevertheless no great difficulty in comprehending him. “*Misunderstandings*,” he says, “between wise and judicious persons”—(Who these are, we confess ourselves quite unable to say, unless he speaks ironically; but what follows is perfectly unintelligible), “caused by *some intemperate vain-glorious mortals*, for the purpose of *doing mischief*.”

The Liberals in Spain are clearly adumbrated in this passage:—“Certain daring enterprising individuals are likely to give *considerable trouble* to some *Potestates of Europe*; and, strange to say, they seem to meet with *encouragement from the people*.”

Nor can we easily mistake *the heroes* alluded to in what follows:—"Those employed seem to *enter upon the work with fear and trembling.*"

One thing it is grievous to observe with regard to the stars, namely, that Mr. Moore's profound calculations have led him to the discovery that the errors of Ministers may possibly "*check the stellar influences*"—corrupt the very heavens themselves! Nothing daunted, however, he spreads his mantle over *Louis the Desired* (for he can mean no one else) and thus divinely sings:—

" Away with the wicked before the King,
Away with the wicked behind him,
His Throne it will bless
With righteousness,
And *we shall know where to find him!*"

PARTING.

ALAS! it is no very easy task

To shake the hand—articulate "Adieu!"

When the soul's meaning spurns the specious mask,

And gives the last, last look, to speechless feeling true;

For *Friendship* never could its sense *express*,

Nor warmer *Love* its pang of parting *tell*,

But oft the hand, extended to caress

The lip of swerveless faith where loiters long "Farewell!"

Like coward flies—nor takes the grappling grasp

Of that close, clinging, following fool—the heart;

Nor yet affection's wild and bosom clasp,

With kiss of honey'd glue, that knows not how to part.

Yes! I have fled full oft, and smother'd with a smile

A heart with anguish rent—weeping life-blood the while!

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT VINTNER'S
HALL.

Port let me absorp,
Said Alderman Thorp ;
This claret's quite sour,
Said Alderman Flower ;
Port against claret,
Said Alderman Garratt ;
I like either, if good,
Said Alderman Wood ;
Sham-pag-nay, a spur 'tis,
Said Alderman Curtis ;
Champaigne, not Shampagnay,
Said Alderman Magnay ;
'Tis true what he saith, man,
Said Alderman Waithman ;
This port's of a flat kin,
Said Alderman Atkin ;
The crust is quite thin,
Said Alderman Glyn ;
Its heat is prodigious,
Said Alderman Bridges ;
Some sherry forthwith,
Said Alderman Smith ;
I can't get it down,
Said Alderman Brown ;
It's as dead as a burying,
Said Alderman Perring ;
It's as cold as a church,
Said Alderman Birch ;
If so, then pray egg it,
Said Alderman Heygate ;
No mixture——wine solely,
Said Alderman Scholey ;
Some liqueurs from that box,
Said Alderman Cox ;

Ah ! some nice usquebaugh,
Said Alderman Shaw;
'Tis not in the dinner bills,
Said Alderman Venables ;
Now if this way some Nantz lay,
Said Alderman Ainsley ;
Ah ! Nantz is life's hunter,
Said Alderman Hunter ;
Then with Nantz keep our romps on,
Said Alderman Thompson.

STOCKING WEAVING.

“ WILLIAM LEE, M. M. I thinke, says Aubrey, “ of Magdalen Hall, Oxon, was the first inventor of the weaving of stockings, by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or els lived there. He was a poor curate, and, observing how much paines his wife tooke in knitting a paire of stockings, he bought a stocking and a halfe, and observed the contrivance of the stich, which he designed in his loome, which (though some of the instruments of the engine be altered) keepes the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loome was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world, except England. Oliver Cromwell, Protector, made an act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I tooke from a weaver (by this engine) in Pearpool-lane, 1656. Sir I. Hoskyns, Mr. Stafford Tyndale, and I, went purposely to see it.”—*Aubrey M. S. at Oxford.*

THE DIRE DOWNFALL OF GREATNESS.

A poor Italian *artiste*, who contrives to exist by *casting* and *selling* the representatives “in little” of great monarchs, great heroes, and the *Docti*, as ornaments to libraries, chimney pieces, &c. to the inhabitants of this overgrown metropolis and vicinity, entered the Public Office weeping and wailing, in consequence of a most shocking disaster that had befallen him. At the same time, a constable brought an old man into the office, charged with having been the cause of his misfortune.

The Italian told the story in his native tongue, which not being understood by the worthy Magistrate, we being present, and fortunately having some knowledge of the “language of divine music,” interpreted the poor fellow’s discourse.

He said, that he was under the Piazzas of Covent-garden market, with Louis the Eighteenth, the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Alexander, George the Fourth, Ferdinand the Seventh, the Emperor of Austria, young Napoleon, and Dr. Parr, all of whom he had for sale, when the prisoner (the old man above-mentioned) came up to him, and began to talk about Jesus Christ, and the wicked and great rogues, and with one fell sweep dashed the above personages to the ground, and lo and behold, every one, save young Nap, and Dr. Parr, lay on the ground with their heads severed from their bodies ! young Nap escaped unhurt, amidst the dreadful confusion, and Dr. Parr only lost a curl of his wig ! The Italian put young Nap into one pocket of his coat, and Dr. Parr into another ; then taking the heads and trunks that lay on the ground,

he, with the assistance of a constable, conveyed the demolisher to Bow-street. The tears ran down the poor foreigner's face as he abstracted the headless trunks, and the trunkless heads, from the mouth of a green bag which he held in his hand. The first he produced was Ferdinand decapitated.

The Magistrate did all in his power to comfort the poor fellow, and promised him that he would compel the prisoner to make him satisfaction for the injury he had sustained; which being communicated to him, he expressed his joy, and thanks to the Magistrate for his kindness.

The demolisher of the above personages appeared, like the first Brutus, to glory in the destruction of his "greatness!" and when the Magistrate ordered him to pay the full value of the property destroyed, he threatened destruction to the whole Bench of Justices.

He was locked up in the *safe*, at the back of the office, and after cogitating for some time upon the destruction of "kings, and counsellors, and mighty men," he paid the damage, and was discharged.

AN ORANGEWOMAN.

A CERTAIN witty Judge, having heard that Miss Nugent was brought up to vote for Mr. Sutter of Orange notoriety, and being shown the printed list of candidates, on which, under the statue of King William, was written, "Good men in bad times"—"Ay, bad times indeed," said his Lordship, "when the daughter of a respectable man like Mr. Nugent is compelled to turn *Orangewoman*."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!

OR, THE PASTOR OF TWICKENHAM.

I WAR not with the Clergy on the score
Of their profession, but their foul disgrace of it,
By vices that appal in telling o'er:—

Of such as I am just *about* to tell,
Which, as it so fell out, it so befel,
And carries *malice* on the very face of it.

That Parsons—as I was *about* to say—
(But Lord Chief Justice Abbott has assur'd us
'Tis a *reproachful* term)—yet, *Pastors* may
Be kind, deep-learn'd, humane, and very clever;
I know they *are* so—ALL, and were so, *ever*,
And, to be good—(*as they*) have oft conjur'd us.

So one of these—a humane, clever, wight,
The hero of my tale,
Had long of charity, and temp'rance—*preach'd*;
Now he, this holy soul, took much delight
In flow'rs and home-brew'd ale;
But *fat boil'd-beef* beyond all else he lov'd,
(Save his *devotions*)—and with *taste* approv'd,
He ne'er was in a *bargain over-reach'd*.
Then *such* a nose he had for *smelling beef*,
If stol'n, though *five miles off*, he'd smell the thief.
Such the brief outline of my pious hero,
Who, on a certain day had din'd
Upon his favorite dish, where, like a Nero,
He *cut*—but what he ate not, left behind;
Shewing a *moral* to all gen'als still,
Who *ought* to eat as many as they kill.

The *Pastor*, charg'd—or, *over-charg'd* with *malt*,
And sundry “goodly things,” walk'd forth
Into his garden, 'mongst his flow'rs and trees;
But, scenting *beef* amidst the fragrant breeze,
It led him (strongly blowing from the north)

Up to the tool-house door ;—
 Here the pursuit was o'er,
He set—who ne'er, in prying, was at fault.
 Thus have I seen the wary pointer stand,
 With out-stretch'd neck when game is sure at hand.
 “ *My beef, by G— !*” the christian Pastor cries ;
 “ *I'll swear 'tis off my round, where'er it lies !*”
 Not surer the decision of the fates,
 Not surer of his mortal life a close—
 Not surer piety in Holy states,
 Than was the Pastor certain of his nose.

It chanc'd his gard'ner had a slice of beef
 Plac'd in the tool-house for to-morrow's dinuer ;
 Nor thought for this he should be term'd a thief,
 Nor that it would supply a lawyer's brief ;
 But well his master knew—he was a sinner.

But, to return :—the *man of God* espied
 A little drawer, nor waited to unlock it,
 But forc'd the screw—“ *here is my beef !*” he cried,
 “ With which a half-starv'd gard'ner would be cramm'd ;
 “ But if a *bit he tastes* may I be d——d !”—
 And thrust the relic in his *breeches pocket*.
 He hied “ *in doors*”—call'd gard'ner, butler, cook,
 Into the pantry ;—each, with fearful look
 Survey'd the *pious Saint*, with brandish'd knife
 On his *own buttock* seize, and cut a strip off :—
 Whilst he exclaim'd, “ *swear ! swear, and by your life,*
 “ (Or from *your flesh* a piece as long I'll rip off),
 “ That *by complexion, gravy, grain, and fat,*
 “ This piece I've just cut off's the counterpart of *that !*
 “ Yes, 'tis a *sacred* piece I say,
 “ By Church and State,
 “ Seal'd is his fate,
 “ *I'll send the rogue—my beef !—to Bot'ny Bay.*
 “ Swear, varlets, swear that 'tis your firm belief,
 “ This slice was cut from off my *beef ! beef ! beef !*
 “ What ! do ye hesitate ? *Before me, dare,*
 “ To pause ? Swear hard, swear *hard*, I say, swear, swear !

“ The Church’s mark’s upon’t, and let all *Twick’nham*
 “ But touch my buttock, by my gown I’ll sick’n ’em;
 “ I know ’tis mine, and I again repeat it,
 “ If it be not my beef—by G—I’ll eat it!”

Here I must urge that godly men and grave,
 Possess great knowledge; and a way they have,
 A taking way, by others ne’er possest,
 Save those who fain would visit *Sidney Cove*;
 But these obtain a *tenth* of what is best,
 Of all we have, from pure and holy love.

Although the *Pastor* knew (tho’ I can’t tell
 “ Howe’er he came to know it” half so well)
 The *gard’ner’s* beef was *his*—yet his own people
 In silence stood, and mute as *Twick’nham* steeple;
 Until the Cook most impudently swore,
 The piece produc’d she ne’er had seen before :
 And from *his* round she knew it ne’er could be,
 Whose safe was lock’d, of which she kept the key.

“ What !” cried the Saint, “ shall I be foil’d by you ?
 “ I’ll to my aid call in
 “ The worthy Arabin,
 “ He’ll make the miscreant writhe beneath his pow’r ;
 “ The *Deputy Recorder* shall out-do
 “ His own out-doings—let *him* dread the hour !”

The holy man, in private, spent three days
 In meditation ;
 Not upon charity alone—but “ on the ways”
 Of flagellation.

And, lastly, brought by force to Hicks’s Hall
 The luckless *King of Spades*, his *gard’ner*, who,
 To purify by “ bitterness and gall,”
 He had arraign’d—but Justice, in a fury,
 (Tho’ not Lord Chief—) in haste the case cut through,
 And sent it to a conscientious Jury.
 The *gard’ner* was, of course, acquitted :
 The *Twick’nham Pastor’s* brows were knitted ;
 His low’ring front, with lurking wile,
 “ Grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile.”

But now his victim, long opprest,
 As gossips say,
 With conscious look—by "*fear unblest*,"
 In open day,
 Stood boldly forth himself—as the *accuser*
 Of *him* by whom he had been first accus'd.
 One Phillips told him he should be no loser,
 Since he already had been grossly used.
 His Counsel with such eloquence harangu'd,
 The *tables turn'd*; and what was mighty odd,
 His foolish hearers said, the *man of God*
 In justice ought to have been surely *hang'd*;
 But soon the jury for the plaintiff found
 A verdict—and decreed him *fifty pound*—
 The *worthy Rector curs'd such times* in grief,
 And *curs'd* the jury too, when he must pay
 Full *fifty pounds* for *one thin slice of beef*,
 Which *from a servant* he had filch'd away.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."

FORMERLY, when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, once a week or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *Leff-day*, that is, in the Saxon, the *bread-giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies of this kingdom alone serve the meat at their own table.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS celebrated individual seems to us to have had rather a hard measure of justice dealt out to him. Some disliking his political conduct, are disposed to withhold from him what is due to his literary merit, while others again are displeased that he who ranks so high as a novelist, should appear to so little advantage as a citizen. But they are unreasonable. We ought to separate the writer from the man. Some future novelist may afford as much delight to his readers, and be himself at the same time a model of virtue,—but if we cannot have both these advantages at present, that is not surely a reason why we should be more dissatisfied with talent alone, than if we had neither talent nor virtue. If he were even the original of his own Varney, Jenny Deans is not on that account one whit less natural. Our young men of fashion do not fall into this error. They distinguish accurately enough between pleasure and virtue, and when they light on an object capable of giving them the former, do not wait till they can also get an accompanying certificate of good morals.

Pleasure, therefore, being one thing and probity another, our relish for Sir Walter Scott's writings would not be at all impaired, were we to learn that he was a fawning courtier, and one of the most subservient of the tools of corruption. We must open a separate account with him in the latter capacity, and pay him according to his deserts. We protest, however, against the principle of making him a scape-goat for all the base and corrupt tools in Edinburgh, whose qualifications are confined to their want of principle

and their stock of assurance. We should not feel a whit more angry at one detected by us in picking our pocket, that we had been a little while before amused by his ballad singing.

Much has been said with respect to his congratulation of that promising statesman, young Hope, on his getting his foot "on the green swaird." This is, however, but an ambiguous compliment. Sir Walter knows that the green swaird in Scotland is often both dirty and slippery; and a man with the use of both his feet may yet roll in the mud. We suspect both of them are by this time sensible of the truth of this observation.

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

HANDEL being once in a country church, asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which he of course consented. Handel accordingly sat down, and began to play in such a masterly manner, as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner), and at length addressing the performer, told him he was convinced HE could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like reading the Riot Act, by immediately dispersing the audience.

SPORTIVE EPISTLE FROM SIR WILLIAM PEPYS
TO A FRIEND, ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

GIVE me, to bless domestic life,
 With social ease, secure from strife,
 (Cries every fellow of a college)
 "A wife not overstocked with knowledge."
 This every fool who loves to quote
 What, parrot-like, he learns by rote;
 And every coxcomb, whose pretence
 To wisdom marks his want of sense;
 And all good housewives skill'd in darning,
 Who rail with much contempt at *larning*;
 And all who place their greatest good in
 The composition of a pudding;
 Repeat with such triumphant air,
 Such deep sagacity, you'd swear
 That knowledge, among woman-kind,
 Was deadliest poison to the mind;—
 A crime which (venial if concealed,
 Like theft at Sparta), when revealed,
 The guilty stamps with such disgrace,
 No culprit dares to shew her face.
 But tell me, you, who dared despise
 Such vulgar maxims, who from eyes,
 Which well might grace the loveliest fair,
 Turned not, because bright sense beamed there,
 Tell me, through all these thirteen years,
 Through varying scenes of hopes and fears,
 Could ignorance more faithful prove?
 Could folly's self more warmly love?
 Then long may this auspicious morn,
 At each still happier year's return,
 Tell, what thy sweet experience shews,
 The head and heart are friends, not foes.

THE PRETENDER.

THE following account is transcribed from one of Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian :—" A. Alsop has been with one of Corpus, who came from Dr. Wallis, where had been some talk of the F Kg's proclaiming the P. of W. James the III^d., and the Dr. told this gentleman how many original letters he had seen under the Queen's own hand, the bricklayer's wife, and others concerned in the matter, and a long letter also in cypher, which cost him some pains ; all which made it out clear to him, and he thought 'twou'd to any body, that 'twas all cheat and imposture. It chanc'd at this time, that Sir Godfrey Kneller coming down to draw the Dr.'s picture, was present ; " Wat de devil (says he) de Prince Wales te son of a brick-bat woman ! be G—t it is a ly. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him, I am satisfiet wit wat ye Parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in wat I cannot be mistaken. His fader and moder have set to me about 36 times a piece, and I know every bit and line in their faces. Be Got I could paint K. James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, yet there is not a feature in his face, but wat belongs either to fader or moder ; this I am sure of, and be Got I cannot be mistaken.—Nay, the nails of his fingers are his moder's, ye Queen yat was. Dr., you may be out in your *letters*, but be Got I cannot be out in my *lines*."

Hearne corroborates this account in his *Diary*, vol. v. p. 137:—" When Sir Godfrey Kneller (as Dr. Hudson informs me) came to Oxon, by Mr. Pepys' order, to draw Dr. Wallis's picture, he, at dinner with Dr.

Wallis, was pleased to say, upon the Doctor's questioning the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales, that he did not in the least doubt but he was the son of King James and Queen Mary; and to evince this, he added, that, upon the sight of the picture of the Prince of Wales, sent from Paris into England, he was fully satisfied of what others seemed so much to doubt of; for, as he farther said, he had manifest lines and features of both their faces, which he knew very well, having drawn them both several times."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

"AFTER he was beheaded, his trunke was interred in Chelsey church: his head was fixed upon London bridge. There goes this story in the family, viz.—that one day, as one of his daughters was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, said she, 'That head has layne many a time in my lappe, would to God it would fall into my lappe as I pass under;' she had her wish, and it did fall into her lappe, and is now preserved in a vault in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The descendant of Sir Thomas is Mr. More of Chelston, in Hertfordshire; where, among a great many things of value plundered by the soldiers was his chap, which they kept for a relique. Methinks 'tis strange that all this time he is not canonized, for he merited highly of the church."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

THE CHAPTER TO THE SECRETARY.

"HE regretted that he was compelled to say the Dean and Chapter of Westminster had, on the occasion of the Coronation, been so ill-advised, or so greedy, as to cut down some very fine old trees of 50 years' growth, with the view of being enabled to dispose of additional ground for erecting scaffolding. The loss of this ornament to the public was great, while the profit to the Chapter did not perhaps amount to 10%."

Mr. Croker's Speech, Morn. Chron.

Good Mr. Croker, if you please,
View better this disaster;
The Dean, 'tis truth, has sold the *Trees*,
But *Judas* sold his Master.

Ten pounds was more than *Judas'* fee,
To leave him in the lurch;
And we have *precedent*, you see,
To *profit* by the *Church*!

But why should *you*, thus looking big,
Become so strict a teacher,
Who always caught at ev'ry *Twig**
To make your coffers richer?

Sure, *Ministers* can ne'er do wrong
In *Church*, and *State* to boot,
Who hold that, *Trees* to them belong,
That gather all *the fruit*!

* *Mem.* The debate some years ago on Mr. C.'s legitimate claims as Secretary:—

"Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut Aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius?"

DOCTOR HARVEY.

“HE lies buried in a vault at Hempsted, in Essex, which his brother, Eliab Harvey, built; he is lapt in lead, and on his breast in great letters, ‘Dr. William Harvey.’ I was at his funerall, and helpt to carry him into his vault.”

When K. Ch. I. by reason of the tumults left London, he attended him, and was at the fight of Edgehill with him; and during the fight the Prince and Duke of York were committed to his care. He told me that he withdrew with them under a hedge, and took out of his pockett a booke and read; but he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground neare him, which made him remove his station; he told me that Sir A. Scrope was dangerously wounded there, and left for dead amongst the dead men, stript; which happened to be the saving of his life. It was cold, clear weather, and a frost that night; which staunched his bleeding, and about midnight, or some hours after his hurt, he awaked, and was faine to drawe a dead body upon him for warmeth sake.”

“He was, as all the rest of his brothers, very cholerique; and in his younger days wore a dagger (as the fashion then was, nay, I remember my old schoolmaster Mr. Latimer, at 70 wore a dudgeon, with a knife and bodkin, as also my old grandfather Lyte, and Alderman Whitson of Bristowe, which I suppose was the common fashion in their young days), but this Doctor would be apt to drawe out his dagger upon every slight occasion. In visiting his patients, he

rode on horseback, his man following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent, now quite discontinued. The Judges rode also with their foot-clothes to Westminster Hall, which ended at the death of Sir Robert Hyde, Lord Chief Justice. Anth. Earl of Shaftsbury, would have revived it, but several of the Judges being old and ill-horsemen, would not agree to it."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

ALUM WORKS.

"SIR THOMAS CHALLONER, on his return from his travels in Germany, riding a hunting in Yorkshire (where the Allum Workes now are) on a common, he tooke notice of the soyle and herbage, and tasted the water, and found it to be like that where he had seen the Allum Workes in Germaine. Whereupon he gott a patent of the King (Charles I.) for an Allum Worke (which was the first that ever was in England), which was worth to him 2,000*l.* per annum, or better; but tempore Car. I^{mi}. some courtiers did think the profit too much for him, and prevailed so with the King that, notwithstanding the patent aforesayd, he graunted a moietie, or more, to another (a courtier), which was the reason that made Sir Thomas so interest himselfe in the Parliament cause, and in revenge to be one of the King's Judges."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

MORAL REFLECTIONS WRITTEN ON THE CROSS
OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men :
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On *mortal* crowds.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes !
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun :
Dear ! what a hustle
And bustle !
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust !
And what is life ? and all its ages—
There's seven stages !
Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
Brentford ! and Kew !
And Tooting too !
And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be, as near the sky,
—— Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Ah me! hence I could read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

“AFTER the Restoration, he lived in the last fair house westward, in the North portico of Covent-garden, where my Lord Denzie Holles lived since. He had a laboratory there. I think he died in this house. Before the civil wars, he lived in one of the faire houses in Holborne, between King-street and South-ampton-street, which were built by him about 1633. After his wife's death, to avoyd envy and scandall, he retired into Gresham college, at London, where he diverted himselfe with his chemistry, and the professors' good conversation. He wore there a long mourning cloake, a high cornerred hatt, his beard unshorne, look't like a hermitt, as signes of sorrow for her loss, to whose memory he erected a sumptuouse monument, which was destroyed by the great conflagration.”—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*



SEDUCTION.

IN the above design the artist has intended to illustrate the progress of seduction, by displaying its demoniac operations on the mind of youth. That it is too often effected by the hoary-headed sinner, there can be little doubt ; — the following occurrence in fashionable life, selected from the Bow-street report, will demonstrate the truth, and shew the misfortune resulting from profligate associations.

An application was lately made for a warrant to apprehend Miss B., the sister of a celebrated actress, for stealing some chimney ornaments and china cups

and saucers. The application was made by the mother, in consequence of her having eloped, and with a view to reclaim her before her ruin should be consummated. The warrant was granted, and in a short time the fair delinquent was led in, resting on the arm of a Mr. B. well known in the fashionable circles. Mr. G., a solicitor, appeared with the property found by the officer; the mother identified it, and stated that she should be happy to forego the charge, on her daughter consenting to return to her home. The Magistrate called on the accused for her defence, when she asserted that the articles were her own, purchased with money given to her by her friends. The servant spoke to a conversation, in which Mrs. B. blamed her daughter for spending her money so foolishly; and declared that the things were always considered to belong to the daughter, and were given up without the slightest objection when she applied for them in the name of Miss B. This statement produced a desultory conversation, which was terminated by the solicitor remarking, that the principal object — the return of Miss B. had been lost sight of. Mr. B. then said, he had paid for the education, and every charge for Miss B., for the last two years. He challenged inquiry into his conduct, which would be found to have arisen from the most honourable feelings, when he should prove that Miss B. had sought his protection from the persecution of Lord P., who had been sanctioned in his dishonourable overtures by her mother. When personal insult had been used, she fled to him; he hired lodgings and a trusty servant for her. A number of Lord P.'s letters were then read, which abounded in vicious ideas, obscenities, and gross figures sketched with the pen. Miss B. in

tears, stated, that she had been shut up with Lord P., with her mother's knowledge; and the indecent attacks made by him upon her on a sofa; and that her mother urged her to become his mistress, saying she should have an allowance of 500*l.* a year. The mother strongly denied these assertions, and after the Magistrate had animadverted on the alleged disgraceful conduct of the mother, if true, the affair was settled by Miss B. (only fifteen) being put under the care of a female friend, agreeable to both parties; Mr. B. to pay all the expences. It may be necessary to add, that though the initials of the gentleman and the females are the same, no relationship exists between them.

We now give the following elucidation of the facts:—The young lady is Miss B—rt—l—zzi, daughter of a late celebrated engraver of that name, and younger sister of an actress on the boards of Old Drury, who has obtained great notoriety for a pretty face; a roving eye, a fine set of teeth, a mellow voice, and an excessive *penchant* for appearing before the public in *breeches*—*Macheath* and *Don Giovanni* to wit.—“Mr. B.,” the gentleman under whose protection she is living, or rather *was* living, is a gentleman of large West India possessions, who some time ago immortalized himself in a duel about a worthless woman, with Lord C—lf—d, in which duel he had the honour of sending his Lordship to his account; with all his “imperfections on his head.” The third party, “Lord P.” is a nobleman whose chief points are a queer-shaped hat, long shirt sleeves exquisitely starched, very white gloves, a very low cabriolet, and a Lord George Gordon-ish affection of beard. We do not know that he is distinguished for any thing else.

For the fourth party — the young lady's *mamma*, she is a rather elderly personage, very discreet, and "all that sort of thing." With respect to the statement which has already appeared, it is tolerably correct, except where it states that the Noble Lord offered 500*l.* per annum as a remuneration for the young lady's love. The fact, or at least the *alleged* fact, was, that his Lordship had offered a simple 500*l.* in hand. Then, again, it is said, that the noble Lord's *love-letters* were produced and read before the Magistrate. This was not the fact.—Mr. B., the young lady's protector, did indeed produce them, and was very anxious that the Magistrate should inspect them; but his Worship positively declined the *job*.

TERENCE M'MANUS THE SHEEP-STEALER.

ONE Terence M'Manus, in the north of Ireland, lately taken up for sheep-stealing, wrote an account of the same to his friend, in the following words;—
 "As we wished to have some mutton to our turnips, we went to Squire Carroll, who had more sheep than his neighbors; they were very wilde, and the pastur very large, and we were obliged to take a new method to entice them by force to come near us. As this method may be of some sarvice to you to no, I think it my duty to tell you of it: Pat Duggon and me wrapt ourselves up in hay, and as the sheep came round to ate it, we cat their throats. But a sarch being made, five hind quarters belonging to two of them was found in my cabin."

BREAD AND WATER.

Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.—PIND. OLYMP. I.

THAT *water's best*, is Pindar's lay,
 (May ill such sober scngs befall)
 So "*Cheese is best*," our *Gourmands* say,
 With these words added, "*after all !*"

The *Chief* (not *Ellenboro'*) seems
 To think that *bread's* a wholesome diet;
 And as the poor get this, he dreams,
 Like eels, they like it, as they're quiet !

Pindaric-Bailey *water* thought
 So good, with bread, *some live**, who've tried ;
 So he, who kept his horse on nought,
 Succeeded well—until it died !

"Live on't !" Ariston then exclaims,
 "'Tis lab'ers' fare—don't talk about
 Unwholesome—see its many claims—
 'Tis excellent—prevents the *Gout !*"

Thus *Paul* to him†, who eyes his cake
 And flowing cup, with eager look :
 "If hungry, hast not *bread* to break,
 If dry, the *wholesome, limpid brook !*"

* There must be something political in this eulogy of that which goes so much against one's stomach. His Lordship and the *Constitutional Society* would probably recommend this short-lived living to *Authors* in particular :—

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
 Quæ sonibuntur aquæ potoribus.—HOR. EP. XIX.

† *Duenna*.—*Father Paul* to the half-starved Monk.

THE SPANIARD TO THE BOURBON.

Who comes o'er our mountains again from afar,
 Unfurling his flag to the tempest of war?
 Who comes o'er our mountains with scourge and with brand,
 To drive out that freedom that hallow's our land?

The Saracen comes not, for ours was the shore
 Where his glory was smote that it flourish'd no more;
 Our fathers struck down his dark yoke from the land,
 And Spain rose from ruin, young, lovely and grand.

And we swear by the shades of the heroes that bled
 Till the Pagan forsook our bright valleys and fled,
 We will meet the invader as proudly this hour,
 With the answer that Freemen give insolent power.

He comes not, the Chief that in war won a name
 More splendid than all in the pages of fame—
 He comes not, whose eagle soar'd fearless and far,
 Till the pale Kings of earth dragg'd their chains at his car.

Yet he found in Spain, that, tho' Kings were o'erthrown,
 A people too strong who had freedom alone;
 And there was the voice of the battle that gave
 His Empire its bounds, and his glory a grave.

Who comes as a foe o'er our mountains again,
 To waste the bright fields and fair valleys of Spain?
 'Tis the Bourbon, who, trembling and pale, fled afar
 From the face of the Chief whom we vanquish'd in war.

Behold his white banners—no honour shines there—
 No bright recollections of glory they bear;—
 Tho' the bigot has blest them, they'll sink in the fight,
 With the deep stains of crime on their delicate white.

And we swear by the altars we freed from the flame
 Which priestcraft had kindled through ages of shame,
 We will never again let that foul wizard's rod
 Make religion a curse and the tyrant of God.

Then, Child of the Bourbon ! take back thy array,
Lest thy lilies be strewn on a desolate way ;
Lest the God thou blasphemest may cast that pale flower
In deadly repose in the grave of thy power.

WATCHES—COACHES.

MR. THOMAS ALLEN, of Oxford, who died in 1630, aged about ninety, was esteemed the best astrologer of his time. "In those darke times," says Aubrey, "astrologer, mathematician, and conjurer, were accounted the same thinges, and the vulgar did verily believe him to be a conjurer. He had a great many mathematical instruments and glasses in his chamber, which did also confirme the ignorant in their opinion, and his servitor (to impose on freshmen and simple people) would tell them that sometimes he should meet the spirits coming up his staires like bees. One time being in the country, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber windowe (watches were then rarities). The maydes came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry *tick, tick, tick*, presently concluded that that was his devill, and tooke it by the string with the tongues, and threw it out of the windowe into the mote (to drowne the devill). It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of an elder, that grewe out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the devill ; so the good old gentleman got his watch again." "Old Judge Atkins remembered Dr. Aubrey when he was a boy, he lay at his father's house in Gloucestershire ; he kept his coach, which was rare in those dayes. The Judge told me they then (vulgarly) called it a *quich*."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

FINISHED GENTLEMAN.

ONE Mr. Thomas James—a personage with the exterior of a hackney-coachman, of the *down-est* cut; but who called himself “a *Brummagem* outrider”—was brought before the Magistrate, charged with having *borrowed*, with intent to *steal*, an eight guinea inlaid gold and silver snuff-box, with its contents, *viz.* almost half an ounce of high-dried Irish, from a Mr. William Watkins,—a very small gentleman in a very large cloak, wore military wise,—after the present highly picturesque fashion, which makes a man-miliner look as magnificent as a field-marshal.

It appears that Mr. William Watkins having been out on Friday night, spending his evening, as it is called,—repaired at five o’clock on Saturday morning, to Rowbotham’s “*final finish*,” in James-street, Covent-garden. He found the saloons full of good company—There were assembled the Marquis of Paramatta, Viscount Toongab, the celebrated Lord Mops, Sir Francis Fogleshifter, Sir Sydney Cove, Mr. Yardley the *base* singer, Mrs. Judith M’Craw, Dunstable Charlotte, Mr. Phelim O’Toole, the strong-backed knight of the knot, Peg Protheroe, Kitty Parenthesis, Sally Succient, and many other fair Nymphs of the Piazzas. There was drinking and singing *galore*——“We are the lads!” and hot elder wine and coffee of the best went merrily round: Mr. Yardley and Dunstable Charlotte, and my Lord Mops, “roused the *morning lark* in a catch, and old father Time, with his companion old Winter, in the *lily white Benjamin*, were held in utter scorn by every body. Mr. William Watkins enjoyed the fun vastly; in token

whereof he handed round his high-dried Irish to the ladies and gentlemen liberally ; and then sat himself down to half a pint of smoking hot elder wine among a select company of ladies in one of the side saloons. Presently came the "Brummagem outrider" to him with a low bow, and a "Mr. Yardley will be obliged to you Sir, for another punch of your high-dried."—"With infinite pleasure," replied Mr. William Watkins, handing over his eight guinea snuff-box to the "Brummagem outrider." Mr. William Watkins then finished his smoking hot elder, and repaired to the general company again—not doubting but his snuff-box was safe with Mr. Yardley ; but to his utter astonishment, neither Mr. Yardley, nor my Lord Mops, nor the Marquis, nor the Viscount, nor any of the ladies knew any thing about it. Mr. Yardley declared he had never sent for it ; nobody knew the "Brummagem outrider," nor could he be found ; Mr. William Watkins said it was uncommon improper, and every body ought to be searched ; my Lord Mops said, "the *highdear* of such a thing was cursed low ;" the ladies voted Mr. William Watkins a bore ; and Mr. William Watkins walked away, *cleaned out* and completely *finished*. He wandered to the Bow-street office, and communicated his woes to the patrol in waiting ; and in two or three hours thereafter they succeeded in apprehending the "Brummagem outrider," but no snuff-box could they find upon him.

The "Brummagem outrider," in his defence before the Magistrate, persisted in saying that Mr. Yardley asked him to borrow the box, and having borrowed it, he delivered it to him ; and what became of it afterwards he knew not.

The Magistrate said he had little doubt but he ob-

tained possession of it with a felonious intent; and he committed him for further examination, in order that Mr. Yardley might come forward to explain, or deny, the part it was alledged he had taken in the transaction.

AN ACTOR'S MEDITATIONS.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.

How well I remember, when old Drury-lane
First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,
I acted a sprite, in a sky-coloured cloak,
And danc'd round the cauldron which now I invoke.

Speak, Witches! an Actor's nativity cast!
How long shall this stage-popularity last?
Ye laugh, jibing beldames. "Ay, laugh well we may:
Popularity? Moonshine! attend to our lay;

'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth;
It blows round the compass, East, West, North, and South;
It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neill.

The Actor who tugs half his life at the oar,
May founder at sea, or be shipwrecked on shore;
Grasp firmly the rudder; who trusts to the gale,
As well in a sieve to Aleppo may sail."

Thanks, provident hags! while my circuit I run,
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun;
Yon harlequin public may else shift the scene,
And Kean may be Kemble as Kemble was Kean.

Then let me the haven of competence reach,
And brief, but two lines, be my leave-taking speech,
Hope, Fortune, farewell; I am shelter'd from sea;
Hence forward cheat others, ye once cheated me.

THE MERMAID.

To use a sporting phrase, the Mermaid has been well *backed*. In the first place, she is detained at the Custom-house, and a price of 2000*l.* set upon her ape-like head. Then her picture is sent to Carlton-house, and her demi-ladyship is let out of the Custom-house:—she next takes a first floor at Tom Watson's 'Turf Coffee-house, and sends round her cards for a daily "at home:" The great surgeons pay a shilling for a peep—and she is weighed in the *scales*, and found wanting. Sir A. Carlisle is said to have disputed her womanhood: Sir Everard Home questioned her haddock moiety. One great surgeon thought her to be half a baboon and half a gudgeon: another vowed she was half Johanna Southcote, with a salmon petticoat. Dr. Rees Price thought her a Mermaid clean out; and his opinion was disinterestedly forwarded to us by the proprietor. Lastly, she has become a ward in Chancery, and equity barristers tussle for her rights with all their usual manliness and propriety. She has no comb and glass—but how can a lady in her difficulties regard the care of her person? If she washes herself with her own fins, we ought to expect no more. Certainly now she is in Chancery, Sir John Falstaff's taunt of Dame Quickly cannot be applied to her, "Thou art neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have thee!" We have been much pleased with the showman's advertisement about this little Billingsgate woman: he treats the question of her "To be, or not to be," like a true philosopher, and only wishes you to be satisfied that she has a claim somehow upon your shilling.

We warrant us, when this lady comes to be “what she is represented,” that the Lord Chancellor will look upon her as one of the oldest wards under his care..

TRANSLATION FROM POLITIAN.

- “THE sweet Country Maiden *she* gets up betimes,
 “ Taking her kids to feed out on the grass !
 “ On the grass, on the grass,—ah ! the sly little lass !!!
 “ Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass ;
 “ I am sure they’d make day in the middle of night.
 “ Then she goes the first thing to the fountain hard by,
 “ Treading the turf with her *fresh naked feet*,
 “ Naked feet, naked feet,—O, so light and so sweet,
 “ Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete !!
 “ And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers,
 “ Then she tucks up her sleeve to wash her sweet face !
 “ And her hands and her legs, and her bosom so white,—
 “ Her bosom so white, with a gentle delight ;
 “ I never beheld such a beautiful sight !
 “ It makes the place smile, wheresoever it turns ;
 “ And sometimes she sings a *rustical* song,
 “ Which *makes the kids dance, and the sheep also*—
 “ The sheep also—*they hark and they go*.
 “ The goats with the kids, all so merrily O !
 “ You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.
 “ And sometimes, upon a green meadow I’ve seen her
 “ Make little garlands of beautiful flowers—
 “ O, most beautiful flowers,—which lasts her for hours,
 “ And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
 “ But all of them learn from my sweet Country Lass.—
 “ And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
 “ Bare-footed, and loos’ning her laces and things,
 “ Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
 “ And leaps all the banks with one of her springs ;
 “ And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CAMELFORD.

THE late Lord Camelford, of duelling notoriety, entered one evening the Prince of Wales' Coffee-house, Conduit-street, as was his usual custom, sat down, and read the papers of the day. A dashing fellow, and, as he thought himself, a first-rate blood, entered afterwards, threw himself on the opposite seat of the same box, and, in a consequential tone, bawled, "Waiter, bring me a pint of Madeira and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candles, and began to read. His Lordship then glanced a look of indignation, and continued reading his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and announced the completion of the gentleman's commands, who immediately lounged round to his own box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone, "Waiter, bring me a pair of snuffers!" They were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round the table in which the blood sat, snuffed out both the candles, and retired to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter, waiter, who the devil is this fellow, that dares to insult a gentleman? What is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, Sir," replied the other, in a tone scarcely audible. The coxcomb, horror-struck at his danger, said tremblingly, "What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his money, and sneaked away, without even tasting his Madeira.

PARODY

ON "THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

THE old Whig Club is meeting, Duke,
 'Tis now the time for eating, Duke ;
 How sweet to joke,
 To sing and smoke,
 While these foolish men stand treating, Duke !
 Then harangue, and not in vain, my Duke,
 At them again, and again, my Duke ;
 The best of all ways
 To speak in these days,
 Is t' steal a few thoughts from Tom Paine, my Duke.

Now all the Whigs are sleeping, Duke,
 And the mob, thro' the casement peeping, Duke,
 At you and your star,
 Which we really are
 Surprised at your meanness in keeping, Duke.
 Go home, your task is done, my Duke,
 The watchman's boxes shun, my Duke,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of traitors by night,
 They may happen to take you for one, my Duke.

DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM PARODIED,

*On seeing Mr. B. Montague and Mr. Romeo Coates holding
 forth in Cross-street, whilst Dr. Irving was preaching in the
 Caledonian Church.*

Three spouters, in three different countries born*,
 At once, thy purlieus, Cross-street, did adorn.
 The first, in wordy-nothingness surpass'd ;
 The next in confidence : in both the last.
 The Sire of Quackery could no further go,
 To form the third, he joined the other two.

* England, the West Indies, and Scotland.

MR. SOUTHEY AND LORD BYRON.

WHATEVER may be the opinion with respect to the wisdom or justice of *prosecutions* for blasphemy, and whatever contempt we may entertain for the men who make an affectation of regard for religion subservient to the vilest of purposes, we shall always be ready to pay due respect to those who, inspired by genuine piety, and looking merely to the honour of Him whom they serve, vindicate with honest impartiality the claims of religion to due reverence. We, therefore, gladly insert the following stricture of Mr. Irving, the celebrated preacher of the day, on Mr. Southey and Lord Byron, which is, at all events, characterised by perfect fairness. In all the other strictures which we have seen, the sins of Mr. Southey, who has unquestionably given the greatest scandal to religion, are entirely overlooked. This alone affords a proof that any thing but religion actuated the writers :—

“ Instead of which mighty fruit of genius, this age (Oh, shocking !) hath produced out of this theme two most nauseous and unformed abortions, vile, unprincipled, and unmeaning—the one a brazen-faced piece of political cant, the other an abandoned parody of solemn judgment. Of which visionaries, I know not whether the self-confident tone of the one, or the ill-placed merriment of the other, displeaseth me the more. It is ignoble and impious to rob the sublimest of subjects of all its grandeur and effect, in order to serve wretched interests and vulgar passions. I have no sympathy with such wretched stuff, and I despise

378 MR. CANNING'S QUOTATION FROM JUVENAL.

the age which hath. The men are limited in their faculties, for they, both of them, want the greatest of all faculties—to know the living God and stand in awe of his mighty power: with the one, blasphemy is virtue when it makes for loyalty; with the other, blasphemy is the food and spice of jest-making. Barren souls!"

MR. SECRETARY CANNING'S QUOTATION FROM JUVENAL.

"Pone crucem Servo. Meruit quo crimine Servus Supplicium? Quis testis adest? Quis detulit? Audi, Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est. O demens—ita Servus homo est? Nil fecerit, esto: Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas."—SAT. vi.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

THE nation that's *free*, in our mind misbehaves,
And Spain must be punish'd—'tis fit they be slaves.

MR. BULL.

What wrong can you prove? or what case your spies make?
No delay can be long, when *man's freedom's* at stake.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

What trash? Bull, you're mad—as you are now and then—
Can *subjects* be ever consider'd as *men*?
Suppose they've done nothing, your argument's stuff:—
'Tis our will—we've the pow'r—that's reason enough!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Tune—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

WHIGS whom Fox and Petty led,
Whigs who under Lord Grey fled,
Welcome, though *three in a bed*,
To the Treasury:

Now's the day and now's the hour—
Starve the *Tories* out of pow'r—
Cent. per cent. their wages lower,
They cannot choose but flee.

Who would be a grumbling knave,
Though but half a loaf he have?
Who prefer to toil and slave
Without pay or fee?

Who in spite of King and Laws,
Faction's darling weapon draws,
Calls Hume and Bennet's Freedom's cause,
Let him follow *me*!

Let Bennet boast his purity
In politics and *pedigree*,
Talk loud of his *nihil*ity,
By long service won.

Let Hume *dissect* each place and fee,
Each clerk, *although a brother* he,
And prove that Cocker's *rule of three*
Means only number *one*.

Whigs, with Carlile who condole,
Whigs, with Hunt now cheek by jowl,
Whigs, whom Tierney can't control,
And swears at—horribly!

Hume vows *he* has made a *breach*,
(*Not a pair*, as hirelings teach),
Out of little Bennet's reach,
By *Financery*.

Let Wilson rear his fallen crest,
 Let Log-Wood's wisdom be confess'd,
 Leave Creevey's virtues—to be guess'd,
 And Cam to form the line.

Let Brougham be taken off the shelf,
 And make his fees from Michael's pelf;—
 Michael's a *host*, Sirs, in himself,
 So—let us in and dine !

By our long and hopeless pains,
 By despair of office gains,
 We will draw our dearest veins,
 But we *will* get in.

Lay Lord Londonderry low,
 Placemen fell at every blow;
 Every placeman is our foe;
 Let us—*pray* begin.

ANDREW MARVEL.

“THIS well-known patriot (whose native towne of Hull loved him so well, that they elected him their representative in parliament, and gave him an honourable pension to maintaine him), was of a middling stature, pretty strong sett, roundish faced, cherry-cheek't, hazell eie, browne haire.”—“He lies under the pewes in ye south-side of St. Giles' church in ye Fields, under the window wherein is painted on glass a red lyon. (It was given by the Inne-holder of the Red Lyon Inn, in Holborne), and is the —— window from the east.—This account I had from the sexton that made his grave.”—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROLS*.

THESE carols, or Christmas songs, were chanted to the tunes accompanying them, in churches on Christmas-day, and in private houses on Christmas-eve, throughout the West of England, up to the latter part of the late century.

The editor is anxious also to preserve them on account of the delight they afforded him in his childhood; when the festivities of Christmas-eve were anticipated by many days of preparation, and prolonged through several weeks by repetitions and remembrances.

Christmas-day, like every other great festival, has prefixed to it in the calendar a Vigil or Fast; and in Catholic countries mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas-eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kind succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of England. The day of Christmas-eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas-day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining: and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry

* Some ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England. Collected by Davies Gilbert, Esq. F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. 8vo.

Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners.

None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas-eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were, the one a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of Saint George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other, a less dignified representation of some transactions of a market or fair.

In the first St. George enters, accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

‘ Here come I Saint George,
That valiant champion bold,
And with my sword and spear,
I’ve won three crowns of gold.

I slew the Dragon, *he*,
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt’s daughter.’

The Pagan enters.

‘ Here come I the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,
* * * * *
* * * * * bold,
And if your blood is hot,
I soon will make it cold.’

They fight, the Turkish Knight falls, and rising on one knee,

‘ Oh! pardon me, Saint George,
Oh! pardon me I crave;
Oh! give me but my life,
And I will be thy slave.’

Saint George, however, again strikes him down ; but, immediately relenting, calls out,

‘ Is there no Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound ?’

A Doctor enters, declaring that he has a small phial filled with the juice of some particular plant, capable of recalling any one to life ; he tries, however, and fails : when Saint George kills him, enraged by his want of success. Soon after this the Turkish Knight appears perfectly well ; and having been fully convinced of his errors, by the strength of Saint George’s arm, he becomes a Christian, and the scene closes.

The fair or market usually followed, as a farce. Several persons arranged on benches were sometimes supposed to sell corn ; and one applying to each seller in his turn inquired the price, using a set form of words, to be answered in a corresponding manner. If any error were committed, a grave personage was introduced with much ceremony, grotesquely attired, and provided with a large stick ; who, after stipulating for some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of moonlight, proceeded to shoe the untamed colt, by striking the person in error on the sole of the foot.

For an ample account of various customs and ceremonies practised at Christmas in former periods, the reader is referred to Brand’s ‘ Observations on Popular Antiquities,’ edited by Henry Ellis, F.R.S. and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, two vols. 4to. ; and to ‘ The Clavis Calendaria, by John Brady,’ two vols. 8vo. In each of these works will be found a very curious dissertation on the word *yule*, the name of a Pagan festival, which has passed into most European

languages, to denominate Christmas. The French *noel* is obviously derived from this word, and appears corrupted into 'Now Well,' when it forms a part of the chorus in the fourth carol; and perhaps indicates the whole to be a translation.

MILES FLEETWOOD,
(RECORDER OF LONDON).

"WHEN King James came into England, he made his harangue to the city of London, wherein was this passage :—' When I consider your wealth I admire your wisdom, and when I consider your wisdom I admire your wealth.' It was a two-handed rhetorication; but the citizens tooke it in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highwaymen, so that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner :—They lay in wayte for him not far from Tyburne, as he was to come from his house in Buckinghamshire; had a halter in readinesse, brought him under the gallowes, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tyed behind him (and servants bound), and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called Ball. So he cried, ' Ho, Ball ! Ho, Ball ! ' and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along, which was halfe an hour or more. He ordered that his horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so."—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

ROBIN CONSCIENCE.

I HAVE been quite through England wide,
 With many a faint and weary stride,
 To see what people there abide,

That love me.

Poor Robin Conscience is my name,
 Sore vexed with reproach and blame,
 For all wherever yet I came,

Reprove me.

To think that Conscience is despis'd,
 Which ought to be most highly priz'd!
 This trick the devil hath devis'd,

To blind men.

'Cause Conscience tells them of their ways,
 Which are so wicked now-a-days,
 They stop their ears to what he says—

Unkind men!

I first of all went to the Court,
 Where Lords and Ladies did resort;
 My entertainment there was short—

Cold welcome.

As soon as e'er my name they heard,
 They ran away, full sore afraid,
 As though some goblin had appear'd,

From Hell come.

Conscience (quoth one), begone with speed,
 The Court few of thy name doth breed;
 We of thy presence have no need—

Be walking.

Thou tell'st us of our pride and lust,
 Which spite of thee, we follow must:
 So out of Court was Conscience thrust—

No talking!

Thus banish'd from the Court, I went
 To Westminster incontinent,
 Where I alas! was sorely shent,

For coming.

The Lawyers did against me plead :
 'Twas no great matter, some there said,
 If Conscience quite were knock'd i'th' head.

Then running
 From them, I fled with winged haste,
 They did so threaten me to baste,
 I thought 'twas vain my breath to waste,

In counsel.
 For Lawyers cannot me abide,
 Because for falsehood I them chide;
 And he that holds not on their side,
 Must down still.

Robin then hies into the City, but finds the shop-keepers of his day very little inclined to receive him more favourably than are ours, should he intrude in the course of the year 1823. He proceeds to Smith-field.

I told them of a cheating trick,
 Which makes the horses run and kick,
 By putting in an eel that's quick
 I'th' belly.
 Another which they use full oft,
 To bear their lame-jades' heads aloft,
 And beat their buttocks till they're soft
 As jelly.

Proceeding through the City, he describes his severe treatment from brokers, butchers, bakers, &c.

Thus chid of them, my way I took
 Unto Pye-corner, where a cook
 Glanced at me, as the devil did look
 O'er Lincoln.
 Conscience, quoth he, thou show'st not wit,
 In coming to this place unfit;
 I'll run thee through with a spit;
 Then think on

Those words to thee which I have said ;
 I cannot well live by my trade,
 If I should still require thy aid
 In selling.

Sometimes one joint I must roast thrice ,
 'Ere I can sell it at my price ;
 Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
 No dwelling.

Perforce he drove me backward still,
 Until I came unto Snow-hill—
 The salemen there with voices shrill
 Fell on me.

I was so irksome in their sight,
 That they conjured me to flight,
 Or else they swore (such was their spite)
 They'd stone me.

From thence I turned down Bread-street,
 A cheesemonger I there did meet—
 He hied away with winged feet
 To shun me.

How now, quoth I, why run ye so ?
 Quoth he, because I well do know
 That thou art Conscience, my old foe :
 Thou'st done me

Great wrong—while I made use of thee,
 And dealt with all men honestly,
 A rich man I could never be ;
 But since then

I banish'd have thy company,
 And use deceit with those that buy,
 I thrive, and therefore, Robin, hie
 Thee hence then.

Amongst other places, Robin visits the Exchange,
 where even the merchants are strange to him.

I seeing all the city given
 To use deceit, in spite of Heaven,
 To leave their company was driven
 Perforce then.

So over London Bridge in haste
 I, hiss'd and scoff'd of all mien past,
 I unto Southwark took at last
 My course then.

We extract the following, to shew that Brewers at least were then better acquainted with Robin than they are in more modern days.

I being sore athirst, did go
 Unto an alehouse in the row,
 Meaning a penny to bestow
 On *strong* beer.
 But 'cause I for a quart did call,
 My hostess swore she'd bring me small,
 Or else I should have none at all.
 Thus wrong'd there,
 I bade her on her license look—
 Oh! Sir, quoth she, you are mistook,
 I have a lesson without book,
 Most perfect.

We inquire, when reading the following, where were the police?

Through Blackman-street I went; where w—s
 Stood gazing there in many doors;
 There two or three bawds against me roar
 Most loudly;
 And bade me to get hence apace,
 Or else they'd claw me by the face—
 They swore they scorn'd me and all grace
 Most proudly.

Poor Robin leaves London, quite dejected by the treatment he has experienced; neither is his condition bettered in the country.

Alas! what shall I do? thought I,
 Poor Robin must I starve and die!
 Aye, that I must, if nobody
 Respect me.

At last I to myself bethought,
Where I must go; and Heaven brought
Me to a place, where poor folks wrought

Most sorely:

And there they entertain'd me well,
With whom I ever mean to dwell,
With them to stay it thus befel,

Though poorly.

* * * * *

These still keep Conscience from grim death,
And ne'er gainsay whate'er he saith;
These lead their lives so here beneath,

That, dying,

They may ascend from poverty
To glory and great dignity,
Where they shall live and never die;

While frying

In Hell the wicked lie, who would
Not use true Conscience as they should.
This is but for a moral told

You: in it,

He that observes may somewhat spy,
That savours of Divinity—
For conscionable folks did I

Begin it.

DR. JAQUINTO,

Was physician to King James I., and adopted the following singular method to discover a cure for a consumption—"He went into the marshes of Essex, where they put their sheep to cure them of the rot, where he lived some time, purposely to observe what plants the sheep did eat; of which herbs he made his medicine for the consumption, which Mr. E. W. has."
—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

MATRIMONY AND GIN.

BOW-STREET.

OF all the miseries or the vices which are daily brought to this office for relief or correction, there are none that give the Magistrates more trouble than the miseries of matrimony; and the trouble is the more painful, inasmuch, as in nine cases out of ten, it never leads to any satisfactory result. Scarcely a day passes without some connubial devilry or other being brought under their cognizance by man or woman, members of the married public of this metropolis; and in almost every case, their prayer is total separation—a comfort which the Magistrate has it not in his power to bestow. It is only your wealthy couples who can shake off their fetters; the needy ones must wear them for life.

There was a weary Benedict of this latter class presented himself before the Magistrate. He was a large, middle-aged man, decently dressed in black; of a lachrymose countenance, and respectful quiet demeanour. He had waited nearly two hours among the crowd in the lower part of the office, whilst the ordinary business was going on, without manifesting the slightest impatience; and as soon as the hurry was over a little, he soberly approached the table, and told the Magistrate in a confidential tone, he wished to consult him on a subject of the utmost importance. “Speak out, Sir,” said the Magistrate; “I am ready to hear you.”—“Your Worship, I am a married man”—began the applicant, with a sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.—“I

am a married man, your Worship!"—"Well, and what of that?" said his Worship, adding—"so much the better for you, if you have a good wife."—"Ah, Sir!" ejaculated the man, with another heavy sigh—"Ah, Sir! I wish I had. I have been married eighteen years; and eighteen years of sorrow they have been to me. I thought to have lived in Paradise, as it were; but I could not have been more miserable if I had lived in the other place!"

He paused, and wiped his forehead; and the Magistrate telling him he was very sorry for him, asked what he would have him do?

"I don't know, Sir," he replied, "but I have been told I could get some relief by applying here."

"If you wish to get divorced, I cannot do that for you," said his Worship. "We should have little time for any thing else, I fear, if we could divorce all the unhappy couples who apply to us."

"Your Worship, I don't wish to put my wife away to disgrace her;—but I have been given to understand that you could do something for me. I would allow her a comfortable maintenance, if she would but leave me in peace."

"That you must agree between yourselves.—I cannot interfere between you, unless indeed, she has committed some breach of the peace.—Has she struck you? or are you afraid she should attempt your life?"

"She has struck me repeatedly, your Worship; but that I could bear cheerfully, if she would but keep herself sober!"

"Why do you let her drink then?"

"It is not in my power to prevent it, your Worship; I have discontinued keeping any thing drinkable in my house, and the consequence has been, that every

moveable I have is carried away clandestinely, and converted into gin !”

“ My good friend”—observed the Magistrate, somewhat impatient of the subject—“ my good friend, I really cannot do any thing for you—‘ you married her for better for worse, till death shall you part,’ and you must make the best you can of it. I repeat, I can do nothing for you.”

“ Then I am a very miserable man !” said the poor fellow ; and turning from the table, he heav’d another sigh, so piteous and profound, that the discharge did seem almost to end his being.

OH ! THINK NOT THE SMILE AND THE GLOW OF DELIGHT.

OH ! think not the smile and the glow of delight,
With youth’s rosy hue shall for ever be seen ;
Frosty age will o’ercloud with his mantle of night,
The brightest and fairest of nature’s gay scene.

Oh ! think while you trip like some ariel sprite,
To pleasure’s soft notes on the dew-spangled mead ;
That the rose of thy cheek, or thine eyes starry light,
Shall sink into earth and their spirit be freed.

Then round the gay circle we’ll frolic awhile,
And the light of young love shall the fleet hour bless ;
While the pure rays of friendship our evetide beguile,
Above fortune’s frowns and the chills of distress.

A VALENTINE.

ADDRESSED TO A FAVOURITE FEMALE SINGER.

WHY is the rose of the East so fond
 Of the bird on the near Palm Tree?
 'Tis because he sings like the murmurings
 Of the river that runs so bright and free.

And why doth the paradise creature sing
 To the silent and clear blue air,
 When many a sound from the woods around
 Doth speak like a spell to entice him there?

'Tis because the blush of his love is rich,
 And richer grows in his glances gay;
 'Tis because the flower which fills his hour
 With beauty, would pine were he away.

Yet, what is the red of the rose to these,
 And what is the nightingale's soft love eye?
 Thy glance is as bright as the clear star light,
 And the blush of thy cheek hath a deeper dye.

Therefore, and because that thy reed rich song
 May vie with the best of the Muses nine,
 Do I, a Poet (though none may know it)
 Choose *thee*, fair girl, for my Valentine.

SONG.

I GAVE my heart to thee for thine,
 And now my heart's untrue;
 I see with grief the fault is mine,
 And mine the mis'ry too.

Give back my heart, and take thine own,
 For falsehood hath such blame,
 That while the sin is mine alone,
 Thou shalt not wear the shame.

PARLIAMENTARY ODES.

THE SONG OF THE "CANNINGITE."

HARK ! 'tis the hour of four, and the clanking of doors and the buzz of many voices doth sound their echoes on thy roof, O St. Stephen !—and the savoury smell of the steaks and the cutlets in Bellamy's kitchen, proclaims that provision is plenty.—Hail, to thee ! Flower of Rhetoric !—son of a sire unknown ; chief of the mighty, how hath thy eloquence exalted thee. Behold the great council are met,—their voices resound in the hall of St. Stephen, and many and great are their clamorous grievances ; — but let thy wit be thy shield in the wordy encounter, and let not the hoary *Tier-nan*, or the *Broughamite*, perplex thee to madness. Loud will be the cries of the *Humites*, but thy voice, O *Canningo* ! shall render the walls like the torrent that gushes from the mountain side. How are the mighty fallen ! — Lift up thy face, O *Peelano*, like the brazen shield of thy chieftain, and dare to the fight the mighty Joseph, the Scotch calculator. Thou art bold to confront ; disgrace and shame is unknown to thy brow ; but tender is thy youth,—and the wealth of thy father doth excite the envy of thy associates ; — the old aristocracy fear the increase of commercial importance.—Leave not *Canningo* in the day of his defeat, when the chiefs of the counties shall fly from him, like the herd from the fallen deer : —The friends of *Canningo* are fled—he is alone—he layeth himself down in despair, and sleep knitteth up his brow ; —startling were his dreams on the Treasury bench. Lo ! the spirit of *Londondero* arose pale as the mist of the morn—his eyes starting like balls from

their sockets ;—" Rise, rival," he sayeth, " Arise, bright star of the council, and let not the bodings of *Lethbridgeo*, the hair-on-end orator, strike terror into the soul of the valiant ; the shadow of the Throne shall cover thee, like the broad umbrage of the oak, and heed not the thanes of the counties, a dissatisfied band, who are ever complaining ; they will fly from thee in the hour of danger, like the cackling geese from the hard-biting fox.— Rally thou the host of the king, and let them be numbered ;—they are as the sands of the desert !—There is *Huskino*, who followeth the steps of his leader, and counteth up the cash for the children of Neptune. There is *Wynnfredo*, the *ratten*, who squeaketh most ludicrously like a mountain in labour ; gigantic are the strides of himself and his party in pursuit of the good things in the gift of the great *Gwelfo*. Then there is *Jacko Robinsø Frederico*,—like the mole of the earth, deep caverns have been his resting-place,—the ground rats his food. Droop not at the cutting satires of *John Cam* ! great are thy foes in the sight of the many-tongued war. Shake not thy knees like the leaves of the aspen on the misty hill, when the patriot chieftain *Burdetto* rises to speak on reform. —The voice of thy foes is as the wind, which whistleth through the vale ;—it passeth away like the swift cloud of the night. The breath of *Gwelfo* stilleth the stormy seas :—whilst thou breathest the breath of his nostrils, thou shalt live for ever ! Firm standeth thy heel in the hall of the Lord ;—mighty art thou in the sight of *Gwelfo*. —Illustrious leader of the friends of *Gwelfo*,—great art thou, O son of *Mother Hun* !—O lovely star of the interior closet !—O lovely guardian of the destinies of the Tories !"

BACHELOR'S FARE.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

FUNNY and free are Bachelor's reveries,
 Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
 Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
 Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
 Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
 Charms in variety fall to his share;
 Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses—
 This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare!

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
 Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
 All bespattering, bumping and battering,
 Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
 Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
 Young ones are new devils raising despair,
 Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
 Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare!

Through such folly, days, once sweet holidays,
 Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife,
 Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
 All perplexing and vexing one's life;
 Children are riotous, maid servants fly at us,
 Mammy, to quiet us, growls like a bear;
 Polly is squalling and Molly is bawling,
 While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
 Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:
 Girls through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,
 Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.
 Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate
 All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
 Then tell me what jollity, fun and frivolity
 Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

BEING on intimate terms with that learned and very literary character, from whom you have expressed a wish to have "a set of Canons equivalent to the 39 Articles of the Church of England," I took an opportunity yesterday, when his Lordship was at leisure, his *head out of Chancery*, and he "in a communicative humour," to broach the subject. It is said by philosophers, that the *first step* towards wisdom is *to doubt*, and you are aware that his Lordship is very apt to stop *in limine*—and if there be any truth in the French phrase, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," we know who generally pays the *costs of this premier pas*—but this habit, as you may suppose, threw considerable obstacles in my way: yet I never observed less hesitation and doubt in him on any point, than he exhibited on this occasion; but after all, I could not extract from him more than *six Articles*, which will, however, be found most valuable and comprehensive. But his Lordship, when we parted, was pleased to say, with all that brilliant wit and exquisite pleasantry for which he is so peculiarly distinguished, "I promise to furnish the remainder of the *Canons* after the *shooting season* is over."—*Amicus Curiae*.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF THE REPUBLIC OF
LETTERS.

Art. I. This is a free country, and every man may write whatever he pleases, "so it be done according

to the Prophet's" (viz. the Lord Chancellor's) "teaching."

Art. 2. Any publisher may rob an author of his labour, if the Lord Chancellor see fit, for a gain; and let it never be gotten, this is a *free country*.

Art. 3. Any work, supporting the doctrine of materialism, or containing a slight sprinkling of double *entendre* or free thinking; or such works about which, trusting to the Judge's limited capacity and narrow views in points of literature and taste, a publisher may by a garbled statement reasonably hope to inspire a *doubt* in the Lord Chancellor's mind, he may steal without fear, risk, or ceremony.

Art. 4. "*Law*," it is well known, for who has not heard it? "*is the perfection of reason*;" and *Equity*, as we are informed, is to perfect that which is *defective in the law*—this is matter of faith, and must not be disputed. Now, all Laws are made *professedly* for the benefit of Society, and the promulgation of such writings being very properly discountenanced by Law*, *Equity*, seeing the Law's deficiency, steps in to lend it perfection, and to work this good purpose, it first, in the purest spirit of *Equity*, warrants the piracy and plunder of the Inventor's brains, and on the plea of condemnation of the *original sin*, and utterly to suppress all such publications, dismisses the complaint of the aggrieved, and gives permission to the robber to print and spread as many editions at a low price, as he may find it convenient and profitable.

* The Law of *Informations* particularly, with regard to political libel, &c. is unquestionably "the perfection of reason," for Lord Bacon is quite in error, when he says, "*a forbidden writing is a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.*"

Art. 5. Article 4, however, must not be taken absolutely, but with limitations; and here it will be necessary that the publisher look to the character and office of the offender. With the property of liberal and independent authors, he may proceed "*multa cum libertate*;" but with that of Tories, Placemen or *Laureats*, it will be wise and prudent in him to be cautious. Blasphemy and sedition have in them something *personal*, as vices and crimes are so or not, according to the quarter of the globe in which they are practised. Herodotus tells us of a people who held it a sin of the deepest die, not to eat their own fathers when dead. Tories may be said to live in the same latitude, as they may, and in fact do eat every thing, dead or alive. These failings in the vulgar, are graces, or at least irreprehensible in them—

“ If to their share some mortal errors fall,
Look at their *place*, and you forget them all.”

This is Equity.

Art. 6. Not to understand a literary or political subject by no means implies, in privileged persons, an incapacity to pronounce judgment on it. In *The Quarterly Review*, and in the Lord Chancellor, this must not be canvassed or questioned.

SONG.

GATHER young flowers in their May,
For youth is fleet and fleeting,
And Time intends to take away
Their beauty and their being.
Flowers, like us, were born to die,
And none their lives may measure;
Then never buy the future joy
With the present pleasure.

CHANCERY MORALS.

"Around, around, around, about,
 "All ill come running in, all good keep out."

MACFIE.

BOLD Benbow rubs his jovial eyes,
 And lauds the law's refinement;
 Dense Dugdale is in ecstasies,
 Though Carlile's in confinement;
 And Guilt has wed Legality,
 And useful, through the nation,
 Is prurience to publicity,
 And sin to circulation.

"Don Juan was a horrid beast,
 And that was why we sell'd 'un;
 So say the statutes—or at least
 So says the Earl of Eldon."

Pert Poll has come from Kentish Town,
 With sixpence in her pocket;
 Red Rose has sold her yellow gown,
 Meek Meg her little locket;
 And Molly, who with Mrs. Fry,
 Has learnt a load of cant, goes
 To pawn her prayers for poetry,
 Her Canticles for Cantos.

"Don Juan is a very feast,
 So wicked, and so well done;
 We thank God for it—or at least
 We thank the Earl of Eldon!"

The City hath its myriads sent
 To learn what Byron's pen does;
 And bakers study sentiment,
 And butchers innuendoes;
 And big Bow-bells unheeded chime,
 For Beaux and Belles grow tender;
 And Taste applauds a double rhyme,
 And Ton—"a double *tendre*."

And frail ones, whose illicit trade
 Could never else have held on,
 Cry, " Bless my soul ! our fortune's made—
 Long live the Earl of Eldon !"

The girls of the Academy,
 With empty heads and purses,
 Bless Charity and Chancery
 For cheapening naughty verses ;
 And Maudes and Marys peep and pay,
 With sigh and shilling ready ;
 And Anna envies " Julia,"
 And Araminta " Haidee."
 And Governantes are furious quite—
 " Lord ! what have Bet and Bell done !
 They've read Don Juan through to-night !—
 And bless'd the Earl of Eldon."

Bad Byron loaths the legal fence,
 The guardian of good order,
 The conqueror of common sense,
 From Cornwall to the Border :
 And damns the doubts and the delays,
 The quibblings and quotations,
 The knowing nods and solemn says,
 The robes and revelations :
 " This piracy will never do ;
 I'll send you down to hell, Don,
 The Devils* have a right to you !
 So says the Earl of Eldon."

* Subaudi " Printer's?" as far as the Chancellor's opinion is concerned.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

A CURIOUS literary anecdote has reached us, of the times of Henry VIII. Tonstall, Bishop of London, whose extreme moderation, of which he was accused at the time, preferred burning books to burning authors,

which was then getting into practice, to testify his abhorrence of Tindal's principles, who had printed a translation of the New Testament, a sealed book for the multitude ; he thought of purchasing all the copies of Tindal's translation, and annihilating them in one common flame. This occurred to him when passing through Antwerp, in 1529, then a place of residence for the Tindalists. He employed an English merchant there for this business, who happened to be a secret follower of Tindal, and acquainted him with the bishop's intention. Tindal was extremely glad to hear of the project, for he was desirous of printing a more correct edition of his version, but the first impression still hung on his hands, and he was too poor to make a new one. He furnished the English merchant with all his unsold copies, which the bishop as eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burned in Cheapside ; which the people not only declared was " a burning of the word of God," but it so inflamed the desire of reading that volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price ; and when one of the Tindalists, who was sent here to sell them, was promised by the Lord Chancellor, in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the Lord Chancellor that the greatest encouragement they had was from Tonstall, the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression, and enabled them to produce a second !

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

A PARODY ON "THE BACHELOR'S FARE."

HAPPY and free are a Married Man's reveries,
 Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
 He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, devilries,
 Caressed by, and blessed by his Children and Wife.
 From lassitude free too, sweet home still to flee to;
 A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share,
 A fireside so cheary, the smiles of his deary—
 O this, boys! this is the Married Man's Fare!

Wife kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
 Busy promoting his comfort around;
 Dispelling dejection, with smiles of affection,
 Sympathizing, advising, when fortune has frown'd.
 Old ones relating droll tales, never sating,—
 Little ones prating, all strangers to care;
 Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some munching,
 Economy dealing the Married Man's Fare.

Thus is each jolly day one lively holiday;
 Not so the Bachelor, lonely depressed;
 No gentle one near him, to home to endear him,
 In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest.
 No children to clime up—'twould fill all my rhyme up,
 And take too much time up to tell his despair:—
 Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him—
 Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his Fare.

He has no one to put on—a sleeve or neck button—
 Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee!—
 The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,
 With overdone, underdone,—undone is he!
 No son still a treasure, in business or leisure;
 No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;
 But old maids and cousins, kind souls, rush in dozens,
 Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's Fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and the grapes, Sir),
 And fain would he wed, when his locks are like snow;
 But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out,
 And maidens deriding, cry 'No, my love, No!'
 Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow;
 No hope in to-morrow,—none sympathy spares;
 And then unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—
 None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who cares!

THE DRAMA.

“BEING freed from imprisonment, because playes were in those Presbyterian times scandalous, he”(Sir William D'Avenant) “contrives to set up an opera, *stylo recitativo*, wherein Sergeant Maynard and severall citizens were engaged. It began at Rutland-house, in Charterhouse-yard. Next at the Cockpitt in Drury-lane, where were acted very well, *stylo recitativo*, Sir Francis Drake, and the Siege of Rhodes, 1st and 2nd part. This first brought scenes in fashion in England; before, all playes, was only a hanging. A. D. 1660, was the happy restauration of his Majestie Charles II. Then was the Tennis-court, in Little Lincolnes-Inne-fielde, turned into a playhouse for the Duke of Yorke's players, where Sir William had lodgings, and where he dyed.”—*Aubrey M.S. at Oxford.*

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS.

A FRIEND to useful Reform wishes to submit to the Public the following suggestions of a Perambulator.

The Court of Chancery should be removed to the Penitentiary; and as there is in that neighbourhood every convenience for suicide, the servants of the Humane Society should be in attendance with nets and drags, for the suitors.

A private carriage-way road is wanted from Harlot's-buildings to C—— House.

The Board at the Admiralty, "no begging allowed here," to be removed to the Treasury.

The weather-cock at Dover Harbour, inscribed George IV. should be prosecuted by the Attorney-General, as a libel.

The brim of Mr. J——f's hat must be abated under the Paving Act: it is an unconstitutional projection.

"The West End of Chandos-street wants widening," *Magistratus possit clavem*; carriages get locked there—where is the Key?

The sign of the Goose and Gridiron to be sold cheap to Mr. Cobbett.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's should contrive a sub-way to Ram-alley.

Disorderly females not to be suffered to pick up the *cannons* in Fleet-street; those *posts* belong to the Church, and it is sacrilege to make free with them.

The Chancellor's attics to be presented as a public nuisance. His *stories* are of great antiquity, and have got the dry rot; they want at least new pointing.—

Mem.—The mephitic air in his Lordship's dining-room will cause some fatal accident, should any one inadvisedly enter the apartment. While the family is out of town this chamber might be aired and thrown open to his Lordship's friends*.

A House for Sir H — L —, in *Craven-street*, with conveniences for flight.

The Statue of Charles the First should be removed from Charing-cross, to the finger-post shewing the *King's Road*.

The thieves are invited to *pirate* the brass Gog in the Park.

The Temple Societies ought to supply Dr. R—l with a pipe, not of wine, nor of tobacco, albeit he loveth both, but a water pipe†.

The rubbish in *Downing-street* to be removed to *Rotten-row*.

* I have heard dreadful things of this mysterious apartment; it is resembled as the forbidden blue chamber in *Blue Beard*; a rash Member of the Royal Family, like poor *Fatima*, prompted by an idle curiosity, once entered it as the clock struck six, and paid dearly for his temerity; he saw strange sights, fleeting visions of unembodied viands, and heard only delusive reports of champagne corks. As, like nature, his Royal Highness abhors a vacuum, he made an expeditious retreat.

† This Reverend Gentleman has been all his life so immersed in politics and divinity, that he has never yet found leisure to wash his face. His son was once asked why his father's hands were always so dirty—"he has an awkward trick," replied he, "of putting them to his face." When the Temple Societies white-washed the Church, it was proposed to include the Dean's face in the job, but some nice legal difficulties arose, and the thing has never been done.

LADY-BIRD.

“ Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! pretty one, stay !
 Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay ;
 With me shall no mischief betide thee :
 No harm would I do thee, no foe-man is near,
 I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear—
 Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

“ Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,
 Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam !
 List, list, to their cry and bewailing.
 The pityless spider is weaving their doom,
 Then lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home !
 Hark, hark, to thy children’s bewailing.

“ Fly back again, back again, lady-bird dear,
 Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here,
 With them shall no perils attend thee :
 They’ll guard thee so safely from danger or care,
 They’ll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
 And comfort, and love and befriend thee.”

A WOMAN’S MAN.

THE following is exhibited in a shoe-shop, in Cavendish-street, Brighton :—“ Wanted here, a respectable woman’s man.”—In another part of the town—“ Lodgings for genteel young men, who are *taken in and done for.*”

CONJUGAL INFELICITY.

ONE Mrs. *Mary Scarsfield* was brought before the Magistrate by a constable, who deposed that he found her bestriding her prostrate husband, and trying with all her might to choak him !

Mrs. Scarsfield had something so very termagantish in her appearance, that it was evident to every body she would consider the choaking of half-a-dozen husbands a mere trifle. Her age might be about forty-five, her person was tall and very lean ; her skin was like wet parchment, her mouth wide, her lips blue and shrivelled, her nose flat, her eyes bloodshot, and almost as prominent as a lobster's. And there she stood with folded arms, and scowling brows, in *full proof* scorn of the event—

“ — a combination and a form, indeed,
Where every fury seem'd to set her seal,
To give the world assurance of a shrew.”

Her husband, Mr. Scarsfield, was quite as meagre in person as herself, but he seemed a very harmless sort of fellow ; and, poor man, he seemed sadly moiled with his matrimonial miseries.

He had been wedded to Mrs. Scarsfield twenty-six years, he said, and it was God's mercy that she had not utterly destroyed him long ago. Instead of loving him, and honouring, and obeying him, as in duty bound, she ruled him with a rod of iron ; drank him out of house and home ; kept him always poor ; and made his life so miserable, that at one time he went into the army as a common soldier, in the hope that “ some

friendly ball" would put an end to his troubles and his life together.

The Magistrate desired him to confine himself to the affray which had brought them before him.

"Your Worship," said he, "I was sitting by the fire with my wife, talking tolerably quiet, and at last about ten o'clock, 'Mary,' said I, 'I'll go to bed.' She made no reply, and I went to bed; and whatever possessed her, I know no more than the child unborn, but I hadn't been in bed many minutes, before she rushed into the room, and pulled me, bed, bedstead and all, slap into the middle of the floor! Lord bless you, Sir! chairs, tables, pokers, fenders, fire shovels, nothing came amiss to her! she heaped them upon me like fury; and as soon as I could disentangle myself from amongst them, she flew at me, tore my shirt off my back, and there was I scampering about stark naked—saving your Worship's presence—and she smacking me round and round the room with a fire shovel! only think, your Worship, of being smacked with a fire shovel! would any *good* wife do that, I should like to know? I cried murder! and the neighbours coming tumbling in, she was stopped in her career, and I got some of them to sit up with me all night."

The poor man was so oppressed with his recollections of that horrible night, that he could get no further. He continued to hold up the tattered remnants of his shirt reduced to a mere shred, and to dwell upon the shocking details of the fire shovel operation; so that, after all, it was left to other witnesses to describe the immediate affair which brought them before the Magistrate.

By the testimony of these persons, it appeared that

she had spent the whole of that day (Monday) in what she called *looking up* her husband, but which was in fact, raising a riot about the house of his employer, Mr. Weiss, the extensive cutler in Durham-street; and that upon his earnestly requesting her to go home, she seized him by his neckcloth, and threw him on the floor, and would have strangled him, had he not been extricated by the united strength of three or four men.

Mrs. Scarsfield had nothing to say in her defence, except that her husband was an idle fellow, who wanted “looking up,” and that he beat her as often as she beat him.

The Magistrate ordered that she should find bail to keep the peace, and in default, she was committed to prison. As the officers were taking her away, her husband offered her some silver—“Here, Mary, love,” said he—“put this money in your pocket—may be you’ll want it.”—“You be d—d and your money too,” replied Mary, love, and snapping her fingers in his face, she passed on to her cell.

TO MR. ———,

Who puts over his door, PEN and QUILL MANUFACTURER.

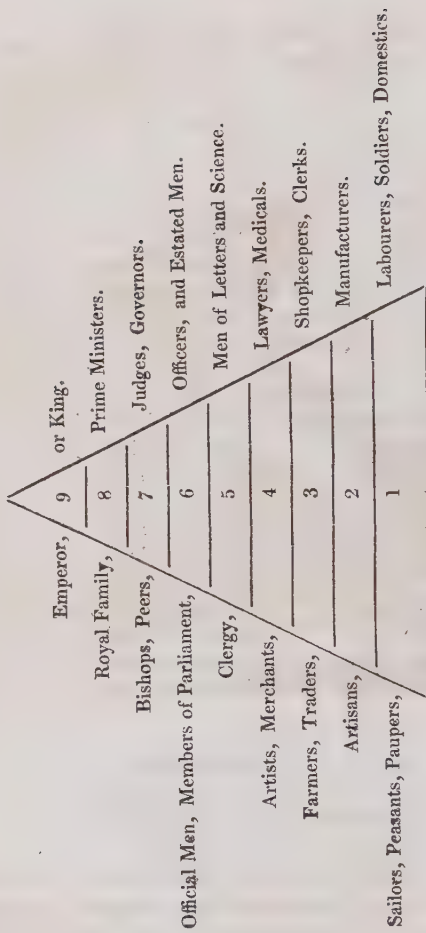
You put upon your door, and in your bills,
You’re manufacturer of *pens* and *quills*;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride—
Your *pens* are better far than most I’ve tried;
But for the *quills*, your words are somewhat loose—
Who *manufactures quills*, must be a goose.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

BY LORD BYRON.

BUT lo ! a Congress ? What, that hallowed name
 Which freed the Atlantic ? May we hope the same
 For outworn Europe ? With the sound arise,
 Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
 The prophets of young Freedom, summoned far
 From climes of Washington and Bolivar ;
 Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
 Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas ;
 And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
 Robed in the lightnings which his hand allayed ;
 And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
 To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
 But *who* compose the senate of the few
 That should redeem the many ? *Who* renew
 This consecrated name, till now assign'd
 To councils held to benefit mankind ?
 Who now assemble at the holy call ?
 The blest Alliance, which says three are all !
 An earthly Trinity ! which wears the shape
 Of heaven's, as man is mimicked by the ape.
 A pious unity ! in purpose one—
 To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
 Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these ;
 Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
 And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
 Cared little, so that they were duly fed :
 But these, more hungry, must have something more—
 The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
 Ah ! how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
 Than we ! for ours are animated logs,
 With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
 And crushing nations with a stupid blow ;
 All dully anxious to leave little work
 Unto the revolutionary stork.

THE PYRAMID OF SOCIETY.



Society, viewed under the geometrical form of a solid *regular* pyramid of equal sides and angles, is seen, in its gradations and dependencies, plainly to indicate that the improvement and elevation of those at the base, must equally raise all those who stand *upon*, and above them; who should strive to vindicate and maintain their position by a proportionate elevation of character, faculty, and conduct.



ON GAMBLING.

RULES FOR GREEKING.

THE ‘*Modern Greek*,’ if he does not possess *all* the attributes of the ancient one, at least lays claim to that quality for which the latter was ever so celebrated, namely, cunning and wariness : and, though he cannot boast much resemblance to Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, or Nestor, in courage, strength, fidelity, or wisdom, he is nevertheless a close copier of the equally renowned and more successful chief of Ithaca. He

is a man *habited* like a gentleman, to be found in most societies, and who subsists by unfair play at cards and dice, and defrauding those with whom he professes intimacy.

The following requisites to form a good 'Greek,' are taken from the mouth of a celebrated professor of the art, who revealed its *mysteries* to a young friend of the Author's, in hopes to convert him into a *practitioner*: but who was *simple* enough to reject the proposition with horror and indignation; nay, carried his *ungentlemanlike* anger so far, as to expose, on every occasion, the man who thus kindly *enlightened* him.

1. A Greek should resemble a *mole*, and be visible only in the night season.

2. He should speak but seldom, and when he does, he should deprecate *play*, and set forth its dangerous *tendencies*. When his *game* is *marked down*, he should not appear *over-eager* to destroy it; but take special care to inveigle it by allowing some temporary successes before it is *finally hit*.

3. He should at all times, *in private*, practise with cards and dice, in order to give his *digits* a proper degree of *agility*. "No art (said the Professor above alluded to), requires so much practice as *Greekery*. Old as I am, I frequently bungle in *nicking the seven*; nay, even on that night wherein we hit the *Staffordshire Cornet*, I was egregiously clumsy in dealing *that last and decisive* flush which did the business: and had it not been, that he was more taken up with looking at *himself*, than the cards—he must have discovered all!"

4. The Greek should *work (ita dicunt)* with a younger man than himself, who was *once* a *pigeon*, but has since been *enlightened*, and will not *peach*; consequently is an excellent *decoy* to others.

5. The Greek should ascertain *well* the property of the *pigeon* he intends to *pluck*, before he commences operations: but when that *necessary ceremony* has taken place, it behoves him to affect the utmost liberality as to *time*, &c. nay, even to proffer pecuniary assistance; by which, if accepted, it is probable he will obtain a *legal security*, and can fasten on his prey when he pleases.

6. He should have had *once* the rank of Captain, which will be of great use in introducing him into society; and, if any *regimental speculation* should unpleasantly be brought on the carpet, he must place his hand on the *left side* of his breast (*not the right*), and declaim loudly against the calumny of the world; taking care to bluster not a little, and bring forward the account of that *unhappy officer*, at

“*Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where!*”

whom he *oblig'd* to *pink* in a duel, &c. &c.

7. The Greek should give frequent dinner parties, and have *particular wine* for *particular companies*.—He should be able to bear a quantity of that beverage himself, and know how to appear to drink, when in reality passing the bottle.—He should at all times, when a grand hit is *not* intended, refuse to permit play of any kind taking place in his house.—On a *decisive night* he should appear to be *drunk* before any one else in the society, and should let his *decoy*, or *partner*, *pluck* the *pigeon*, whilst he himself is supposed to be an equal loser to some one present (*of course*), a confederate.

8. The Greek should not be afraid to fight a duel—must be able to bully if required, and, in desperate cases, such as *peaching*, &c. not *object* to assassination.

9. Greeks meeting unexpectedly, should concert private signals in the corner of the apartment.—Fingers are admirable at whist, or other games of cards, and may, by dexterous performers, be so managed as to defy the closest scrutiny, and appear to be naturally pliant, when, in fact, their movements will decide the fate of a rubber.

The following account of divers sorts of false or fraudulent cards and dice, may serve as a warning to the juvenile gamesters of the metropolis :—

Marked cards are those where the aces, kings, queens, and knave, are marked on the corners of the backs, with spots of different number and order, either with clear water, or water tinged with pale Indian ink, that those in the secret may distinguish them. Aces are marked with single spots on two corners opposite, diagonally; kings with two spots at the same corners; knaves with the same number transversed, &c.

Brief cards are those which are either longer or broader than the rest, chiefly used at whist and piquet.

The *broad cards* are usually for kings, queens, knaves, and aces; the *long* for the rest. Their design is to direct the cutting, to enable him in the secret to cut the cards disadvantageously to his adversary, and draw the person unacquainted with the fraud, to cut them favourably for the sharper. As the pack is placed either end ways or sideways to him that is to cut, the long or broad cards naturally lead him to cut to them. Brief cards are sometimes made thus by the manufacturer, but in defect of these, sharpeners pare all but the briefs, with a razor or a pen-knife.

Corner bend denotes four cards turned down finely at one corner, to serve as a signal to cut by.

Middle-bend, or Kingston-bridge, is where the tricks

are bent two different ways, which cause an opening or arch in the middle, to direct likewise the cutting.

With respect to *dice*, sharpers have various ways of fraud, viz.—1. by sticking a hog's bristle into them, so as to make them run high or low, as they please; 2. by drilling and loading them with quicksilver, which trick is discovered by holding them gently between two diagonal corners, when, if false, the heavy side will turn downwards; 3. by filing them. But all these methods fall far short of the arts of the dice makers, some of whom are so dexterous, that sharpening gamesters will give any money for such dice. It is supposed that dice were invented by Palamedes, at the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the officers and soldiers.

ANECDOTE OF CREBILLON.

CREBILLON was unfortunate in his family. His wife was suspected of infidelity, and his son was licentious in his writings and in his conduct. His enemies gave out that his plays were written by a brother of his, who was a clergyman. As a proof of this, they said that his brother at his death had finished four acts of *Catiline*, and that Crebillon himself was obliged to add the fifth, which is very inferior to the rest, and condemned the play. One day he was saying in a company in which his son was present, "I have done two things in my life which I shall always repent—my *Catiline* and my son." "And yet, Sir," said his son, "there are many persons who affirm, that you are the author of neither."

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

POET-LAUREAT, AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER," &c. &c.

Dignus auribus Principis—HORAT.

HERE lies our good Laureat, whom *Byron* has sent hence,
Without any time for "a death-bed repentance*,"
Of his Sapphics, so cruelly mangled by *Canning*—
So safely remov'd both from sense and from scanning†;
(For our Laureat dealt largely in Sapphics seditious‡,
Before he got scent of the loaves and the fishes),
Or his Botany Eclogues, from which one would swear
That the Poet had learnt his morality there§.
Poor Joan|| ever doom'd to be burnt in our ire,
Once more by all England condemn'd to the fire.
Sure *Southey*, like *Bedford*, was born for thy curse,
And we burn thee again, to atone for his verse.

Next *Thalaba* came, that self-slaying destroyer,
Of readers and conjurors too the annoyer;
Let him murder magicians, and all their relations,
But why did he murder our rhyme¶ and our patience?

Then *Madoc's* adventures so oddly were sung,
You'd think they were told in his own native tongue**.

* A favourite phrase of the worthy Laureat.

† "Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities."—See Mr. Canning's Parody on Mr. Southey's Dactyls.

‡ Not only in "Seditious Sapphics," but in divers kinds of verse "without a name," happily unknown to English Poetry, before Mr. Southey.

§ "Botany Bay Eclogues," written in the Laureat's youth, full of thefts and theories worthy of the *Bay*, though the poetry is not.

|| "Joan of Arc," Mr. S. says, was written in six weeks. It may be so—it is easier to *write* than to *read* such an epic.

¶ "Thalaba the Destroyer," a hotch-potch of all the measures in the English (and a few more) without rhyme. The catastrophe is precisely that of Tom Thumb.

** "Madoc," a moral quarto, in which whatever is good for any

For the Curse of *Kehama*, one cannot help dreading it,
The curse is so cursedly felt in the reading it.

Then a Monarch of Spain—how strange he should blast one!
For though he's a *Goth*, he might surely have past one,
Since he is (*the Belov'd* not excepted) the *last* one*,

But as soon as our bard got attach'd to the Crown,
He try'd to sing up what he used to sing down;—
One day *Bribery's* slave, and the next it's reviler,
Praising *Castlereagh* now, and now praising *Wat Tyler*†.
To Constraint and Corruption now bidding defiance,
And now lauding the deeds of the Holy Alliance‡.
Enduring the scorn of all England most martyrly,
Secure that his sores would be lick'd by *The Quarterly*.

Then forth came that Letter, or crack "branding iron,"
Which the Laureat so cackles about to Lord *Byron*§.
That Letter so famous, in which he advances
Truths such as you find in the Spanish Romances,
Traduced by our Bard, who contriv'd, in abridging all,
To make one, *for shortness*, desire the original.

Next like some "obscene birds" of his feather, he flew
To prey on the stain of thy field, *Waterloo*!!

thing is stolen without acknowledgment from Robertson's History of America, whose elegant prose Mr. Southey has *traduced* into barbarous blank, in applying all the striking incidents in the story of Columbus, to a buccaneering Welsh Chieftain of the 12th century.

* "Roderick the Last of the Goths."

† "Wat Tyler" was published about the time that Mr. S. suffered the Laurel — which gave rise to some edifying and curious contrasts of his new and old opinions.

‡ Mr. S. is guilty of sundry Odes to the Holy Alliance, &c. &c.

§ "Letter to W. Smith, Esq. M. P. from R. Southey, Esq." of the contents of which most of our readers are in a state of happy ignorance—for the publisher, Mr. Murray is the only person who suffered from Mr. S.'s "branding iron." It was said of Joe Manton's guns, that they were not *sold*, but *given away*. As much might Mr. Murray say of this famous Letter,—except that nothing of the Laureat's resembles the said Joe's in readiness *to go off*.

|| "A Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo," in which Mr. S. clearly explains Dryden's bull—"twice he slew the slain."

Then return'd to o'ershade, with his sad gratulation,
 An event that awak'd all the hopes of a Nation—*
 And surely the Laureat alone could have told it,
 In rhymes, that had *Sternhold* himself out-Sternholded.

Then *Byron* and *Juan* eternally lamming him,
 Play'd the devil with him—so he set about damning him ;
 And if to his foes or his friends he a grudge meant,
 What could he do worse than his *Vision of Judgment* !

But 'twas fit that this model of tergiversation,
 Who began in sedition, should end in damnation.
 To atone for all this, what must now be his lot ?
 Shall he, " lie," like his Works, " in obstruction, and rot ?"
 No—let him be punished by quitting his urn to
 See all the " vile uses" they're sure to return to.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

MR. SHERIDAN was the chief mourner at Mr. Garrick's funeral. Mr. Sheridan's comedy of *The School for Scandal* was acted at Drury-lane Theatre the evening Mrs. Garrick died ; and on the same night, perhaps at the very moment when she breathed her last, the following lines, written by George Colman, were delivered from the stage by Mr. Terry :—

" Alas ! how vainly will our modern fry
 Strive with the old leviathans to vie !
 How forcibly comparison provoke,
 With lines that Johnson writ and Garrick spoke."

* A right melancholy " Lay of the Laureat," inflicted on the occasion of the nuptials of the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold.

LITERARY POACHERS, RADICALISM, &c.

BENBOW, the once flaming Radical, who called himself *vox populi*, and kept a shop at the corner of St. Clement's Church-yard, for the sale of two-penny trash and seditious caricatures—he who, when food became cheap, and sheer radicalism went out like the snuff of a candle,—stinking in the nostrils, even of the very multitude, took upon himself the office of pander to the said multitude — administering to its evil passions, by supplying it with cheap obscenity, in the shape of “*Rambler's Magazines*,” “*Faublas' Adventures*,” &c. &c. — this man, this ex-radical, this male b—d, this *Benbow*, was brought before the Magistrate, charged *pro forma*, with publishing books without the Printer's name, but *de facto*, with poaching upon the literary property of others ; and what is still more unique and *comme il faut*, the principal witness against him was a brother *Rad* — the identical little red-headed, dirty-faced, vast-mouthed, snub-nosed, negro-lipped, broad-brimmed, bellowing, sweaty young Quaker, who used to carry Mister Hunt's scarlet tin pudding-cup cap of liberty before him to the Westminster election, every morning, with a great flaming bunch of blood-red ribbons pinned upon his battered whitey-brown shallow ;— in short, my good friend, “*Mister Dugdale*,” as Mr. Hunt delighted to call him.—Oh ! you real *Rads*, you are rare fellows ! — prevent their preying upon the public, and they will devour each other.

The information to which Benbow was now called upon to plead, was laid by Mr. James Power, the

Music-seller in the Strand, charging him, the said Benbow, with having printed and published a certain book, called, "Melodies Irish and National, by Thomas Moore," without having set forth the name of the Printer therein, whereby he had incurred a penalty of twenty pounds, under the statute of 39 Geo. III. cap. 75, sec. 27.

Mr. Power, it seems, purchased the copyright of "Moore's Melodies," at an expence of nearly 4000*l.*, and they were no sooner published than Master Benbow lays hold of a copy, strikes off a cheap edition, with a *radical lie* in the title-page, setting forth that it is printed at *Pisa*, by one *Erasmus Perchina*, and gluts the market with them at two shillings a-piece, before Mr. Power can well turn himself round.

Mr. Clarke, the Solicitor, (of Craven-street), appeared in support of the information; and the first witness he called was *William Dugdale*, the dirty little sham-Quaker above described. He came forward as dirty as ever; but, before he was sworn, Mr. Cooper, the Barrister, begged to put a few questions to him touching his faith.

"You are about to be sworn, Sir," said Mr. Cooper, "upon the Evangelists, and I wish to ask you whether you believe in them?"

The standard-bearer hesitated a moment, and then said, "I don't think it a fair question at all."

Mr. Cooper appealed to the Magistrates; and they decided that it was not only a *fair* question, but a very proper one; whereupon the standard-bearer said, if the question was repeated he would *try* to answer it.

Mr. Cooper repeated the question—"You are about to be sworn upon the Evangelists: do you believe in the revelation by them promulgated?"

“You mean—do I believe in the divinity of CHRIST?” said the standard-bearer inquiringly.

“I will put the question in another way,” replied Mr. Cooper,—“Do you believe that, having kissed that book in witness of the truth, you would incur a greater punishment by speaking falsely than you otherwise would have done?”

“Certainly not,” replied the greasy little standard-bearer—“I should have no fear of any other punishment than that which the *law* provides for perjury. My kissing that book would not influence me either way—as to whether I should speak truth or falsehood; but I would speak truly for my *character’s* sake.”

Mr. Cooper now contended that the evidence of this witness could not be received, after the declaration he had made; and the Magistrates being of the same opinion, the solicitor for the prosecution said he was not at all desirous of pressing the evidence of a man who professed such tenets. So the little sham-Quaker, much to the satisfaction of his brother *Rad*, was told he might go about his business.

The Magistrate—“I wish to ask Mr. Clarke whether there is any thing immoral in the work?”

Mr. Clarke replied there was not. Mr. Power’s only motive in laying this information, was the protection of his own property; the copyright of the work in question having cost him nearly 4000*l*.

Mr. Cooper—That has nothing at all to do with the present question. If Mr. Power has suffered in his pocket by the act of Mr. Benbow, that may be ground for civil action, but it cannot be of any weight here.

Mr. Clarke replied, that according to the affidavits of Mr. Benbow, already alluded to, he was in a state

of actual insolvency, and therefore it was idle to talk of a civil action against such a man.

The Magistrate having conferred with his colleagues on the bench, said the defendant must discontinue the sale of the work, as it was a direct invasion of the property of another person. He had declared his determination of discontinuing it, and upon that consideration he would mitigate the penalty to ten pounds instead of twenty pounds.

Benbow then prayed for a fortnight to pay it in ; but he was told he was at the mercy of the informant, at whose request a warrant to levy might immediately issue.

ACCUSTOMING BY DEGREES.

CRAMER, the excellent leader of the royal band, had long wished to have a black man to beat the kettle drum. His Majesty, who has an unconquerable antipathy to blacks being near his person, opposed the desire of the leader. At last Cramer appointed to the kettle-drum a person who, though an European, has a complexion that, at a short distance, would render the quarter of the world where he was born a matter of doubt. On the first night of this swarthy gentleman's appearance in his new office, His Majesty, when he entered the music-room, seemed at first startled and displeased, but after approaching a little nearer, he called Cramer to him—"I see, Sir," said the King, "you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

DAVID JONES; OR, WINE AND WORSTED.

HUGH MORGAN, cousin of that Hugh
 Whose cousin was the Lord knows who,
 Was likewise, as the story runs,
 Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
 David, well stored with classic knowledge,
 Was sent betimes to Jesus College;
 Paternal bounty left him clear
 For life one hundred pounds a-year;
 And Jones was deemed another Cræsus
 Among the Commoners of Jesus.
 It boots not here to quote tradition,
 In proof of David's erudition;—
 He could unfold the mystery high,
 Of Paulo-posts, and verbs in μ ;
 Scan Virgil, and, in mathematics,
 Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
 All Oxford hail'd the youth's *ingressus*,
 And wond'ring Welshman cried "Cot pless us!"
 It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
 Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,
 And from his erudite relation
 Receiv'd a written invitation.
 Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
 And ask'd for Jones;—the porter stared!
 "Jones! Sir," quoth he, "discriminate,
 Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."
 "Aye, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh;
 Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."
 "Cot's flesh!" cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,
 My David Jones wears worsted stockings!"
 Quoth porter, "Which it is, Heaven knows,
 For all the eight wear worsted hose."
 "My Cot!" says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine
 With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
 "That one word 'wine' is worth a dozen,"
 Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin;

The wine has stood you, Sir, in more stead
Than David, or the hose of worsted ;
You'll find your friend at number nine—
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

THE KING AT HOME;

OR, MATHEWS AT CARLTON PALACE.

PREVIOUS to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments by command of His Majesty at Carlton-palace.—A select party of not more than six or eight persons were present, including the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment, (with which the King appeared much delighted) Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the *Stranger*, when he was interrupted by the King, who in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous,—“He is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine, observed His Majesty; when I was Prince of Wales he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble, said the good-humoured monarch. May I request your attention,” said the King to his attendants, peers and lords, who stood near the sofa on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose, and prefaced his imitations by

observing, "I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose, placed my box on the table before him, saying, "Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff." He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here His Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble), I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but, in future, do extend your Royal Jaws a little wider, and say Oblige." The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the king and the scholar. Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning's ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble Earl were closely engaged at some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in the carriage, at the door, (it being very cold weather); at length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the Earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, at intervals, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come; and, fellow, do you in future say 'tism."

VACATION REMINISCENCES ;

OR, WHIG OPERATIONS UP TO EASTER.

Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."

A PACK of hounds of Whiggish breed, who sought to get their
name up,

And throw off in gallant style whene'er they put the game up,
At Brookes's met, to form their plans, "*In vulgum voces spargere*"—
Not *Brookes's Club*, as heretofore, but *Brookes's great Menagerie*.

Bow, wow, wow,

Tol de riddle, tol de riddle, bow, wow, wow.

When "loaves and fishes" found the only object of the chase, Sir,
No dogs had better noses, or could go a better pace, Sir;
And all excell'd in "giving tongue" whene'er they took their
station,

To growl about the grievances of this *unhappy* nation.

Bow, wow, wow.

Small Bennett, Lushington, and Wood, engaged to raise the
ghost of

A certain Royal Funeral, already made the most of;
While Wilson, in his grief at being laid upon the shelf, Sir,
Thought the most important subject for discussion was—*Himself*, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Says Joseph Hume, "Though Croker's cuts have made an alter'd
man o' me,

"I'll still be foremost in the throng for preaching up economy;
I'll hunt down all the charges in our armies and our navies"—
And "*I will be your whipper-in*," cries gallant Colonel Davies.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Curwen would repeal the tax on tallow, cheese, or leather.

Says Calcraft, "I've a better plan, and let us pull together;

"Vansittart means to ease the *malt*, so let us work, the *salt-tax*—

"If *salt* should be the word with *him*—why then we'll try the
malt-tax."

Bow, wow, wow.

Young Normanby—surprising change!—the motley party graces,
And wars against his flesh and blood, to prate at useless places;
And Hobhouse swears, that every place and placeman he will
bark at,

Except the First Commissioner for Nabob's Debts at *Arcot*.

Bow, wow, wow.

There's Joseph Yorke, while he a Lord of Admiralty flourish'd,
No patriotic schemes of close retrenchment ever nourish'd;
But since, O most unlucky day! his "*stern was to the Board-*
room,"

He *sternly* vows for *idle Lords* we cannot *now* afford room.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Calvert, who, of course, opposes all *unfair monopolies*,
Steps forth to regulate the sale of *bread* in the metropolis.

"The poor," says he, "shall never have their quartern loaf too
dear, Sir,

"If they will only hold their tongues about the *price of beer*, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Says Creevey, "I must needs confess, when I was at the India
Board,

"I ne'er did much but read the news, or loll upon the window-
board;

"But since my hopes of lolling there again are all demolish'd,

"I'll prove the whole concern so bad, it ought to be abolish'd!

Bow, wow, wow.

"I care not who," says Lawyer Brougham, "from place or pension
budes;

"What salaries ye lower, so ye leave alone the Judges;

"Who knows but I, by chance, may be hereafter for the Bench
meant,

"Then *that* is surely not a proper object for retrenchment."

Bow, wow, wow.

"'Tis wisely said," George Tierney cries, who to the last had
tarried;

"Too far by patriotic feelings some of ye are carried;

"Economy 'tis very well at times to snarl and bite for,
 "But have a care, lest bye and bye, there's *nothing left to
 fight for.*"

Bow, wow, wow.

But spite of Tierney, they have things and notices in plenty, too,
 To keep the *mountain* pack at work till June, or July, twenty-two;
 And there's no doubt they'll do as much to serve the grateful
 nation,
 As they had done before they parted for the *short vacation.*

Bow, wow, wow.

When last we left the mountain pack enjoying Easter's jolly days,
 We followed up their sport until it ended with their holidays;
 And now again their "privilege" we hope 'twill be no treason,
 To track their steps throughout the dull remainder of the season.

Bow, wow, wow.

George Tierney is a cunning dog, and prudently does think it
 The wisest to *run mute*, and when a question rises, blink it;
 To bunglers he has left it to "give tongue" and talk prophetics;
 To Hume in figures, Cam in Greek, and Bennet in pathetics.

Bow, wow, wow.

Brougham vents a loud complaint, that royal influence increases,
 And holds the Members of the House should give up all their
 places;
 But shifting Master Harry, pray which way would interest turn
 you,
 If George the Fourth forthwith was pleased to *make you his
 Attorney?*

Bow, wow, wow.

Says Jarvy Sefton, "I've a charming little job in *petto*,
 "From Salford's ancient County Court some modern foes to
 get, O!
 "Just help me through with that, and I'll cry *Aye* to all your
 movements,
 "For war, the plague, economy, or any great improvements."

Bow, wow, wow.

Sir Francis Burdett next appears, once idol of the people,
Who says, the thought of raising rents should never make men
sleep ill ;

For though so sure a patriot, his gains he would increase, Sir,
And does not care if quartern loaves five shillings were a piece, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

But what a noble stir he made on Hunt's incarceration,
Because his name he holds in such exalted estimation ;
He always, to be sure, has shewn his favour and affection,
As witness how he prais'd him at the Westminster Election.

Bow, wow, wow.

Says bridegroom Coke, " For speaking in the House, I've lost my
head, Sir,

" But never mind, I'll tell you what I mean to do instead, Sir ;
" I'll work as hard as I'm allowed by Anne, and the Physicians,
" And send you once a week, at least, a *bag full of petitions*."

Bow, wow, wow.

Says Gaffer Western, " Though we once, among our many whimsies,
" Cried out with all our might for gold, and grumbled at the
" *' flimsies ;'*

" Since Ministers now pay in cash, and think to cut a caper,
" We'll turn about and badger them, to *pay again in paper*."

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Johnny Russell made a speech, and some of it was pointed
too,

About " Reform in Parliament," and " state of things in ninety-
two ;"

But though 'twas call'd a sharp harangue, and he had clearly read
for't,

He never spoke of throwing open Tavistock or Bedford.

Bow, wow, wow.

Dull Joseph Hume, the stupidest of all the northern doctors,
Fell foul, in his good natured-way, of Royal droits and proctors ;
And hoped that then five thousand pounds at least disbursed had
been, Sir,

To satisfy some Captain's claims who—*votes for Aberdeen*, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Court'ney moved, and others thought they could not do better,

Than vote a *breach of privilege*, a certain printed letter ;
But when they had it's writer up, as all reporters teach, Sir,
The House forgot its *privilege*, and only shew'd its *breach*, Sir !

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Abercromby gentle, seized with one of Quixote's phrenzies,
Sets off post-haste in chaise and four, to call out Lawyer Menzies ;
But when he got to Ferry-bridge, he longed to join the pack again,
So after dinner, he and Althorpe ordered horses back again !

Bow, wow, wow.

Wise Scarlett, who is just your man, to brow-beat, poze, or plead,
Sir,

Produced a Poor Bill, which, 'tis said, was very *poor indeed*, Sir ;
And Denman spoke when he'd been made a Serjeant in the morning,

And what he said, betrayed that he'd been dining at the Horn Inn.

Bow, wow, wow.

While Whitbread, Calvert, Buxton, all kept up the price of beer,
Sir,

Young Yellow Lambton seemed to think the poor were charged too dear, Sir ;

But though he loves his countrymen, he'd not, to save their souls,
Sir,

Make any alteration in the *present price of Coals*, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Grèy Bennett having got a list of members holding places,
Began to foam of hospitals and of ophthalmic cases ;

When "scissars cut as well as knives," when patients should take blue pills,

This oratory—"all my *eye*"—the dullest *he* of *pupils*.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then as for Davies, Lennard, Ellis, Hutchinson, and Creevey,
Ricardo, Williams, Curwen, Smith, or Moses Bernal Levi ;

They've done as much as smirking Rice, or Thanet's Pat Cannon,

Or gaiter'd Michael Angelo, or stiff-neck'd Lord Dungannon.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Mackintosh (poor Gerald's friend), who doles out legal knowledge

Three times a week to guinea pigs, at *Haileybury College*,
Conceiv'd the Penal Laws too hard on rogues of all descriptions,
From those who only rob, to those who—*carry off subscriptions*.

Bow, wow, wow.

Great Mathew Wood, a citizen, who never can be idle,
Brought forward as a mighty bit—the case of Jailor Bridle ;
Of sev'ral other things he spoke—the brightest *he* of members—
But what they were, nor you, nor I, nor any one remembers.

Bow, wow, wow.

At length then for the present, there's an end to all their labours,
The *mountain pack* are now let loose, to howl it with their neighbours ;

And so we bid them thus adieu, until the next campaign, Sir,
When, if they *bark*, or *snap*, or *bite*, we'll *whip 'em in again*, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

ODD numbers seem to have been much regarded, particularly the number 3, as having a beginning, a middle, and an end. The adoption of this number probably arose from the Trinity, and is generally made use of as follows :—If the eyes were sore, they were washed 3 times ; if a potion was given it was at 3 times ; if sacrifices, the priests sprinkle 3 times ; in the Salian dance, they beat the ground 3 times ; in execrations, they spat 3 times upon the earth ; Jupiter's thunderbolt had 3 forks ; the trident of Neptune had 3 prongs ; Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, had 3 heads ; the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod, the 3

legs of which, signified the knowledge of the god, as distinguished by the past, the present, and the future ; there were likewise 3 Paræ, 3 furies, and 3 several capacities to the sun, as Sol, Apollo, and Liber ; there were 3 capacities also to the moon, as Hecate, Diana, and Luna ; the Sabians prayed 3 times a day ; and many nations in performing acts of adoration bow 3 times ; in this country, people are dipped in holy water 3 times ; and diseases were cured by 3 circumlocutions ; in approaching royalty, it is customary to bow 3 times, one on entering the presence-chamber, one half way to the Sovereign, and one at the foot of the throne ; Shakespeare in *Macbeth* has 3 witches, and their dances have been generally performed 3 times, or 3 times 3 ; Gay in his fourth pastoral also alludes to this number.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Stern Tyranny ! to thee
 Who walk'st the world in vengeance o'er,
 With haughty stride, and hand distained with gore,
 Let others bow the knee.
 Spirit of thoughts and deeds divine,
 Whatever holier name be thine,
 I bend before thy sacred shrine,
 Great Goddess of the Free !
 Those, whom the daring Greek adored,
 When bursting from his bonds he breathed
 A curse on Kings—and proudly wreathed
 The myrtle round his sword.
 Achaia, say,
 Oh ! where are they,

The heroes of thine olden time—
The men of iron heart and hand,
Who sanctified their native land,
The children of thy prime !
And thou, the wide world's Empress say,
Hast thou, too, Roma, pass'd away ?
No yet, bright spark of former spirit,
To thy descendants hath descended,
To mingle with a name so splendid.
What do thy crouching sons inherit ?
Thy holy mockery of vile foes !
And still, oh still ! must there remain
The Bigot's scourge—the Austrian's chain—
To bow the heritors of those
Whom Cæsar bowed in vain !
Oh ! for a strain that had the power
To make the mighty just—
To dim the dogmas of the hour,
And teach Kings they are dust !
Unvarnished Despot of the North,
Must thou be ever hurrying forth
Thy desolating horde !
Good God of the great Universe,
Strike down these desolators—curse
The empire of the sword !
And thou too, strife-created thing,
Whom man's ambitious toil alone
Made, for thy little knowledge, known,
Who call'st thyself a King—
Thou bead-recounting drowsy drone—
Thou scepter'd puppet on a throne—
Must thou too lift thy palsied hand,
Weak dotard ! with the vain pretence
To crush a creed thy sluggish sense
Can never understand ?
Oh how, then gracious Heaven ! durst he
Whose spirit is too gross to know
Aught that is great or good below—
Whose trampling foot would spurn the free,
Lift up his impious eye to thee !

THE MASK-MAKER.

I NEED not, in the present refined age, when *bashfulness* and *modesty* are the prevailing features of society, dilate upon the antiquity and usefulness of Masks; they are, I assure you, in great request by all orders and conditions.

Masks have been in use from the earliest periods of Dramatic History, but mine are calculated for general purposes, and will be found essential to all orders and conditions. First, I have a charming *complaisant* looking mask, with an undetermined inclination of the lips, that is wholly undefinable.—This I call the *Interesting Mask*, and particularly recommend to the notice of young ladies just making their *entrée* into the world of fashion. A little secret spring attached to one corner of the mouth, will enable them to return the ogling smile of some sprig of fashion with the most enchanting effect, whilst that side of the face next to their mamma maintains its original serenity. Men-milliners, perfumers, and delicate objects of the dandy species, may also apply them with advantage, as they prevent any rude shock to their very tremulous nerves.

The *Evangelical Mask*, with lank hair, combed smoothly over the forehead, and the white of the eyes turned upwards, was discovered by that prince of humbugs, John W—l-y, and is said to have been originally modelled on a bust of the arch impostor Mahomet; it was formerly designated the *Ranting Mask*, afterwards called the *Puritanical Mask*, and was much used during the Commonwealth.—In later

times it has been designated the *Methodistical Mask*, and as hypocrisy increased in numbers, obtained the softened appellation of the *Evangelical*.—By the use of this mask, one half the families in the metropolis are humbugged; some out of their hard-earned savings, under pretence of building chapels for broken down tinkers and lath-renders, &c. to preach in; or for missionaries to civilize *uninhabited islands*; for love feasts, and bible societies; others out of their wits, by the incantations and mysteries of bigotry.—There is more danger to be apprehended from the too general and *increasing* use of this mask, than from the radical open-mouthed mask—the mask of patriotism, or Cobbett's well-known mask of infamy.

The *Bacchanalian Mask* is of priestly origin, and was first used to celebrate the feasts of Apollo, when the wily pastors got intoxicated with the wine which was offered by the ignorant multitude as libations to the god.—Thespis, an actor, exposed the cheat in his rude dramatic representations: the jolly ruby-nosed mask was laid aside, for those of humility and deception. This mask was afterwards introduced into Italy by that genuine and legitimate son of comedy Mr. Punchenello, in whose family it remained for near a century, and was, by some of his descendants introduced here, when it was purchased for the use of the Right Worshipful the Aldermanic Body of the Metropolis. No person, under the age of forty, or of less stature than five feet nine inches, or without an ample fortune, should presume to wear this mask; short men, with bilberry noses, of the vermillion and Prussian blue varieties, are very apt to pop their proboscis in other people's faces, which is, in many respects, very disagreeable; but to a comely tall citizen, who can

take his three bottles, and eat six pounds of substantial, these masks are particularly becoming. Sir William Curtis, the father of the city, has worn one many years.

EPISTLE

FROM MR. BULL TO HIS COUSIN IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR COZ—I'm delighted to see you so gay,
 But well it may be, while it's all your own way;—
Agricult'ral distress now's no longer the cry,
 County meetings are *farcies*, when prices are high—
 And you farmers exclaim—"Now *the thing's working well!*"
 Tho' it comes rather late, when you've *nothing to sell!*
 The *Session* so glorious now draws to a close,
 All settled so smoothly, there's nought to oppose:
 The wrongs of poor Ireland were grievous they saw,
 So free from all justice, so loaded with law;
 So fertile in grain, which, tho' starving, they see
 Exported to pamper the fat *absentee!*
 A Senate so virtuous, so wise, and so good,
 Resolv'd to step forth, and do all that it could;
 To consider the matter, to weigh and discuss,
 And probe to the bottom the cause of this fuss:
 About and about it, some talked and some wept,
 While, till the division, a great number slept:
 But forty-nine nights out of eighty, they gave
 To *talking of Pat*—what the deuce would he have!
 Then the laws so oppressive and galling before,
 They thought might be mended by giving them more,
 With troops—for 'twas clear that the evil was riot,
 And cutting of throats always makes people quiet!
 Well Coz, you may chuckle, for what would you wish us?
 Could aught be more just, more humane or judicious!
 For Ireland and Scotland, and England also,
 All the good they have done—that you never shall know!

No matters too small, for they've run thro' the scale,
 And in Council profound, brew'd a new sort of ale.
 A Beer "*intermediate*," which Brewers deplore,
 Conceiving, no doubt, it was *middling* before !
 But what are these blessings, thus shower'd upon her,
 Compar'd to the country's high credit and honour,
 Which their love of neutrality, slavery and peace,
 Has maintain'd for Great Britain in Spain and in Greece?
 Lovely Greece ! the congenial and prolific clime
 Of all that's heroic, enchanting, sublime !—
 Co-heirs of the Cross, when they come as a suitor,
 We nobly declare that we mean to be neuter :
Christianity, Liberty, all we disclaim,
 And make no common cause with these brave sons of fame !
 Tho' such conduct, magnanimous, some people shocks,
 You're pleas'd, for you've peace, and you've funds in the Stocks.
 Then while we've *the Debt*, you may well place reliance
 On your *neutral friends* and their *Holy Alliance*,
 The *Muscovite Czar*, and the meek-hearted *Turban*,
 The *Petticoat-maker*, the *Bobadil Bourbon* !
 Laud the Gods for such friends—let your prayers never cease
 For the men who enslave, and then say we're *at peace* !

THE BOOT-MAKER.

BARRIER V. BARRIER.

MRS. MARY ANNE BARRIER was brought up, among other prisoners, from St. Martin's watch-house, to which dismal place she had been consigned by her spouse, Mr. Benjamin Barrier, on a charge—or rather charges—of having cruelly beaten him, the said Benjamin ;—of having, moreover, threatened utterly to annihilate all that was annihilatable of him ;—and also with having, with malice *prepense*, demolished the windows

of his employer, and attempted to knock down his employer's wife, with a certain weapon called a boot-tree.

Mr. Benjamin Barrier is a tall young man, of atrabilarious aspect, and he was once a flourishing master boot-maker. Two years ago he fell in love with, and married the lady who now bears his name—a lady, with “a little body, but a mighty heart;” something younger than himself, and nearly half his height. It so happened, that their honey-moon was a short one—indeed, it ought rather to be called a honey fortnight; for, after the seventh day, the honey began to evaporate, and before the expiration of the fourteenth, it was all gone; or if any little remained, it was converted into gall and bitterness. Mr. Barrier was a quiet unassuming man, who loved his pipe and his pot in quiet, and Mrs. Barrier was a woman who abhorred pipes and pots, and affected style. Her parents had lived in gentlemen's families, and therefore she must live genteel, let the consequences be what they might,—she hated low life. So she cut a dash whilst he smoked his pipe; and the consequence was, that Mr. Barrier, in one short twelvemonth, was cut down from a flourishing master boot-maker to a mere journeyman maker of boots. He reflected on this altered state of his affairs—reflection brought remorse—remorse brought hatred—and hatred soon separated him from Mrs. Barrier. Since their separation their rows have been frequent; for Mr. Barrier—what with vexation and smoking, was unable to make good the sums he agreed upon for her separate maintenance, and she never failed to rate him soundly for his want of punctuality. She even brought him before the Magistrate, some two or three

months ago, and there charged him with having deserted her, through his inordinate love of stewed giblets and gooseberry tarts!—a charge which she totally failed to substantiate. Upon that occasion, however, she and the parish officers together, compelled him into a bond for her support; and it seems he has since paid it pretty regularly—though, in so doing, he has deprived himself of many a comfortable pipe of Virginia, and as for a drop of any thing beyond a pint of *heavy*, it was “k’vite out of the *kvestion*” with him, as he said. Nevertheless, with all his pinching, there were times when he could not make up her money to the very day. This was the case with him on the preceding evening, when Mrs. Barrier came to him at his employer’s shop, in the Strand, to demand the payment then due to her. Fain would poor Mr. Barrier have crept out of her way, even by hiding himself in a Wellington boot, had it been possible; but it might not be—she had her eye upon him before he was aware of her presence, and he approached her with much the same sort of feelings as a squirrel approaches the jaws of a rattlesnake. He told her, as quietly as man could do, that he was not exactly prepared at that moment, but, that if she——He was about to say, if she would call on the morrow, she should be paid; but before he could finish the sentence, she seized a *last* from the counter, and swung it at his head with such violence, that had it caught him, she would probably have the *last* of him. Luckily he “*donk’d* his head,” and the last went smash through the shop window into the street—demolishing two panes of glass in its way. The noise of the breaking glass brought the mistress into the shop; whereupon Mrs. Barrier seized a *boot-tree*, and

wielding it over her head, she swore she would annihilate her husband, and all who interposed between him and her wrath. The shrieks of the mistress now brought the master into the shop, a crowd gathered round the door, a constable was called in, and, with much ado, Mrs. Barrier was conveyed to the watch-house.

In her defence before the Magistrate, she pleaded *justifiable violence*—her husband being, as she averred, a nasty, dirty, idle, lurking, rascally, good-for-nothing fellow; but his Worship not being satisfied with this defence, ordered that she should find bail to keep the peace.

“Oh! that’s it, is it?” says Mrs. Barrier—“Then here goes!” and so saying, she jumped up “like a cock at a blackberry,” and gave Mr. Barrier such a smack on the cheek, that all the office echoed to the blow. Having achieved this feat, she tripped gaily after the gaoler, nodding her little head, and apparently quite satisfied; whilst Mr. Barrier, poor man, slowly walked away, holding his hand to his face, and ever and anon taking it away again, to see if any of his teeth were in it.

PIRON AND THE BISHOP.

PIRON, coming out of a house, met a Bishop entering, who, observing his rich dress, told Piron that his dress did not suit him. Piron knew the faults of the Prelate, and replied haughtily, “My Lord, neither do you *suit* your dress.”

“ MY NATIVE LAND.”

A PETER-PINDARIC.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.—OVID.

SCOTCHMEN, a patriotic band,
Like most of all their native land,
Some say—and some believe it—
But others venture to declare
That one or two, just here and there,
Like most of all *to leave it!*
Yet even these are loud in praise,
While *southerly* they take their ways;
And as with man and wife, when thus distress'd,
They seem to love each other at a distance—best!

To magnify's a lover's duty,
Who in a drab sees “*Helen's beauty:*”
Yet many charms I own appear,
To *Scotia's* nobler sons most dear—
Many a glorious recollection;
But what I cannot but object,
Is that they pay as much respect
To charms not easy of detection.
They send us gard'ners by the score,
And swear we ne'er saw such before,
And that they're good, is clear;
But if they *there* have *gard'ners* been,
It can't with much surprise be seen,
That they do wonders *here!*
For gard'ners well—but they
Must in their gardens glory—
And now your patience pray,
While I relate a story.

A Scottish Laird to dinner was invited,
(A call by Scotch or English rarely slighted),

When ev'ry luxury the times afford
 Was spread upon the hospitable board:
 But 'mid the cheer, so rich in all its shapes,
 Nothing the Host so valued as his *grapes*.

Good humour reign'd—they pleas'd the *Laird*—
 (Eating much tends to suavify the mood)

But having tasted, he declar'd,

He oft in Scotland had grown full as good.

"What!" cried our Host, with wond'ring stare,

"What, grapes like these in open air?"

"Hout, mon, why not," the *Laird* replied,

"'Tis true, and canna be denied—

Yes, Sir,—ay, full as good as these,

I ken no fact on earth that's truer;

But then, perhaps, I should premeese,

I like my *graps* a little *sou-er*!"

A BOLD STROKE FOR A DINNER.

THERE was a magnificent little personage, in striped cotton trowsers and blue surtout, calling himself "Lieutenant Seaman, of the Honourable East India Company's Foreign Naval Service," brought before G. R. Minshull, Esq., the other night, at the suit of honest Mr. John Jaggers, landlord of the Army and Navy Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane; on a charge of having conspired, with two other persons unknown, to defraud the said Mr. John Jaggers of three pounds of rump-steaks, one pot of porter, two bottles of Sherry, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*.

Lieutenant Seaman, of the Honourable East India Company's Naval Service, was so full of these good things when brought before his Worship, that he could not keep his perpendicular; and every now and

then he came down with a hiccupping lee lurch upon the Magisterial table—

“Stand up, Sir,” said the attending gaoler—“Is that the way to conduct yourself before a Magistrate?”

“*Hiccup!*” replied Lieutenant Seaman—opening his eyes as wide as he could—“*Hiccup!* and is that the way you address a British officer—*hiccup!*—I should like to know?”

The gaoler made no other reply than an admonitory shake upon the lieutenant’s arm, at the same time propping him up, by standing against him, *coté a coté*; and the lieutenant proceeded—

“Have I the—*hiccup!*—honour of addressing Sir Richard Birnie?”

“No—my name is Minshull,” replied the Magistrate.

“Aye—I’m sorry for that, Mr. Minshull—I wish you had been Sir Richard Birnie, because I should have the honour of knowing you—and you would have known my family to be vastly respectable—and—*hiccup!*”

Here the lieutenant stuck fast; but if any body else attempted to speak he very magnificently interrupted them, by desiring they would recollect the respect due to a British officer; and it was not till his Worship had threatened to have him locked up, that he could be prevailed upon to be quiet.

It appeared, by the tavern-keeper’s statement, that the gallant lieutenant and two other superb-looking gentlemen, came into his house that afternoon, and ordered “rump-steaks, and *et ceteras* for three;” “And, d’ye hear,” added the lieutenant—who seemed to be the leading man of the party—“D’ye hear—let them be done to a turn, and served up *instantly*.”

A beautiful dish of rump-steaks—full of gravy, tender as a chicken, and delicately garnished with fresh scraped horse-radish, was served up *instantly* accordingly, with India pickle, a foaming pot of porter, and all things usually appertaining to a dish of rump-steaks. These things demolished, capital Stilton, prime old Cheshire, and double Gloucester, with two bottles of excellent Sherry, followed ; and then—as soon as the Sherry was out, two of the gentlemen *bolted* without saying a word about the bill. Still, the landlord thought the lieutenant would pay, but he was deceived ; for in the next minute the lieutenant attempted to *bolt* also ; and so he would have done, had not the landlord whipped out of his bar as quick as lightning, and caught him by the skirt of his blue surtout just as he was crossing the threshold. Thus awkwardly taken to, the lieutenant confessed he had no money ; and thereupon the landlord consigned him to the care of a constable.

His Worship now called upon the lieutenant for his defence, and the lieutenant replied—“ Its all very true—and I’ll pay on Friday.” He was told that Friday would not do—that he must pay instantly, or be committed to prison. He declared he could not pay—“ Come what, come may”—and he was committed accordingly. We understand his family is highly respectable, and very much annoyed by his eccentricities.

THE MODERN QUIXOTE.

As good Cervantes sang, of old,
 La Mancha's hero, madly bold,
 Attacking windmills, flocks of sheep,
 And slaught'ring giants—in his sleep;
 So I in these degen'rate days,
 Would sing a second Quixote's praise;
 Brave Wilson's, who, from Southwark's strand,
 Sped fearless to th' Iberian land—
 With Sanchos two—one Erskine hight,
 And t'other valiant Captain Light.

Thus sallied forth our Knight attended—
 O happy Spain, so well defended!
 With Wilson for a grenadier,
 What earthly pow'r hast thou to fear?
 'Tis true, thy legions take the field
 Not well "equipp'd," nor fully "drill'd,"
Sans arms, *sans* food, *sans* shirts, they lack
 Stores both for belly and for back—
 Yet what of that? Sir Robert draws
 From all things omens for "the cause;"
 And sees in mis'ry and distress
 Signs of "*eventual* success."

But hark! the Frenchman's trump and drum,
 "The cry is still, They come, they come!"
 Does then the fierce Gallician go
 Forth to encounter them?—Oh! no.
 'Tis wiser far, he deems, to stay
 At home, than march to meet a fray.
 Besides, the gen'rous Whig Committee
 Has not yet sent (the more's the pity!)
 The promised gifts of "steel and gold,"
 Nor those five thousand Britons bold,
 Who, as they once have fought for Spain,
 May, if they wish it, fight again.

Then, since there's nought to do at Lugo,
 Our noble Quixote tries a *new-go*.
 Thinks he, the folks of Portugal
 Must needs be zealots, great and small,
 For that wise Constitution, sent 'em
 From Tothill Fields, by Jerry Bentham :
 So, doubtless, I shall find great sport to
 Fan Freedom's rising flame at Porto.
 No sooner said than done—he strides
 His mule, and to Oporto rides.
 But ah ! “ Hope told a flatt'ring tale,”
 And quickly changed was Fortune's gale.
 The “ Sov'reign people,” once “ so proud,
 And just, and wise,” were turn'd a crowd
 Of “ low and sordid” knaves, a race
 Of curs, a “ *frenzied* populace !”
 From Port the Knight to Braga hies,
 And thence to Villa Franca flies—
 'Tis all in vain—the “ public will,”
 That sacred “ rule of right,” is still
 Most potently against Sir Bob—
 The quondam sages, now “ the mob,”
 With hootings follow him, and groans,
 And would have broke his patriot bones ;
 But pitying “ Despotism” stept in,
 And sent him off in a whole skin.

Say, Muse, for thou 'st the second sight,
 What further glories wait the Knight ?
 Shall he, like him “ of doleful visage,”
 Become the joy and pride of his age ?
 Or furnish food for jest and laughter,
 Like Sancho to the times hereafter ?
 Shall he “ drink Esil, eat a crocodile ?”
 Or drive the French, from the steep-rocked Isle
 Of Leon, to the Pyrenees ?
 All this, the Muse says, if he please,
 He may do—but 'twere more judicious
 To bargain, while the wind's propitious,

For a snug birth in the steam-packet,
 Which safe and sound may bring him back yet—
 Then *Mister* Woodenspoon shall greet him,
 And *Mistress* Woodenspoon shall treat him;
 And all the Borough sing his glory;
 And 'twill recorded be in story—
 That brave Sir Robert sailed to Spain,
 And valiantly sailed home again!

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged, time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table ; with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the *Twenty-ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours* ; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail ! fellow *Day*, well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping ; and sun-shiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear ; *Pay Day* came late, as he always does ; and *Doomsday* sent word he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon — good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty-first of June* next to the *Twenty-second of December*, and the former looked

like a Maypole siding a marrow bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) between *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord ! how he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him — to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock-broth—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant ; so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes ; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently ; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the meagrim, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that

degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty-ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman and the *Twenty-third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept mistress*, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate *Birth-day*) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake, that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-gemy*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech, proposing the health of the Founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year*, from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks.

He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better:" which rudeness of his the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shewn himself.

Order being restored—the young Lord (who to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides.—At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday being now called upon for a song, wit and his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the

Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee:—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, that there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases out-numbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billet-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old Madam

Septuagesima (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly shewed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them.—*Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a *Lover's Day* would wish to set in.

HYMN TO THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

HURRAH ! Hurrah ! for the Kings of the earth,
 Let us worship the Holy Alliance,
 For the Royal Millenium will shortly have birth,
 And the Monarchs may hurl a defiance
 To Liberals, Patriots, Sages, and all
 Who would Tyrants controul, and the world disenthral.

Monarchical practices who would forbid ?
 Up with the scaffold and gibbet !
 May the Bourbon of Naples, and him of Madrid,
 Their butchering talents exhibit ;
 And prove to the world that legitimate thrones
 Are cemented with blood, and constructed of bones.

May the Saint Inquisition recover its sway,
 For reasons religious and weighty,
 And burn all its foes in an *auto da f *,
 To prove that they're illuminati ;
 May dungeons, racks, tortures, be rife as of yore,
 And the Altars keep smoking with heretic gore.

Handcuff the high intellectual sots,
 Who have tasted Castalian water,
 Plunge some in the dungeon where Pellico rots,
 And hurry the others to slaughter ;
 Has not an asinine Emperor said,
 That he looks on the Muses with horror and dread ?

Since your rights, as divine, may yet tread in the paths
 Of the worthy legitimate Omar,
 And condemn all our books to the heating of baths,
 Beginning with Hesiod and Homer,
 Till ye leave not a work in our booksellers' shops,
 But the latest of Southey's, and all Dr. Slop's.

Be a curfew ordain'd to extinguish each light
 Of reason, religion, and learning ;
 Monks, Laureates, hirelings, be charter'd to write—
 Other works sent the hangman for burning ;

'Till a new age of darkness envelop our plains
 In ignorance, sloth, superstition, and chains.
 May the throne and the altar oppress and defraud,
 With huge standing armies to back them,
 And should subjects still chatter of freedom unaw'd,
 Burn, sabre, stab, gibbet, and hack them,
 As ye've practised in Italy, Portugal, Spain,
 Till the Holy Alliance unquestioned shall reign.
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the Kings of the earth,
 Let us worship the Holy Alliance ;
 For the Royal Millenium will shortly have birth,
 And the Monarchs may hurl a defiance
 To Liberals, Patriots, Sages, and all
 Who would Tyrants controul, and the world disenthral.

 THE BASHFUL MAN.

By the trains of stars of night
 In the skies that glisten ;
 By the morning's golden light,—
 Listen, ladies, listen !
 I am bearded, tall, and young,
 Strong, and rich, and heading ;
 Yet, when love assails my tongue,
 Then I lose my pleading.
 I can pine, and wish, and sigh,
 But I cannot say so !
 Coyness keeps my purpose shy,
 Though my passions stray so.
 Years have dawn'd and shut again,
 Years have made me older ;
 I am still of bashful mien,
 Not a whit the bolder.
 By the lucid stars of night
 In the heavens that glisten ;
 By love's universal light,—
 Listen, ladies, listen !

ABDUCTION;

OR, THE LOVES OF SOLOMON AND DESDEMONA.

AT the close of the business at Bow-street, an elderly man, brown as a fresh-roasted coffee-berry, a poll that bespoke him of the race of wandering gipsies, and "the darkness of whose oriental eye accorded with his *gipsy* origin," advanced towards the table, bowing at every step, and said, "May it please your Vorship's honour—I am Mister Lovell, your Vorship, (another bow), knife-grinder and chair-bottomer, your Vorship." And having so said, he smiled and bowed again; and then, shading the lower part of his brown shining visage with his rusty hat, he stood smiling and bowing, and bowing and smiling, but whatever else he had to say—"stuck in his throat." At length, seemingly to his great relief, the Magistrate asked him what he wanted. "Your Vorship, I am Mister Lovell—the knife-grinder, your Vorship, and I *vantz* you to give me a little bit of assistance to get me back my *wife* *vot* I *vere* lawfully married to last Monday *vere* a *week* at *Soreditch* church. That's *vot* I *vantz*, your Vorship."

Magistrate—Yours is a very unusual application indeed, friend. I am frequently requested to *part* man and wife, but I do not recollect that I was ever once asked to bring them together.

Mr. Lovell—Vell, your Vorship, mine's a werry hard case—awerry hard case indeed. Here's the certifykit, your Vorship.

The Magistrate told Mr. Lovell he wanted no voucher in proof of what he said. He opened the certificate, however, and found it fairly set forth

therein, that on a certain day specified, "Solomon Lovell, bachelor, and Desdemona Cocks, spinster," were duly married by banns in Shoreditch church.

"And pray what is become of the 'gentle Desdemona?'" asked his Worship, as he returned the certificate to Mr. Lovell, who instantly crammed it back again into the sow-skin purse from which he had taken it; and then having deposited it safely in the very bottom of his left-hand breast-pocket, he proceeded to lay open his entire grievance. It was a lengthy, and rather unconnected narrative, but we gather from it, that Mr. Solomon Lovell absolutely loved the gentle Desdemona, and but for that "he would his *unhoused* free condition have put into circumscription and confine—"not on no account vatever.'" But her friends, who were in the *costermongering* line, thought the match too *low* for her; and they had not been united more than three happy days when they cruelly contrived to "*inviggle her away*" from his arms, and shut her up in a garret in Charles-street, Drury-lane; where they still continue to detain her in spite of her unceasing tears, and his most earnest remonstrances. "What age is the lady?" asked the Magistrate. "Your Vorship, she'll be *forty-three*, come a fortnight a'ter next Bart'lemy-fair."—"Then she is no *chicken*!—and she certainly could come to you if she was inclined to do so?"—"No, your Vorship; she's no chicken—but she's desperate tender. And they'd kill and murder her, if she vasn't to keep herself quiet."—"Is she very disconsolate under her bereavement?"—"Anan, your Vorship?"—"Does she grieve much?"—"Oh desperately! as your Vorship may naturally suppose when ve'd ony come together three days."—"Is she very handsome?" This was a question which

seemed rather to bother the love-lorn Solomon. He simpered and sighed, and looked down and looked up, and nibbled the edge of his hat; and when the question had been repeated the third time, he replied—"I don't know 'xactly, your Vorship—she's reckond so; and I reckon—I reckon I wouldn't a married her if I didn't think so, your Vorship!"

After some further question and reply, in which he earnestly entreated that an officer might be sent with him to enforce his claim, and get the gentle Desdemona out of the garret by force of arms, the Magistrate told him he could do nothing for him; whereupon he gathered up his features into a frown, put the lid upon his knowledge-box, and stalked out of the office exclaiming—"Then, by goles, I'll go to Marlborough-street, for I vont be diddled out of my vife in this ere manner, howsomever."

SHAKSPEARE'S LOVE LETTER.

EXTRACTED FROM A WORK ENTITLED "HERALDIC ANOMALIES."

THE following is said to have been from the pen of Shakspeare, and addressed to the lady he afterwards married. It is inscribed to the "Idol of mine eyes and the delight of my heart, Anne Hathaway :"—

Would ye be taught, ye feather'd throng,
 With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
 Listen to mine *Anne Hathaway!*
 She *hath a way* to sing so clear,
 Phœbus might wond'ring stop to hear,

To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
 And Nature charm, *Anne hath away;*
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To breathe delight *Anne hath a way.*

When Envy's breath and ranc'rous tooth
 Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
 And merit to distress betray;
 To soothe the heart *Anne hath a way.*
She hath a way to chace despair,
 To heal all grief, to cure all care,
 Turn foulest night to fairest day.
 Thou know'st fond heart, *Ann hath a way;*
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To make grief bliss, *Anne hath a way.*

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
 The diamond, topaze, anethyst,
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
 Talk of *my* gem, *Anne Hathaway!*
She hath a way with her bright eye,
 Their various lustre to defy,
 The jewel she, and the foil they,
 So sweet to look *Anne hath a way.*
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To shame bright gems *Anne hath a way!*

But were it to my fancy giv'n
 To rate her charms, I'd call them Heaven;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love *Anne Hathaway;*
She hath a way so to controui,
 To rapture the imprison'd soul,
 And sweetest Heav'n on earth display,
 That to be Heaven *Anne hath a way;*
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To be Heav'n's self *Anne hath a way!*

Anne Hathaway was eight years older than Shakspeare, but still only in her 26th year when he married her; "an age," says Dr. Drake, "compatible with youth and with the most alluring beauty." As the same learned writer and biographer asserts that not so much as a fragment of the bard's poetry addressed to his Warwickshire beauty, has been rescued from oblivion, we may well conclude that the poem just cited is spurious; but that Shakspeare had an early *disposition* to write such verses, we may conclude, from what he says in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV. sc. 3.

" Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S CARD PARTY AND BALL.

ON Thursday Mrs. Ramsbottom, of Pudding-lane, opened her house to a numerous party of friends. The drawing-room over the compting-house, and the small closet upon the stairs, were illuminated in a most tasteful manner, and Mr. Ramsbottom's own room was appropriated to card tables, where *all-fours* and *cribbage* were the order of the night. Several pounds were won and lost.

The shop was handsomely fitted up for *quadrilles*, which began as soon as it was dark; the rooms being lighted with an abundance of patent lamps, and decorated with artificial flowers. The first *quadrille* was danced by—

Mr. Smith, jun.	and Miss Ramsbottom.
Mr Botibol,	— Miss E. A. Ramsbottom.
Mr. Green,	— Miss Rosalie Ramsbottom.
Mr. Mugliston,	— Miss Charlotte Ramsbottom.
Mr. Higginbotham,	— Miss Lilla Ramsbottom.
Mr. Arthur Stubbs,	— Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom.
Mr. O'Reilly,	— Miss Frances Hogsflesh.
A French Count (name unknown)	Miss Rachel Solomon.

At half-past ten the supper-room was thrown open, and presented to the admiring eyes of the company a most elegant and substantial hot-repast. The mackarel and fennel sauce were particularly noticed, as were the boiled legs of lamb and spinach; and we cannot sufficiently praise the celerity with which the ham and sausages were removed, as the respectable families of the Jewish persuasion entered the room. The Port and Sherry were of the first quality. Supper lasted till about a quarter past two, when dancing was resumed, and continued till *Sol* warned the festive party to disperse.

The dresses of the company were remarkably elegant. Mrs. Ramsbottom was simply attired in a pea-green satin dress, looped up with crimson cord and tassels, with a bright yellow-silk turban, and hair to match; a magnificent French watch, chain, and seals, were suspended from her left side, and her neck was adorned with a very elegant row of full-sized sky-blue beads, pendant to which was a handsome miniature of Mr. Ramsbottom, in the costume of a corporal in the Limehouse volunteers, of which corps he was justly considered the brightest ornament.

The Misses Ramsbottom were dressed alike in sky-blue dresses, trimmed with white bugles, blue bead necklaces, and ear-rings, *en suite*. We never saw a

more pleasing exhibition of female beauty, the sylph-like forms of the three youngest, contrasted with the high-conditioned elegance of the two eldest, formed a pleasing variety; while the uniform appearance of the family red hair, set off by the *cerulean* glow of the drapery, gave a sympathetic sameness to the group, which could not fail to be interesting to the admirers of domestic happiness.

The Misses Solomons attracted particular notice; as did the fascinating Miss Louisa Doddell; and the lovely Miss Hogsflesh delighted the company after supper with the plaintive air of "*Nobody coming to marry me.*" Mr. Stubbs and Mr. I. Stubbs sang "*All's well,*" with great effect, and Mr. Doddell and his accomplished sister were rapturously encored in the duet of "*Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me.*"

Among the company we noticed—The French Count, name unknown, introduced by Mr. I. Stubbs.

Mistresses Dawes, Bumpstead, Gordon, Green, 5 Smiths, Jones, Hall, Bull, Small, Wall, Groves, Taylor, Dixon, Figgins, Stubbs, Lightfoot, Hogsflesh, Muggins, Higginbotham, Cruikshanks, Barnet, Levy, Solomons, Ricardo, Hume, Hone, Parker, Wilde, Cummins, Farthing, Thompson, Anderson, Tod, Small-piece, Flint, Doddell, Peppercorn, Adcock, and Pyman.

Misses Stubbs, 2 Grubbs, 11 Smiths, Lightfoot, Simmons, 3 Halfpennys, Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, Barton, 3 Jones's, Hogsflesh, Eglantine, 2 Greens, 4 Hones, Ricardo, Williams, 2 Doddells, Peppercorn, Holman, Figgins, Garrett, Burton, Morgan, Ellis, Levi, Flint, 3 Farthings, Eversfield, and Parkinsop.

Doctor Dixon, Lieutenant Cox, R. N. Ensign Elmore, H. P.

Messrs. Green, Halfpenny, Butterfield, Dubbs,

Harmer, Griffiths, Grubb, Hogsflesh, Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, Taylor, Todd, Adcock, Flint, Doddell, J. Doddell, A. Doddell, T. Doddell, Farrell, O'Reilly, Yardly, Masuatt, Dabbs, Giblett, Barber, Sniggs, Cocker, Hume, Bernelle, Moses, Levi, Hone, Ellice, Higginbotham, White, Brown, Stubbs, I. Stubbs, S. Rogers, Hicks, Moore, Morgan, Littrell, &c.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lady Morgan, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, Sir Robert Wilson, and General Peps, were expected, but did not come.

It is base to betray confidential correspondence, but we must, to do a "great right" to ourselves, "do a little wrong" to the fair writer of the following.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL.

(Most private.)

DEAR SIR, Mamma desires me to thank you for the account of her party, she sent you last week; she does not think three pounds a bit too much for it, because it was so long. I send you the money enclosed. Papa does not know we sent to the papers, and is quite surprised.

There was one line omitted, which perhaps you will notice—Mamma desires me to mention this—it is not out of my own head;—

"Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom's dancing created a great sensation—it is said that a certain dashing Dry-salter has fallen a victim to the fire of her bright eyes."

By inserting this, you will oblige Mamma, and also your's truly,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

*Pudding-lane, }
Thursday. }*

P. S. Pray burn this. You did not mention the ices.

Ainsi va le Monde—EDITOR.

TO JOHN BULL.

MY DEAR SIR, I am quite in love with you, for taking notice of me so often ; but as “there is no rose without thorns,” so even my dearly beloved John Bull is not without his faults, else you would not have condemned the *large bonnets*, and praised your *gipsy things*, from which two great inconveniences arise. The first is, that a small bonnet is no defence against the sun, and we should not be able to prevent our pretty faces from being freckled and tanned. It is the fashion now not to hold up the parasol, for it only prevents the men getting a glimpse at us, but merely to carry it dangling in the hand, to shew that you’ve got one.

The second objection is, that with such a bonnet as you reccommend, we should find it impossible to cut any body in the street. I was often in a predicament this last winter, when for fashion’s sake, and to eclipse the Miss Walls of Milk-street, Cheapside, I adopted the beaver-hat ; particularly once, when walking arm in arm with Capt. Flanerty, we met my cousin, Jack Higgins, of Budge-row, with a large cheese under his arm, who, with one of the most familiar and vexatious nods, seized my hand, almost dislocated my shoulder with his brutal *tug*, saying, or rather roaring, “Ah, lav, how are you ?” You, my dear Bull, who enter so deeply into our sympathies, can imagine what a comfort it would have been to me, to have been able to hide my face in a *poke*, and avoided the grappling iron of that coarse and vulgar son of a—Cheshire cheesemonger—I remain, dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

Pudding-lane.

P. S. Should you be so kind as to insert this, or something like it, making it *more witty if you can*, I will ask Mamma to invite you to our next ball, which is fixed for the 21st of July, in order that we may feel the delights of a *hot squeeze* in the City.

THE GREAT MAN.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ. M.P.

Poor Joseph! how hard is the strife to be great,
 When encounter'd by nature, and baffled by fate;
 I have watch'd you thro' sunshine, thro' sorrow, thro' all—
 I heard your first speech; and am in at your fall;
 And I grieve whilst I write, yet deny it who can,
 You're as little and dull as when first you began.
 I will pass by the season when, hungry and keen,
 You doctor'd the gillies of *Old Aberdeen*;
 Your greatest delight your own praises to hear,
 Your highest ambition—one hundred a-year.
 Oh! who that *then* knew you, so humble and wan,
 Could have thought the great booby would prove a *great man*?
 But fortune smil'd blithely, and India was kind,
 And you soon left your pestle and mortar behind;
 With wealth came aspiring, a longing for fame,
 (Young rogues and old women have all felt the same)
 And thro' a long vista, at length you began
 To fancy a glimpse of the future *great man*!
 The times were propitious—the factions just then
 Advertised for a cargo of stout serving-men;
 They ask'd not for talent, and you had got lungs—
 Long heads they neglected, but worshipp'd *long tongues*;
 And *you* soon fell to prating, for such was the plan,
 Whilst *they* were to make you a very *great man*!
 There was little Grey Bennet, just half an ell high,
 With Hobhouse, whose fame has thought proper to die;

There was Denman the dauntless, and Palmer the tall,
With Davies the gallant, and Russell the small;
How they cheer'd and encouraged, whilst gaily you ran
(What *you* thought) the course to become a *great man*!
The reporters, good naturedly humoured the joke,
And furnish'd good English whenever you spoke.
How your heart must have leap'd every morning, to view
In your speech, better grammar than *you* ever knew!
And then (like the ass in disguise) you began
To exclaim—"I have grown a *prodigious great man*!
But fame is deceitful, uncertain its ray,
And to-morrow oft glooms on the star of to-day;
Elated with triumph you bustled about,
And by talking so much, at length talk'd yourself out.
How you with'd (for I watch'd you) when Croker began
To strip the first plume from the would-be *great man*!
Then your stern love of justice (tho' gentle your blood)
Would extend poor John Bull on the rack, if you could;
For he (saucy beast) would have sent you to school,
And in terms no way delicate dubb'd you a *fool*!
And the country, aroused to reflection, began
To think he spake truth, of the would-be *great man*!
You might have borne that, for John Bull was your foe;
But what was your feeling when Brough'm struck the blow!
If your looks may be trusted, 'twas grievous surprize,
For your cheek it wax'd pale, and uprais'd were your eyes;
And your false-hearted friends without notice began,
One and all, to look down on their would-be *great man*!
And now all is over! misled and mistaken,
You look like a frog by the waters forsaken;
No hope for the future, regret for the past—
What a blundering *tattle* to come to at last!
Oh! I grieve whilst I write, yet deny it who can,
You're as dull and as little as when you began!



NELLY ROUSE.

A SCENE IN SEVEN DIALS.

ROUSE *versus* MANNING.

MR. DANIEL MANNING appeared before the Magistrate, by virtue of a warrant issued on the complaint of Mrs. Eleanor Rouse.

The complainant, Mrs. Nelly Rouse, is a native of that Green Island so famed for song, broken heads, oratory, and potatoes; and though of the softer sex, she is six feet high, gaunt, grisly, and grey-eyed—voiced like a trombone, and “bearded like the pard.”

The defendant, Mr. Daniel Manning, drew his first breath in Cockaigne, amidst the intricacies of "*Seven Diles*;" he is rather more than half the height of Mrs. Nelly Rouse, of a fine muffin-coloured complexion, not much addicted to gin, and by profession a "boot-closer." They both occupy apartments in the same mansion—Mrs. Nelly Rouse the first floor from the top, and Mr. Daniel Manning the first from the bottom.

"An please your Wortchip," said Mrs. Nelly Rouse, "Mistress Manning came into me place rather tossicated wid a leetle drap o' the licker, an a bit after, in comes Misther Manning wid a phillaloo about the wife of him, becaze she'd got the leetle drap, your Honour. 'Go along out of it, Dan Manning,' says I—'it isna meself that wants a row in me place at all, this night,' says I—'Devil burn ye, Dan Manning,' says I. Well, he wouldn't heed to me a bit, your Wortchip, an made a grate big row in the place, becaze of the trifle of licker the wife of him had got in her head, an the windies were smashed—four panes clane out of 'em, barrin the one that was crack'd, an not a farthin to put 'em in again, in regard of Dan Manning setting my own man against me three weeks at the back of last Christmas, your Wortchip. "Very well, Misther Manning,' says I, 'an may be ye'll get out of it, if I gives ye the lift!' an he wouldn't at all, so I took him be the hind of his neck an lifted him clane out o' th' place at that same time; but bad luck to ye, and the likes of ye, Dan Manning, ye turn'd about an gave me a swate thump in me eye, by that same token ye did; an here it is, black enough of all conscience, to testify against him, your Wortchip."

Mr. Daniel Manning, in reply, stated many things, some to the purpose, and some not. It appeared,

however, that he has a wife, who is an excellent wife, whilst he is present with her, but prone to drink deeply, whenever he is "*abstent*." On the occasion in question, he was "*abstent* on p'ricklar bisniss in the city," and when he "*comed*" home—instead of finding a warm cup of tea and a nice bit of toast, what he'd always been used to, he found his apartments as dark as pitch, and was told that his wife was up stairs getting fuddled with Mrs. Rouse and Mr. Finnigan. He was prodigious vex'd at this state of things, for Mr. Finnigan was lately come over from Ireland, and had such coaxing ways what no woman could withstand. He therefore went up stairs to ask Mrs. Manning to come home, but she was so tipsy she could not come of her own accord. This made him still more angry, and he told them a bit of his mind ; whereupon Mrs. Rouse rushed at him and wopp'd him cruelly, and he was obliged to strike her in his own defence — otherwise he would have been totally demolished. In conclusion, quoth Mr. Manning—"Mrs. *Rouse* is her name, and she's a *rouser* by nature, for she's a woman what won't let nobody be quiet, and is everlastingly getting up *rows* in the neighbourhood—as my *scholar*, here, can verify to your Worship."

A tall, dingy stripling came forward on the instant, and his Worship asked Mr. Manning, why he called him a *scholar* ?

"Because," quoth Mr. Manning, "he's a young man what's *studying* the *boot-closing* under me, your Worship !"

Complaint dismissed—his Worship being of opinion that Mr. Manning was "a man more sinned against than sinning."

BONAPARTE'S SNUFF-BOX.

BY SIR JAMES LAURENCE.

APPROACH, who think that miracles have ceased,
 Bring myrrh and incense to the house of Fox;
 Hasten, ye whigs, like wise men of the East,
 And bend the knee before Napoleon's box.
 Napoleon, who, when liberty arose,
 When she, thro' seas of blood, had reach'd the shore;
 When valour triumph'd o'er all foreign foes,
 And when domestic discord raged no more—
 'Twas then, the cap of Freedom cast away,
 Th' apostate came t' enslave a hopeful land,
 And, when bright reason would have gain'd the day,
 To superstition gave a helping hand.
 Well might a priest, to deprecate his power,
 A trembling priest, who hoped a short reprieve,
 Toys such as this on the usurper shower;
 But are these gifts for patriots to receive?
 No—not to patriots but to despots dear,
 On the legitimates the box bestow;
 What are their pilf'rings to his mad career?
 Compared to his, their crimes are white as snow.
 Let them display it on the festive day,
 When the hand-kissing crowds approach the throne,
 The memory of the upstart's iron sway
 May reconcile poor mortals with their own.

A USEFUL HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN having a horse that started, and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring 'squire told him he wished to purchase it for *his wife* to ride upon.—
 "No," says the other, "I will not sell it—I *intend to marry again myself!*"

ON CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill :
 But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence,
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense.'

POPE.

IN this what may be truly termed 'reading age,' the press teems with a heterogeneous mass of literature, at once interesting and instructive, while, at the same time, there is much of impiety, gross indecency, and arrant nonsense, continually put forth to the world. At such a time, I say, when the '*cacoethes scribendi*' rages so violently, and is rather fed than kept under by the increasing thirst for reading, it cannot be denied, that reviews are highly and essentially necessary to the forming a correct judgment of the multifarious books which daily present themselves to, and claim the suffrages of a liberal and enlightened community. The utility of periodical censors is as obvious as their independence is requisite. They should be equally free from *party*-spirit, and unprejudiced by Whig or Tory,—Catholic or Protestant. A reviewer should come to his task with the same feelings as a judge is supposed to do in trying the lives or fortunes of his fellow-mortals, prepared to condemn or acquit, on the strength of the evidence adduced, without any regard to private feelings or previous prejudice.

If the lover of literature, in devoting his whole time to the subject, finds it next to impossible to wade through the innumerable volumes which daily issue from an overloaded press, how impossible is it for those whose life is principally divided between the wish to

learn and the *cares of business*, to do it. To such then, it cannot be doubted, reviews are a great acquisition, by giving a general insight into such works as they have not leisure to read, and pointing out those authors which are most worthy of attention. Again, was it not for public criticism, we should be inundated with the visionary theories and nonsensical jargon of every adventurer. But criticism is not only a check to those who possess the qualities necessary for authors, to keep within the bounds of reason, but it is also a stimulus to the modest and deserving, by bestowing on them that praise which is their due, and thus encouraging them to persevere. Many books of considerable merit, are by this means read and admired, which otherwise might have mouldered in oblivion, or at best only have

‘Cloth’d spice, lin’d trunks, or glittering in a row,
Befring’d the walls of Bedlam or Soho.’

It is an established fact, that there is no public good without its attendant evil; and, perhaps, there is no one thing more abused than public criticism, when influenced by party, venality, malice, or private pique. The party reviewer attacks without mercy or justice, all who are opposed to him in opinion, either religious or political. The venal writer is but the slave of the party, which is either too indolent, or lacks the abilities to cry down the opposite faction.

Some men, either actuated by pride or restlessness of disposition, find fault with every thing that does not attain the standard of perfection; and even when excellence is obtained, it chimes with their envious temper to condemn. Many an aspiring genius, many a worthy effort, has been withheld from the notice of the world by fear of the ribaldry or cruelty of cri-

ticism ; and many, it is to be feared, have had the first buddings of merit nipped by the frosts of sarcasm, and the cutting winds of unwarrantable criticism. Such conduct might grace a land of savages, but it is wholly unworthy a man of talent. Far better would it beseem the man whom Heaven has gifted with superior judgment, to take an infant genius by the hand and lead him to success.

But the most alarming of all evils which have crept into public criticism, is that of attacking private characters ; not satisfied with decrying the works of an author opposed to them in sentiment or opinion, some critics meanly pry into his family concerns, and basely undermine the fairest reputations. Thus they

‘ Laugh at the reputations they have torn,
And hold them dangling at arm’s length in scorn.’

This is the greatest evil, because it is the most difficult to guard against ; for the public mind, once prejudiced by the plausible sophistry and ‘smooth-tongued’ malevolence of a determined calumniator, finds it difficult to shake off the delusion, by any after statements or defence, be they ever so true.

On the whole, then, I think we may fairly infer, that Reviews, conducted on impartial principles, are a benefit to society, but where contaminated by party, envy, or other degenerate feelings, they are a pest which cannot be too much deprecated ; for, under such circumstances, the world would be much wiser without their interference, which perplexes instead of elucidating the subjects on which they treat.

GAFFER GREY.

A SONG.

With Alterations and Additions, written by the late patriotic Whig Citizen, THOMAS HOLCROFT, and addressed to his Friend and Patron the Head of all the Whigs.

Ho!—Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Grey?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

“ ’Tis the people grow cold,

“ And I—prosy and old,

“ And my speeches, *they say*, are not new,

“ Well a-day!”

Then clap a new tail on the rump,

Gaffer Grey,

Or the Whiggamores must go to pot.

“ Nay, but credit I’ve none,

“ All the Grenvilles have run,

“ Except Nugent—who’s not worth the shot,

“ Well a-day!”

Then hie to the House—you know where,

Gaffer Grey,

And steal up the stairs, you know when.

“ No, though rough-shod, I swore

“ To march in through the door;

“ I shall ne’er pass that threshold again,

“ Well a-day!”

There’s a Brougham who can shift, like his nose,

Gaffer Grey,

Who brow-beats the Parliament down.

“ ’Pshaw! he shifts for himself,

“ Whilst he pockets the pelf,

“ And would sell the whole squad for a *Gown*,

“ Well a-day!”

There's the Patriot in Ilchester jail,
Gaffer Grey,
Who will talk by the job—or the day.
“ He's a low-minded carl,
“ Fit only to snarl,
“ And just as well out of the way,
“ Well a-day !”

There's Hume, with his tots and his vots,
Gaffer Grey,
With his scalpal, cuts through thick and thin.
“ Oh, he's worse than the other—
“ He'd cut up his brother,
“ If only to keep his hand in,
“ Well a-day !”

Little Michael has beeves, and fat all,
Gaffer Grey,
Buona Roti—surnamed by the pack.
“ His dinners be damn'd !
“ When the starvelings are cramm'd,
“ Duncannon can't whistle them back,
“ Well a-day !”

There's Creevey, your crony of old,
Gaffer Grey,
Who shewed up the Board of Control.
“ He's heavy and lame,
“ And his speeches the same,
“ Are uncommonly prosy and dull,
“ Well a-day !”

There's Wooler, the Bibliopole bold,
Gaffer Grey,
Who at laws and at lawgivers laughs—
“ Very well in his way,
“ But I beg leave to say,
“ I've a mortal aversion to *Raffs*,
“ Well a-day !”

There's Bennet, the Arch-Philanthrope,
 Gaffer Grey,
 Who weeps for man, woman, and brute.
 " He may weep as he will,
 " If he'll keep his tongue still;
 But your best sort of weeper's a—*mute!*
 " Well a-day !"

There's Lambton, a sure card at hand,
 Gaffer Grey,
 Not given to blush or to flinch:
 " He's a good sort of fellow,
 " Though rather too yellow;
 " And only of use at a pinch,
 " Well a-day !"

There's Lushington, Denman, and Co.
 Gaffer Grey,
 And their friend—what's his name?—Mister Wood:
 " No—the sweet Queen is gone,
 " Their vocation is done,
 " And they cannot do harm if they would,
 " Well a-day !"

There's Sefton the Good—four-in-hand,
 Gaffer Grey,
 And there's Grosvenor the Great!—from his beeves:
 " One wants for his head
 " A new lining, 'tis said;
 " And the other some *strawberry leaves*,
 " Well a-day !"

There's Ossulston, gallant as high,
 Gaffer Grey,
 Can prove *his descent*—without flaw.
 " He was named for a stick,
 " 'Twas a sad scurvy trick,
 " For he look'd—a frog with a straw!
 " Well a-day !"

Your chance is but bad, I confess,
 Gaffer Grey,
 But freedom may still be your butt :
 “ Talk of freedom—my eye !
 “ If in the state pie
 “ I could get but a finger, I’d cut,—
 “ Happy day !”

The times are not yet come to that,
 Master Grey ;
 What then?—“ Whilst there’s life there is hope,
 “ Though John Bull turns his back
 “ On the talented pack,
 “ You may still get *Pat Bull* from the *Pope*,
 “ By your play !”

THE LITERARY BEGGAR.

A PORTRAIT.

“ A man of shreds and patches.”

JACK SCRAP is a literary beggar: destitute of talent, and superficial in education, he is possessed of the mania of wishing to be thought a man of genius and of letters. His ambition, it is true, does not soar astonishingly high; but still it soars beyond his powers. He thinks a newspaper poet the sublimest of mortals; a two-penny theatrical critique the noblest work of human genius; and the editor of a weekly newspaper the most important of all official characters. I have denominated Jack a literary beggar, but in truth the term is not sufficiently comprehensive: Jack not only begs, but also often borrows, and occasionally steals. He maintains with some of

his acquaintances the reputation of a clever man, by passing off the productions of others as his own. Should he happen to be detected, he laughs off the business, with an ease and assurance more easily admired than imitated: for, after all, Jack's impudence is his great *forte*, and whatever his inferiority in other respects may be, in this particular he stands unrivalled. His front is of the true Corinthian brass, and his cheek is as unsusceptible of a blush as a roasted potatoe.

When I was first introduced to Jack, he lifted himself, in my opinion, an infinity of pegs, by reciting, as his own, a copy of verses that were assuredly replete with wit and humour. I could not indeed avoid remarking how much the tone of this production was elevated above the pitch of Jack's conversation: for to do him every justice, a duller rogue never prosed over a Welsh rabbit and a pot of half-and-half. This, however, I thought nothing of, as I recollected that Goldsmith did not shine in conversation. Jack, in trying this experiment on me, thought himself perfectly secure. The real author was unknown to me and "to fame," and Jack thought it unlikely that we should ever become acquainted, inasmuch as he was at that present reading confined to his bed by a raging fever, and given over by his physicians. But, alas! "for human hopes," the bard recovered, either because he was dear to Apollo, or damned by the doctors, and I became acquainted with him early in his convalescence. The first specimen I received of his abilities, was the humorous stave in question. I hurried off to Jack, as I really imagined, to cover him with confusion; but he was not so easily thrown off his centre: "Well," says he, with the coolest effron-

tery, "so you have seen B—, and of course discovered my hoax."

The masque being thus removed, Jack thought it useless to attempt any further disguise with me: knowing that I was a scribbler, he began to tease me incessantly for contributions. "Give me," he would say, "my dearest friend, your cast-offs. A man of your intellectual riches can afford to be charitable. Why will you write things and fling them into the fire, &c. when you know how much I am in want? You destroy daily as much as would support a dozen famished poets." But I was proof against the eloquence and flattery of Jack, and refused his solicitations with a stoicism worthy of an ancient Roman.

Jack takes care now to steer clear of professed literary characters; the appropriation of their productions is too liable to detection. He proceeds upon a safer system. His plan is this: he is continually on the watch for very young men of talent, who have a touch of the "*cacoethes scribendi*." He hunts out these literary minors with as much avidity as the Roman usurers sought for those who had just assumed the toga, under close-fisted sires. He talks them well over "*en connoisseur*;" persuades them that he is a man of great genius, and of no small influence in the republic of letters. He gains a perfect ascendancy over them; in evil hour they intrust him with their MSS., which of course

"Part like Ajut, never to return."

Jack has other modes besides this of supplying his intellectual finances. His begging I have already noticed. As some men never meet you without making a demand on your purse, so he never sees a friend

without begging a copy of verses, a critical notice, or an epistolary effusion. What he cannot obtain by solicitation, he will endeavour to procure by stealth. You must have a care, when Jack visits you, to leave no loose papers about : they will disappear in less time than you can say Jack Robinson. As he walks the streets, his eyes are eternally on the ground in search of lettered scraps, and his nose often pays the forfeit of his ill-timed industry. He carefully appropriates the wrappers of his butter, cheese, &c. He is profoundly versed in the linings of trunks, and has attentively collated an infinitude of portmanteaus. You may often see him at one of the various repositories for ballads, selecting and purchasing those effusions of the Grub-street muse. Even the chalking upon the walls cannot escape him. He painfully deciphers the fading hieroglyphics traced by pencil, pen, or penknife upon trees, or seats, or windows : those transient aspirations after immortality, where “ wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,” and where “ the universal passion,” like the vital powers in the lowest class of animals, is reduced to a few feeble efforts to escape from instant oblivion. I pass over Jack’s profound science in tomb-stones ; his familiarity with “ the names, the years spelt by th’ unlettered muse,” and a variety of other branches of “ *literal*” knowledge in which his super-eminent skill entitles him, “ *par excellence*,” to the name of a “ *man of letters*.” Jack’s study is truly a cabinet of curiosities. It is a vast repository of literary plunder, an immense receptacle of literary alms. As for his library, that is principally composed of books which he has borrowed, but forgotten to return ; a few old magazines, and some obsolete collections of pamphlets. “ Byshe’s Art of

Poetry," and "The Dictionary of Quotations," complete his physic of the soul. Then he has three several portfolios, crammed with original manuscripts. The first contains what he has begged, and this is the least; the second what he has borrowed, which is much larger; and the third, what he has stolen, which is the largest of all. He has the largest collection of ballads to be found in the United Kingdom. Another book contains innumerable *morceaux* from the newspapers of the last thirty years, in the arrangement of which paste and scissors have been efficient agents. He has a file of play-bills from the commencement of the present century. Besides all which, he has six trunks filled with those miscellaneous scraps gleaned in his various excursions and perambulations.

Jack is monstrosly fond of asking people to join him in writing some work; immensely anxious to play the Beaumont to some credulous Fletcher, who would soon discover that no sinecure could result from the combination. Hitherto his efforts have been singularly unsuccessful, he having been able to allure into his toils only a few inexperienced youths, who mistook the frothy effervescence of boyish enthusiasm for the genuine spirit of genius.

Jack Scrap, though he cannot be unconscious of his own utter want of powers, is yet, strange to say, possessed of a large portion of vanity. It may appear strange that any man should derive gratification from praise to which he knows he has no claim. But Jack reconciles matters thus: "Every man has some peculiar gift of nature—I know that I have no talent for original composition, but then this defect is fully atoned for by plentiful supplies of the discriminating power; I can select with judgment, and appropriate

with dexterity, the productions of others. This is my peculiar gift, and I am not ungrateful for it to the munificence of nature. *Non omnia possumus omnia.*"

IN PRAISE OF CRANIOLOGY.

You may fag at your school or your college;
 You may pant for your ribbands and scars,
 But without it you'll never get knowledge,
 And never need go to the wars.
 Though they dub you a doctor for ever,
 Though you fight till you're nothing but stump,
 Who dares be courageous or clever,
 If he is deficient in—bump?
 Oh! bump, bump, bump!
 Cut the nose from my face—but oh, never,
 Never curtail me of bump.

Why is a virgin false hearted?
 A negro for logic unfit?
 A fool and his money soon parted?
 And no critics at all in the pit?
 Why can't a member make speeches?
 An alderman play at hop-jump?
 Why should a man's wife wear the breeches?
 Because they're deficient in—bump.
 Oh! bump, bump, bump!
 Magnified, mystified bump!
 I ask not love, laurels, or riches,
 But give me abundance of—bump.

OPPOSITION.

SAM ROGERS propos'd
 To my Lady, half dos'd,
 To indite a fine new composition,
 In which he might greet
 Her Ladyship's feet
 With proof of his tuneful submission.
 Says Holland, " Sam, you've my permission ;
 " But my Lady has no disposition
 " To have her name seen
 " With the friends of the Queen,
 " Or, in short, with the raff Opposition."

We don't mean to rob
 Poor Sam of his job,
 But we have a shrewdish suspicion,
 It will be fifteen years
 Before it appears,
 So painful is Sam's parturition ;
 He's not like the Northern Magician,
 Who writes while he's shooting or fishing,
 So we'll borrow Sam's hint,
 And put into print
 An Ode to the Whig Opposition.

There's Tierney the sly,
 With his grey sunken eye,
 Which rolls with a scowl of suspicion ;
 He hates all the Broughams,
 And despises the Humes,
 And sits with a look of contrition.
 He pleads a sham indisposition,
 And shirks in the House his position ;
 Nor can he be blam'd,
 For feeling asham'd
 To lead such a raff Opposition.

Here is he whom they call
 Squire Brougham of Brougham-Hall,
 Who would pass for a man of condition:
 In blood, to be sure,
 He may match Peter Moore,

But the *Hall* is a mere imposition:
 The fellow's a hack politician,
 A Taylor in all but ambition;
 Who offer'd to bilk,
 For a gown of black silk,
 The Queen and her whole Opposition.

There's Wilson,—poor Bob!
 Who headed a mob,
 And, in consequence, lost his Commission;
 Considers it hard,
 That haranguing the guard
 Should be voted an act of sedition:
 Besides, 'twas his greatest ambition
 To witness *one real* ignition:
 To shot and to danger
 His skin was a stranger,
 Till the day of the Park Opposition.

There's Seston, who drives
 His ladies by fives,
 In a gig of the latest edition;
 Which looks like a cart
 Of the guards, when they start
 With their wives on a Dutch expedition.
 He greases with anti-attrition—
 Would his tongue had the same composition—
 For whenever he speaks
 It hitches and squeaks,
 Like the drag of the Bath Opposition.

There's little Spring Rice,
 Of Newport the Vice,
 Who was painted in last Exhibition,
 Was ready to swear
 That Lim'rick and Clare
 Were dying from pure inanition,

But how did he mend their condition?
Did he visit those scenes of perdition?

No!—Erin was undone
While he talked in London,
And smirk'd with the fat Opposition.

There's stultified Hume,
Who (some people assume)
Is an excellent arithmetician;
Began as a Tory,
But honour and glory
Soon gave such an Ass his dismissal.
Now Joe was a sort of physician,
But being no frequent practitioner,
For want of another,
Dissected his brother,
Though the Corps made a strong Opposition.

There's the new *rara avis*,
The *once* Colonel Davis,
Now Statesman as much as Tactitiah:
He seems to presume
To emulate Hume,
But in truth there is no competition:
For Davis sold out his Commission—
But Hume's more plebeian ambition,
In cribbing the winnings
Of Constantine Jennings,
The hopes of the whole Opposition.

Lord Althorpe, who bent
His way beyond Trent,
To challenge a hostile collision;
At Ferrybridge found,
He might choose his own ground,
And, *therefore*, abandoned his mission:
Then, aware of the force of derision,
He spoke on some turnpike petition,
And explain'd without end,
How he and his friend
Return'd to rejoin Opposition.

Here's that little thing Bennet,
 Once turn'd from the Senate
 On poor Tyrwhit Jones's petition—
 The quack, from whom they
 Doomed to Botany Bay,
 So justly expect manumission;
 For, think what would be *his* condition;
 If laws were to have no remission:
 For, if folks don't tell fibs,
 Messrs. Howard and Gibbs
 Have claims on this pure Opposition.

The Grosvenor-gate fillies
 May rail at Achilles,
 And blush at his naked condition;
 But Nugent's tight dress,
 Which we can't well express,
 Is to us a more gross exposition.
 But strange are the freaks of ambition;
 Which, when a man once sets his wish on,
 If his *head* chance to fail,
 He must try how his *tail*
 Can give *weight* to a light Opposition.

There's Williams and Scarlett,
 Who spoke for "The Harlot,"
 With airs like the Greek rhetorician,
 Williams knows some small Greek,
 But Scarlett can't speak
 Plain English, without much tuition*.
 In Cambridge, his great erudition
 Stands as high as Lord Byron's Politian!

* It may not be known to many of our readers, that Mr. Scarlett, upon some little error in grammar, in the King's-bench, was referred to the authority of LOWTH—"Lowth," said the erudite lawyer—"What d'ye mean by Lowth?—its no bull, and I never was in Ireland."—It is hardly necessary to remind our readers in general, though Mr. Scarlett was not aware of the circumstance, that Bishop Lowth, who wrote the English Grammar, was not a county in Ireland, which happened to be of the same name.

“ *Naked feet, naked feet,*”
Will kick through the street
Fat Scarlett and his Opposition.
There’s Wood, who, for hops
Goes offering to shops
An excellent new *composition* ;
And proves that the plant,
The staple of Kent,
Is a Tory, and vile imposition ;
But he gets very little commission,
The folks eye his drugs with suspicion ;
The profit much less is
Than getting addresses,
Or *plate*, from the Queen’s Opposition.
There’s Creevey the crawler,
That under-bred bawler,
Once Clerk in the Indian Commission ;
He told us himself,
That the mere love of pelf
Had placed him in such a position !
A Negro exposed to vendition
Would have blush’d to have made such admission ;
Yet the bird who at best
Bewrays his own nest,
Is the Phoenix of this Opposition !
If we could take part in
Debates like Dick Martin,
And venture to tell our volition,
We should certainly pray,
By night and by day,
For men in their present position.
The country has made its decision,
Which needs neither change or revision ;
May the King, of his grace,
Keep out the whole race
Of this wonderful wise Opposition.

FURIOUS FRANK.

THE close of the business at Bow-street office was enlivened, "to a degree," by the eccentricities of a person who called himself, in the first instance, "Captain Frank Brigges, of the Royal Navy, and a gentleman—*hiccup*." It afterwards appeared, however, that he was not of the Royal Navy, but of the Bombay service; and as to his gentility, he was certainly, for that night at least, the most ungentle gentleman we ever saw.

It seems that at half-past eight the same evening, he presented himself in the box-lobby of the second circle at Drury-lane Theatre, and demanded to be shown to "a d—l—sh good box." He was shown to a box accordingly; but whether a "d—l—sh good one," or not, did not appear. We should rather suppose not; for he had not been seated many minutes before he began to manifest symptoms of dissatisfaction. One moment he turned his left side to the stage; then he turned the right side; and, this not being to his mind, he turned his legs behind him, as an Emeraldalder might say, and placed his back towards the stage. This position did not please him long, and he tried to stand upright; but the perpendicular was past his power; and after *swaying* backwards and forwards and sideways, like a Lombardy poplar in a chopping wind, he came down with a lee-lurch, and seated himself on the blooming shoulders of a comely dame on the seat below him. All these varieties of position he accompanied with critical comments on the players, the house, the lights, and the ladies; and when remonstrated with by the gentlemen in

the surrounding boxes, he boldly retorted, "D—mme, arn't I an *Englishman*!" At length, when he seated himself on the lady's shoulders as aforesaid, the box-keepers were desired to interfere; but they, not being able to quiet him, called in Harradine, one of the patrole, employed at the theatre as a constable. Harradine endeavoured to prevail upon him to be quiet, but he was answered with a "d—mme, arn't I an *Englishman*!" There was now a general cry of "Turn him out!" and Harradine proceeded to remove him. He came out into the lobby quietly enough; but he was no sooner here, than he "showed fight," refusing to stir an inch further, and challenging "all the world."

The uproar he caused made it necessary, for the peace of the audience, that he should be removed from the theatre, and Harradine took him into custody; in doing which that officer not only received several blows within the house, but was twice fairly, or rather *fouly*, knocked down in the street before he could get him to the door of the office. Finding himself at the door of the office, he became ten times more furious than before, and kicked and plunged with such violence, that the bringing him into the presence of the Magistrate was more like bringing a mad bull to the stake than any thing else we can compare it to; and, like a mad bull, too, he commenced a *roaring* remonstrance against his detention, as soon as he perceived himself before the Magistrate. The Magistrate endeavoured to prevail upon him to be quiet, that he might hear the charge against him; and with some difficulty he succeeded; but the enraged Captain had not been silent more than a minute before he let fly his fist in the face of Goodwin, an

officer who had nothing at all to do with him, and who was standing quietly by the magisterial table.

“Lock him up!” said his Worship, in whose immediate presence this irreverent and wanton act of violence was perpetrated—“Let him be locked up instantly;” and now came the tug of war. The Captain threw himself into an attitude of defiance, “his very look an oath,” and his eyes flashing fire: three or four officers sprung upon him; the Captain forced himself out of their grasp; they again seized him, and began tugging him towards the door, he catching at every thing in his way, and clinging to every hold he made with astonishing tenacity; and, what was very curious, he seemed to take hold of any projection with his feet, as firmly as he did with his hands. This scene continued nearly five tedious minutes—nothing but sheer silent tugging on one side, and screaming resistance on the other; and when at length the Captain’s strength was exhausted, and he was left locked up in the dark by himself, he set up a long continuous howl, so loud and dissonant, that we can compare it to nothing but a concert of half-a-dozen donkeys, “when first the soul of *love* is sent abroad” amongst them, on some fine spring evening. For more than a quarter of an hour did he continue this asinine serenade, *sans intermission*; and all the courts and avenues of Bow-street “rebellow’d to the roar.”

Meantime, Harradine and the box-keepers gave their evidence, and then the Captain was brought in again to hear it read. He appeared now with a pair of highly-polished very handsome handcuffs on his wrists; but, notwithstanding their brightness, it was evident they annoyed him sadly. Indeed he was quite an altered man—his blustering had vanished like the

bursting of a bubble, and his bellowing had dwindled to a blubber. He approached the table between two officers, holding up his manacled hands to the Magistrate, and whimpered out, "Only see here, Sir, how they've served me!"

The Magistrate told him he was very sorry to see a *gentleman* decorated in such a manner, but he had brought it upon himself.

The Captain gave a long "*Oh!*" and the Clerk began to read over the evidence, but the Captain was too much distressed both in mind and body to attend to it; and he continued—sometimes in a deep *bass* voice, and sometimes in a squeaking *treble*, alternately deploring and deprecating the whole proceeding. "I pledge you my honour, Sir," said he, in *bass*, "that I have done nothing worthy of this coercion." Then instantly going off into a *treble*, he exclaimed, "Oh! my dear kind Mr. Magistrate, do intercede for an unfortunate gentleman—do, God bless you!—now do, that's a kind dear soul!" Then *bass* again, "Upon the word of a gentleman, Sir, I am not drunk.—Upon my honour, I have drunk nothing but water these ten days." Then *treble* again, "Oh! you d—d rascally officers, what have you used me in this manner for? Only look here, your Worship—see here, what the rascals have put upon my poor hands! let me go home, and I'll go down on my knees to you, you kind, dear, kind, very kind gentleman!—I'll give you any money if you'll only let me go!" *Bass*, again, "I have certainly been used extremely ill, without having given the slightest provocation to any body," &c. &c.

Meanwhile "the big round tears coursed each other down his purple nose in piteous chase," mingling with other nameless matters, which the gaoler, who

stood by his side, wiped away from time to time, for decency sake ; and, at length, the Magistrate—finding there was no chance of getting him to attend to the evidence—ordered that he should be taken to the watch-house, and be brought up again in the morning.

He was taken accordingly, without much difficulty, and, to cut short a story, already far too long, when he was brought up on the following morning, he was so excessively contrite, that he was forgiven by all parties, and allowed to go home, and get “a plaister for his broken coxcomb.”

EPILOGUE TO CAIUS GRACCHUS,

WHICH we print and publish, as a proof of what *may* find its way to the public through the management of a National Theatre—that it was hooted off the stage, it is but just to say—that it was ever permitted to disgrace the walls of a London playhouse, is to us astonishing. We beg our readers to peruse it, and fancy a man with common sense, acting as caterer for the public, capable of allowing it to be repeated before an audience, in an age of intellect like that in which we live.

SPOKEN BY MRS. GLOVER AND MISS L. KELLY, AS FINE LADIES;
AND MRS. ORGER, AS A COUNTRY GIRL.

Scene, the Stage.—Enter Mrs. O. (P. S.)

Mrs. O. Be this Drury-lane? 'Fegs I've blunder'd, I fear.
Can any one tell if John Dobson be here?
Here be two silver shillings saved out of my salary :
Pray Gentlefolks, which be the two-shilling gallery?

To see the new Tragedy, Johnny and I
Mean to go. How delightful! Lord, how I shall cry!
[*Going off P.S., meets Mrs. G.*]

Lord Ma'am!

Mrs. G. Bless me, child! what! a Roman in pattens,
Red cloak and straw hat! odd costume for the Latins.
Dost thou stalk in this garb thro' the new Roman play,
To mollify hearts? What's your name?

Mrs. O. *Molly Gray.*

If that ben't my road, Ma'am, this must be my way.

[*Going off O.P., meets Miss L. Kelly.*]

Miss K. *Lady Anne!*

Mrs. G. *Lady Jane!*

What, like me, on the wing?

Miss K. Dear! which is the private box door? *Mr. Spring!*
(*calling*)!!!

Mrs. G. Come over the Stage.

Miss K. Is the new play begun?

Mrs. G. By the time, I should rather suspect it is done,
And I hope to the taste of these folks below;
You that think so, say aye; on the contrary, no!

Miss K. Where's your Box?

Mrs. G. No. 10.

Miss K. What's o'clock?

Mrs. G. Not eleven.

Miss K. You've dined very early;

Mrs. G. At half after seven:

I wish I had thought of it, as I'm a sinner,
I might have seen all the first Act before dinner.

Mrs. O. Oh, dear! only look!

Mrs. G. What's the matter?

Mrs. O. *How droll,*

There's a man with an S P Q R on a pole!!!

Miss K. Who's this?

Mrs. G. A stray damsel in quest of her swain.

Miss K. Did she come from the clouds in the last heavy rain?

Mrs. O. No, Ma'am, from the Swan with Two Necks in Lad-lane.

Mrs. G. (*Surveying the house*) 'Pon my word this is pretty—I
like crimson gilt.

Miss K. Seems well shaped for hearing;

Mrs. G. And not badly built.

Mrs. O. (*Reading Play-bill*)—*C A T*; *Cataract*—*R, A, Ra—*
Rajah's Daughter—

The house overflowing—

Mrs. G. Aye that's with the water.

Miss K. What's here (*looking to the Pit*) *Don't I see in you*
circular spot

That some seats have backs, and that others have not?

Mrs. G. Yes, that is all right for security's sake—

Watch and watch—half may slumber, and half keep
 awake.

Mrs. O. Like the sailors on board of the *Wasp*, Captain
Drake.

Miss K. If your Ladyship thinks it would not be a sin,
 Suppose we, this winter, bring *Drury-lane in*.

Mrs. G. No, my dear, that won't do in *our* part of the town,
 This play must be French, or it will not go down.
 French plays and French sauces suit well our digestion;
 To patronise English is out of the question.

Miss K. The actors seem here to have nothing to fret 'em.
Have they got up Wild Oats? !!!

Mrs. G. No, the horses have eat 'em.

Miss K. If we were seen here all the town would attack us.
 What's the name of the Tragedy?

Mrs. O. (*reading*) "*Cane us and Crack us*"!!!!

Mrs. G. The scene lies in Rome—

Miss K. Is it serious or funny?

Mrs. O. Well, that large flat candlestick's worth all the money.
 (*Drum sounds.*)

Mrs. G. *Hark!*

Miss K. *Hush!*

Mrs. G. What was that?

Miss K. It was somebody drumming.

Mrs. O. Lud, Ma'am?

Mrs. G. } What's the matter?
 Miss K. }

Mrs. O. The horses be coming!

I spy a side saddle—I've hit it—I'm gone.

I'll get up on horseback, and trot up to John.

[*Ex. Mrs. Orger.*]

Miss K. Well, since we're too late, there is no need of sorrow;
You and *I will see Caius Gracchus* to-morrow.

Mrs. G. Agreed! and we'll bring a whole box-full to greet it,
If these our kind friends *will but let us repeat it*.

[We have preserved this morceau as a literary curiosity—It is attributed to Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.]

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

YESTERDAY I had a fine dream, which I will relate, that our philosophers or our divines may explain it to me. I found myself in the midst of a vast plain, covered with a countless multitude of men of all countries and of all ages, from Kamtschatka to Spain, and from the *fiat lux* up to the present time. I was with my aunt, a good old woman, very fond of old customs and of good old times. As soon as she espied a man in the costume of Louis the Fourteenth's time, she exclaimed, 'Oh, what good times there were during that great king's reign!'—'Devil take thee, silly conceited old woman*,' replied the man in a large wig, 'those times were hellish: wars, misery, crimes, corruption, meanness, and pride, were what I witnessed under this great monarch.'—'But look at that man in his broad-brimmed hat, his plaited collar, and large shoes; he has seen good times, for he lived under the good Henry IV.'—'Plague take the fool,' returned the man in question; 'I saw nothing but civil wars, rebellions, assassinations, monkish superstitions, poisonings, and famine.'—'Yonder warrior, doubtless, knew good times, for his dress bespeaks

* The dead are unceremonious.

him to have been a soldier of the great Charlemagne.'—'Thou art terribly out in thy reckoning,' answered Charlemagne's knight: 'Hast thou not heard of the sorcerers of those times, of the excesses committed under the cloak of religion, of the peasantry preyed upon by the vassals, the vassals by the petty gentry, the petty gentry by the liege lords, and the liege lords themselves despoiled by the monks?'—'Observe that man in a tunic, he is a Roman, and must have known good times.'—'Ignorant Gaul!' said the man of the Tiber, 'thou hast then neither read Suetonius nor Tacitus. Thou knowest nothing of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, nor Caracalla!'—'Cast your eyes upon that man in a toga; he is the one who has seen good times: he served under the republic.'—'By Bacchus,' exclaimed the man with a long curly beard, 'thou speakest of what thou knowest little of. Thy boasted republic was a barbarous period; wars, battles, combats, carnage, decemvirs, tribunes, revolutions, the Agrarian law, elections determined by blows, perpetual dictatorships, proscriptions,—were those good times?'—'Look at that man wearing a chlamys, he was more fortunate; his, indeed, were good times.'—'Yes,' answered the Athenian, 'the iron age! Poor Greece, always the prey of tyrants or rogues; a hundred little states ever ready to attack their neighbours, or quarrel among themselves,—petty kingdoms, small republics, tyranny, aristocracy, democracy, oligarchy, factions, wars, treasons, and slavery, under the name of liberty—such was Greece.'—'Yonder man, who wears a tiara, lived under Semiramis, and those were the only good times.'—'O Heavens! what nonsense!' exclaimed the man in the mitre, 'Nineveh, Ecbatana, Babylon, Suza, Persepolis, were all infamous cities;

the age was corrupt, and miserable Asia knew neither peace nor happiness; these, however, were once to be found. See yon venerable old man,—he is Adam; he knew good times—no one else has known them.’ ‘May the serpent bite thee, with thy good times!’ replied the first of men; ‘there existed then but one woman; she was a coquette. I had but two sons—one killed the other. Look at the angels, they have known good times.’—‘Thou liest,’ cried Lucifer; ‘the angels fought each other like devils, and even attacked the Divinity; and if the Supreme himself has seen good times, it was before he called any being into existence.’

THE INVITATION.

FROM ONE OF THE PATRONESSES OF THE LADIES’ FANCY BALL.

Tune—“Run, Neighbours, run,” &c.

COME, Ladies, come, ’tis now the time for capering,
 Freedom’s flag at Willis’s is just unfurl’d;
 We, with French dances, will overcome French vapouring,
 And with ice and Roman punch amaze the world:
 There’s I myself and Lady L. you’ll seldom meet a runner set,
 With Lady Grosv’nor, Lady Foley, and her Grace of Somerset,
 While Lady Jersey fags herself, regardless of the bustle, Ma’am,
 With Lady Cowper, Lady Anne, and Lady William Russell,
 Ma’am.

Come Ladies, come, ’tis now the time for capering,
 Freedom’s flag at Willis’s is just unfurl’d.

Oh, such a treat—’twill be pleasant, past conception, Ma’am,
 Such a crowd of patriot dames, were never never seen;
 Most of them, at Brandenburgh, have met a warm reception,
 Ma’am,
 And were boon companions of our gracious Queen!

In smiles arrayed, my Lady Grey, with such a noble work elate,
The lemonade, and water-ice, will undertake to circulate,
With meat in slices, laid on bread, about the rooms to hand,
which, is

Of course, the task of Lady S. the head of all the *Sandwiches*.

Come, Ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

Then, Ma'am, for company! — there ne'er has been a rush in
town

Half so great as there will be to this Whig thing:

Mrs. Brougham and Mrs. Wilde, the Doctor, Mrs. Lushington,

Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Baring, Lord and Lady King;

The Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Foster, little Colonel Higgins,
Ma'am;

Mrs. Barber Beaumont, Mrs. Byng, and Mrs. Figgins, Ma'am,

Lady Morgan, Lady Stanhope, old Sir Rober Baker, Ma'am,

And Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Frith, and Lord and Lady Dacre,
Ma'am.

Come, Ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

Then for amusement, so charmingly diversified;

Poets, painters, patriots, peers, will all be there.

Wilson's wise letter, by Tommy Campbell versified,

Cammy Hob will give us to an old Greek air;

Lord Nugent, in silk pantaloons, will dance a grand bolero,

And little Moore, to patriot words will sing us *Li'l bulero*,

And Doctor Hume, his spirits raised by half a pint of Ferin-
tosh,

Will stump a Highland *pas de deux* with Gerald's Jemmy Macin-
tosh.

Come, Ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

The supper will be *Pic-nic*—I'm sure I scarce can pen it, Ma'am,

But calf's-head soup, I know is sent by Doctor Hume;

Syllabubs and trifles from Mr. Henry Bennet, Ma'am;

And Lamb in various shapes and ways by Mr. Brougham.

The Maberleys send mushrooms, and saddles two of mutton,
Ma'am;

A cod's-head and shoulders, Sefton volunteers to put on, Ma'am;

Chicken-pies from Taylor come, and lobsters from Sir Ronald,
 Ma'am,
 And gooseb'ry fool in Scottish pints, from Mr. James Macdonald,
 Ma'am.

Come, Ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
 Freedom's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

Silly Billy volunteered to get a royal stag shot,
 To treat the Whigs with ven'son, but it would not do ;
 His Highness was unlucky--so he sent a goose from Bagshot,
 While little Rice has furnished us with Irish stew ;
 Lord Nugent sends a round of beef, with cucumber and mustard,
 Ma'am,
 And Lady Anne from Holkham sends us up a fine old bustard,
 Ma'am ;
 Peter Moore finds pipes and punch, while Lambton makes the
 gravies, Ma'am ;
 And many little nameless items come from Colonel Davies,
 Ma'am.

Run, Ladies run, 'tis now the time for capering,
 Freedom's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

As for the Spaniards, the Cortes, or King Ferdinand,
 I hope dear Ma'am, you'll not suppose I care one pin,
 A motley ball at Almack's is considered quite a "bird in
 hand,"

By those who on the decent nights *cannot* get in !
 Then come yourself, I hope you will, and bring your eldest daughter,
 Ma'am,
 And Susan Smith, who ran away, if Mr. Smith has caught her,
 Ma'am ;
 Our husbands wish it, and they pay for every thing to cram us
 with,
 The principle's the same as that which took us all to Hammer-
 smith.

Come, Madam, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
 Pleasure's flag at Willis's is just unfurl'd.

SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

AMONG the pictures and drawings bequeathed by the late Viscount Fitzwilliam to the University of Cambridge, are two designs by Romney, taken from the following singular and awful narrative, which was found among the papers of that esteemed artist.

Whether the circumstances contained in it are real or fictitious, I cannot pretend to say; but the simplicity and pathos with which they are described, seem to me to give them the character of truth. It may probably be in print, but I do not recollect to have seen it. In one of the designs there is a very slight sketch of a skeleton, suspended in the right corner of that design which represents the dissecting room. The following is the narrative:—About seventeen years ago, a young woman from the country, of a very agreeable person, was servant to a man who had all the vices attendant on the corruption of large cities; struck with her charms, he tried all methods of seduction. She was virtuous,—she resisted. Her discretion only inflamed the passion of her master, who, not being able to prevail with her, devised the blackest and most abominable revenge. He clandestinely put into her box, where she kept her clothes, several things belonging to himself, and marked with his own name; he then exclaimed he was robbed, sent for a constable, and made his deposition. When the box was opened, the effects which he claimed were known. The poor girl, being imprisoned, had only tears for her defence, and all that she said in answer to the interrogators, was that she was innocent. Our criminal jurisprudence cannot be sufficiently condemned, when we consider that the

Judges had no suspicion of the wickedness of the accuser, and that they enforced the law in its utmost rigour; a rigour that is extreme, and which ought to be banished from our code, and give place to a simple chastisement, which would leave fewer robberies unpunished.

Innocent as she was, she was condemned to be hanged. She was unskilfully executed, it being the first essay of the executioner's son. A surgeon bought the body. As he was preparing that evening to dissect it, he perceived some remains of warmth; the knife dropt from his hands, and he put into his bed her whom he was going to anatomise.

His endeavours to restore her to life succeeded; at the same time he sent for an ecclesiastic, with whose discretion and experience he was well acquainted, as well to consult him on this strange event, as to make him a witness of his conduct. At the moment when the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she thought herself in the other world, and seeing the priest, who had a large head, and strongly marked (for I knew him, and from him had this account), she clasped her hands with terror, and exclaimed, eternal Father, you know my innocence, have mercy on me. She did not cease to invoke that ecclesiastic, thinking she saw God himself. It was long before she could be convinced that she was not dead, so strongly the idea of the punishment and death had impressed her imagination. Nothing could be more affecting or more impressive, than this exclamation of an innocent soul to him whom she considered as her supreme judge; and, without her endearing beauty, this sight alone was sufficient to interest strongly a man of sensibility and observation.

THE TREAD MILL.

WRITTEN ON READING SIR JOHN COX HIPPISEY'S PAMPHLET
ON PRISON LABOUR.

INGENIOUS thought ! old Nature to invert,
And make the feet do duty for the hands !
The hands have worked for many thousand years,
For many thousand years now work the feet !
Behold the human squirrels, round and round,
Treading the never-ending cylinder ;
The '*incorrigible rogues*' that wise men send
To houses of correction, there to learn
That *labour* is, in very deed, a curse ;
With pains and perils, there to '*mill the air*,'
With strains and achings, therefrom to depart,
Lessoned to *work* at—nothing !
To learn this wondrous lesson, and unlearn
The other habits of industrious years.
Lo ! woman stretched, disfigured, on the wheel !
Stung with a sense of shame, a dread of ill,
'Twere infamy for other eyes to see
All little remnant of that self-respect
Strong to reclaim, extinguish'd in the feeling
Of utter and o'erwhelming degradation.
Fie on these manias, that o'erdo all good
To perfect evil ; these precipitate jumps
At excellence, which hurl it to the ground ;
These plans completed without proper planning ;
These quackish nostrums. Let the tread-mill flourish
For just prevention of the thefts of mice,
Or comfort of young ladies, who delight
To see the captive squirrel wind his cage ;
But let not Nature be abused, nor man,
Converted to a sorry turnspit, tramp
A profitless, debasing, cruel round
Of toil ; nor woman be exposed
To all that man can *suffer*, and thrice more !

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At a meeting of the Chairman and Committee, for establishing a Public Library, on Saturday, March 15th, 1823 :—present,

H. R. H. The Duke of Gloucester, K. G. in the Chair;

Lord Holland,

Earl Grey,

Lord Duncannon,

Sir R. Wilson.

Treasurer—Sir J. Macintosh.

W. Cobbett, Esq. Registrar.

It was communicated to the Committee, that the following Books had been already received, as contributions, from the subscribers :—

His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—presents A Syllabus of Lectures on the Discovery of the Longitude, to be written in Latin by himself.

Lord Holland—"Webster's Companion to the Altar," and a Portuguese translation of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," (*scarce*).

Lord Duncannon—Brooke's Gazetteer.

Lord Grey—Baron Grimm!

Sir R. Wilson—Bellisarius (imperfect copy), and Poor Robin (unbound), subscriber's edition.

Lord Erskine—Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

Lord Tankerville—Tom Thumb, and the Beauties of Grammont.

Mr. H. G. Bennet—The Newgate Calendar, and Walton's Complete Angler.

Mr. Chad—Curious M.S. Life and Adventures of Cardinal Puff; or "onne Foole makyth manie."

- Lord Nugent—Sterne, folio.
 Mr. Hume—Cocker; foolscap copy.
 Mr. W. Bankes—Hervey's Meditations.
 Mr. H. Bankes—Cumberland's Memoirs of himself.
 Sir F. Burdett—Mis—cellany, from the Harleian M.S. with a striking likeness.
 Mr. Wells (*Huntingdon*)—A Treatise on Nosology.
 Mr. Plunkett—Pope's Essay on Man.
 Mr. Mackenzie—Peregrine Pickle.
 Mr. Calcraft—History of Chester (M.S.)
 Mr. Maberly, sen.—“ Strutt's ” Antiquities.
 Mr. R. Gordon—Voyage to *Bombay*.
 Earl Grosvenor—Moore's Fugitive Works.
 Mr. Maryatt—New edition of Lloyd's Elocution.
 Alderman Wood—“ Blighted Ambition.”
 Mr. Scarlett—“ The Touchstone of Modern Assurance.”
 Mr. Ricardo—Hebrew Melodies !
 The Duke of Hamilton—“ A Tale of Wonders.”
 Mr. Creevey—Slang Dictionary, Grose : tom. I.
 Mr. E. Ellice—The Spy ; a Tale of the Neutral Ground !
 Mr. Lambton—“ Le nain jaune,” and Colman's Vagaries.
 Mr. Waithman—The “ Draper's Letters.”
 Mr. Coke—Sheep-shearing, a pastoral ; the Pleasures of Memory ; and a Series of Weekly Essays.
 Mr. M. A. Taylor—The Cook's Oracle, with *plates*, and a Table of Contents.
 Colonel Davies—Fac-simile copy of Hume's Essays, calf.
 Lord Blesinton—Browne's Vulgar Errors ; and the Balance of Power.
 Sir Charles Vernon—Chamberlain's Travels.

Mr. Hughes Ball—Rejected Addresses !

Mr. Brougham—"Old Nick;" and "Yellowly on Convulsions."

A Lady (by the Earl of Essex)—Young's Night Thoughts.

Hon. B. Craven—Clarissa, translated into French, beautiful edition, (sheets).

S. Rogers, Esq.—Joe Miller, and Paley's Philosophy, with a coloured portrait.

Mr. Bernal—Moses in Egypt, an Oratorio, and a collection of *Jeux d'Esprit*; also a parcel of sealing-wax, for the use of the subscribers.

Mr. N. Fellowes—The Guardian.

Lord Clanmorris—Cain, a Mystery, with cuts.

Lord Sefton—Hudibras: Grey's folio edition.

Several of the Irish Titular Bishops have contributed Roman Translations; and Brooks's Club have presented the Society with a splendid copy of "The Court and Parliament of Beasts," translated from the "Animali Parlanti of Giambatisto Caste."

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

THE first writer who speaks of this instrument, and its uses in navigation, is a Provençal poet, who wrote (about the beginning of the thirteenth century) a poem called *Bible Guyot*. It is a satirical work, and lashes the vices of the age with great freedom. He compares the Pope to the polar star, and describes the compass such as it was in its infancy.

THE SALE AT FONTHILL.

A FRAGMENT.

Who has not heard of the Sale at Fonthill,
 With its *bijoux* the brightest that earth ever gave;
 Its pictures and books—and its knights of the quill,
 Who of its “attractions” ceaselessly rave?
 Oh! to see it at mid-day, when warm o’er the Hall,
 Its full gathered splendour an autumn sun throws;
 Ere the smug Auctioneer to his seat in the stall,
 “Like a bride full of blushes,” so sinilingly goes;
 And punctual to time, without stoppage or stammer,
 Reads his list of “conditions,” and raises his hammer.
 When gems, bronzes, and paintings, are gleaming half shewn,
 (Mr. Beckford’s I mean—t’other half would not please, Sir),
 From tables of ebony—rose-wood—and one
 Which they tell us belong’d to the Prince di Borghese, Sir;
 But *geese* we should be, all we hear thus to hug,
 Since we know many come from the Prince of Humbug!
 Then to see all the china from Nankin and Dresden,
 The “rare Oriental” and “famed Japanese;”
 Mixed with all kinds of trumpery, but recently pressed in,
 Our judgments to dupe and our pockets to ease!
 With bronzes and boxes—*chef-d’œuvres* of skill,
 Made “to order,” they say, for the Sale at Fonthill!
 Here the music of bidding grows loud and more loud;—
 Here the *sweetener* is conning his hints for the day;
 And here by the rostrum, apart from the crowd,
 Billy Tims and his brethren are scribbling away
 (Striving who shall debauch Mr. Phillips the most)
 Their puffs for the *Chronicle*, *Herald*, and *Post*!
 Let us pause ere we blame, for ’tis well understood,
 Though some things are so so, Harry’s dinners are good;
 And since paying and feeding the piper’s no jest,
 Sure they ought to play for him the tune he likes best.
 Here a black-letter hero, with rat-smelling air,
 Tipping winks, full of meaning, squats down in his chair,

The veteran of many a book-auction is he,
 And he'll not be bamboozled, I think, Mr. P.
 If the item is genuine, away goes his nod,
 And if cheap, is knocked down, with " 'tis your's, Mr. Rodd ;"
 If a "*foist*," and his glance of contempt is enough,
 Why, he dives for his snuff-box, and only takes snuff !
 Here the man who is neighbour to famed Mr. Squibb,
 (He may call us *obscure*, and perhaps tell us we fib),
 The "spirited bidder," for whom we shan't say,
 Is beginning, as usual, his work of the day,
 And before the great clock of the Abbey strikes four,
 Will have made some two hundred bold biddings, or more.
 Till Clarke, justly incensed at the fellow's assurance,
 Lets him in with a look of affected endurance,
 Saying, "Sir, 'tis your own—give you joy of the lot, it
 Has long been contested, and now you have got it."
 Oh ! to see how he changes from yellow to blue,
 As he answers, "I'm ready to yield it to you ;"
 "I have *run* up the thing, but if called on to *pay*,
 Why I think I must finish by *running* away !"
 But a smile from his patron sets all matters right,
 And he boldly bids on, "in his pocket's despite !"
 Here the famous Count *Buff*, with his eye-glass and seals,
 His rings on his fingers, and spurs on his heels,
 His straw-coloured wig, and magniloquent air,
 And his hat cocked aside, like a clown's at a fair,
 Striding up to some daub, with his hand o'er his brow,
 And wiping the canvass, cries, "Rubens, I vow !
 His colouring—relief—light and shadow are there—
 His expression—his grouping—his breadth, to a hair !
 Then that Cuyp there besides, it's as pearly and clear,
 As the first break of day at the spring of the year ;
 Though it can't be compared with yon dewy Metzu,
 So melting and mellow, so taseful and true :
 They've a charm above all, that must make them divine,
 (Speaking under his breath) '*entre nous* ; Sir, they're mine.'
 Yes, you're doubtless surprised, that a man of my air,
 Should thus chaffer in pictures, but list while I swear,
 'Twas my love for the Arts—and I'm master of some—
 That first made me a dealer, and led me to roam.

As for money, my friend, I would have you to know,
I care nothing about a few thousands or so;
There's my own private income—a mere bagatelle—
Just five thousand a year, which you know's pretty well;
A trifle, admitted, but surely enough
To buy a few baubles—and pay for one's snuff;
Then my wife, besides beauty, of which we'll be mum,
Has, 'fore God I declare it, two-thirds of a plumb;
To say nought of an uncle, who lives in the Indies
(By the bye, can you tell me, my friend, how the wind is),
Who has promised—and sure he can do it with ease,
To send us, ere long, a few lacks of rupees!
Then my private 'collection' is worth—so they say,
Just a cool hundred thousand (not much by the way),
And my house and its trappings—(pray speak if I bore)
Has been valued by some, at a good hundred more!
As you guess, in 'my own hackney coach,' I came down,
To see how matters go, and look after my own;
And, thanks to yon pliable knights of the quill,
I shall do pretty well by the sale of Fonthill.”
Here the white-trowser'd Dandy, and black-whisker'd Swell,
The lean sprig of fashion, the beau and the belle,
The lord and the lady—but few of the latter,
Have all journeyed, post-haste, not to buy, but to chatter;
To lounge, look about them, and prate at their ease,
Of Mieri, Correggio, and Paul Veronese!
But vainly the vender directs his keen glance
To many a gay groupe as the biddings advance;
Inattentive are they to the beam of his eye,
And he turns to Clarke, Lawford, and Rodd, with a sigh—
'Mid sunshine and storm, 'mid report good and ill,
The heroes and props of the sale at Fonthill!
Here Colnaghi, Thorpe, Phillips, and Farquhar, good men,
I could sketch to the life with four strokes of my pen;
But I think I had better not touch off a verse on all,
Lest some ill-natured booby should say I've grown personal!
However, to prove that no evil I mean them,
I'll give them a sweet-tempered couplet between them.
The two first are good fellows, I own with good will,
The two last are as good—as the sale at Fonthill!

There are auctions for ever unchangingly dull,
Like a long winter night ere the moon's at its full ;
Selling on, selling on, but in bidders so slender,
That ere buyers are caught, half asleep is the vender ;
Where, excepting for brokers, booksellers, and one
Like the spirited Lawford, no sale could go on.
These are not the auctions, 'tis nothing like these
That has taught Jemmy Christie all parties to please,
That has given him a power he can wield at his will,
With the flower of west-enders his sale-room to fill ;
And *sans* sweeteners, or spoonies, to kick up a pother,
To get biddings in plenty, of some sort or other !
'Tis plain honesty lifts him so far o'er his peers,
And has crowned him the Emperor of Town Auctioneers ;—
With that sprightliuess ever in motion, which plays
On the eye and the pocket, and charms us both ways :
Now here and now there, wiling cash as it flies,
From the eyes to the purse, from the purse to the eyes !
If in pictures he deals—such his elegant ease,
You would swear he was born to sell nothing but these ;
And his passing mistakes do but serve to awaken
New mirth, while his credit stands firm and unshaken.
If on books he dilates, he's as deftly at home,
Be they novels from Paris, or classics from Rome ;
If on music—he knows the deep art to unriddle,
When from far-famed Cremona he sells you a fiddle :
In short, such the power of his spells, I've been told
He can turn what he touches, like Cræsus, to gold ;
And dull before him—you may say what you will,
Is the Smug Auctioneer of the Sale at Fonthill !

ANECDOTE OF MOREAU.

MOREAU was famous for his retreats ; insomuch,
that his companions in arms compared him to a *drum*,
which nobody hears of except when *beaten*.

HATIANA; OR, LOOSE REMARKS ON HATS AND HEADS.

MR. EDITOR, The Hat ! that crowning tegument of our dress, is, I think, much more frequently indicative of the qualities, propensities, situation, &c., of the wearer of it, than any thing else. It has been long said, that—

‘ The wisdom’s in the wig ;’

and, as far as the remark applies to judges, counselors, doctors of divinity, king’s coachmen, and a few other great men, it is a very good one ; but in the absence of a knowledge of physiognomy and craniology (that lump and bump system), neither of which do I profess to know much about, give me the system or science of *Hatiana*, whereby the adepts in it know, even if following a man, and when ‘ the human face divine’ is invisible to them, what sort of person he is who bears it on his pate. Indeed, if you saw the hat itself hung upon a pole or peg, you might decide almost to a certainty as to the owner of it. Some hatters have attempted (and in a few cases succeeded) to make the hat so as to suit the character of the wearer ; but I think the hat often assumes a new shape, and assimilates itself, gradually to the head, &c. of the possessor of it. Now to the proof.

If you see a hat all ‘ tattered and torn,’ with a piece out of the brim here and there,’ and the crown beat in, or sewn on with a bit of pack-thread ; it requires no prophetic power to declare the wearer of it to be some poor wretched outcast, who, rather than be quite bare-headed, has robbed some stick set up in a corn-field,

or gardener's ground to scare the birds, of its *highest* appendage ; thus leaving the crows to sport and riot unmolested, or at all events unalarmed, on the losses of the poor farmer.

As a complete opposite to this, you see a hat as sleek and as new-looking as if just come from the maker's, without a hair out of its place, the brim unbent, the edges unworn, the ribbon and buckle all precisely even and in order : who can doubt for a moment that it is an old bachelor's hat ; it looks placid, quiet, snug, even sly, like the owner of it ; and seems to say, as he would, ' don't touch me.'

Your fantails, of course, are the property only of coal-heavers, porters, waggoners, and the burden-bearing tribe ; but many of these hats, let me tell you, could furnish a curious history of their different wearers, for they are very frequently cut down and degraded from the *chapeau bras*, or the military cocked hat, into the aforesaid *fantail*.

I dread to say, that a very greasy round hat, though kept otherwise clean, is too apt to belong to some poor author, more likely a poet than any thing else ; and it seems to say, that neither its owner nor itself are any longer *nappy* ; much might be said about this sort of hat and its wearers, but it is an awful subject, and I will quit the theme.

If you see, towards nine or ten in the evening, a smart *chapeau bras* flitting along the street, with a form under it dressed in black, you may depend it is some young fellow gliding away to the ball, who has paid a hatter half-a-crown for his *head*-ornament for the evening, and who cannot very well afford to hide himself in a hackney-coach, but yet is ashamed to be seen on foot : perhaps there may be a gold loop in his hat ;

if so, he is Captain Somebody, till the next morning finds him at his desk.

The military cocked hat is something different from the *chapeau bras*, though but little; yet as this hat is only worn by the staff of the army in these days, and is mostly accompanied by the uniform coat, it is thought to have *no character at all*, or so general an one, as to have nothing *particular* about it worth naming.

Now and then you meet with the real old three-cornered cocked hat, the true and original *Egham, Staines, and Windsor* (formerly so nick-named, from the triangular situation of those towns), but its visits to us are like those of angels,

‘ Short and far between;’

and it is universally the mark of an old pensioner, or of some old gentleman born about the year 1740, and who mounted just such a hat when he was first breeched, and who is now determined to part with his cocked hat but with his life. The present rising generation would hardly believe that about fifty or sixty years ago, all the hats worn were of that shape, even to the little boys, and a man in a round hat would then have been hooted.

The broad-brimmed low-crowned hat generally gives token of a Quaker,—I beg pardon, a *friend*—but there are a few queer, quaint, formal chaps, who assume the same sort of covering for their crowns; and when you see such a hat upon a head where the sad-coloured suit is not to be observed beneath it, set down the wearer as a man who wishes to be thought either wiser or better than his neighbours, perhaps

both : but who, it is quite likely, is neither. Perhaps this might be called the hypocritical hat.

The extremely oval hat, whose rim is drawn into the segment of a circle on each side, seems to indicate the long-headed man ; which head I take to be very different from that of the counsellor's, whose wig-maker grinned amazingly when measuring him for that awful thing, a two-tailed peruke ; and, upon being asked the reason, said that the learned gentleman's head was just as *thick* as it was long.

I hardly know what sort of hat can be said to designate the really thick-headed and stupid man, except it be that which you now and then see standing upon the top of some ponderous noddle, perfectly circular in the crown, and as perfectly straight and unbent in the rim, which stands out as regularly all round, as if it had just been ironed. I cannot say I like a *round head* much more than Charles the First did ; though to be sure he had *cutting* reasons for disliking them, for truth to say, they put it out of his power to wear a hat any more, or a crown either.

The white hat became, through Hunt's example, the signal and distinguishing mark of a radical ; but that was only a temporary matter, and as these things have gone back to their accustomed uses, we may now almost take it for granted that a white hat in summer-time, covers the head either of a country-gentleman, a coachman, or a sporting *flash*-man, who would give you more *slang* in five minutes than you would understand in five months, unless with the aid of Grose's Dictionary of the vulgar tongue, or that of some other slang lexicographer.

I shall now only name one other hat as indicative

of any peculiarity of character, and that is the *well-thumbed one*; being bent up on the right side of the brim, by constant compression between the thumb and fingers of some adept at making a bow; and I generally suspect such a man of being a genteel beggar, and if he is a courtier, he will have thumbed his hat in begging a place from *the crown*; or if a shabby plebeian, in begging for *half-a-crown*.

But there are two or three modes of wearing hats, that I will just name, as being tolerably explanatory of the character of the wearers; such is the hat shoved off the forehead; the man who does this is either a hot-headed choleric man or a star-gazer; and the hat sunk over the eyes as clearly marks a sloven, or one who is afraid of being recognized: the last is the hat lifted, or cocked on one side, which is sure to belong to a dandy, or would-be buck.

I have purposely avoided saying any thing about the clerical, magisterial, or official hat; having too much respect for *the powers that be*, to affront even a beadle or a street-keeper.—I am, &c.

COLLEGE MOTTOS.

THE head of a certain College at Oxford was asked by a stranger, what was the motto of the arms of that University? He told him that it was, "*Dominus illuminatio mea*." But he candidly added, that, in his private opinion, a more appropriate motto would be, "*Aristoteles meæ tenebræ*."

SHAKSPEARE'S SHADE ;

OR, A THEATRICAL PORTRAIT.

'Twas nearly twelve—I sat alone;
 By half an inch of taper,
 And loosely were my night-thoughts thrown
 On half a sheet of paper;
 When, strange to tell,
 The tenor-bell
 Toll'd from the time-torn tow'r;
 And after that
 The 'brinded cat'

'Thrice mewed' the midnight hour.

I started, and with tragic stare
 Most 'horrible' I hearken'd,
 When the 'brief candle' dous'd its glare,
 And all the scene was darken'd :

' 'Tis now,' I cried,
 'Or Shakspeare lied,
 The "witching-time" for ghosts ;'
 Scarce had I said,
 When Shakspeare's shade
 Stood close to my bed-postes.

'Angels, and ministers of grace,'
 I roar'd, for half-a-minute—
 'That surely must be Shakspeare's face,
 Or else the devil's in it;
 "Unfold thy tale"
 Thou spectre pale,
 Nor thus my courage wither;
 "O speak" the worst,
 Or I shall "burst"
 To know what brought thee hither.'

'Mark me,' said he ; 'go on,' said I,
 In accents just as hollow ;
 And then I strained each eager eye,
 As if the bard to swallow :

' I've been again
 To Drury-lane,
 Once more to *play the ghost* there ;
 And chanc'd to find
 The Rosalind
 That long ago I lost there.'

' Ye gods,' said I, ' 'tis " passing strange ;"
 Pray was she in the boxes ?
 Or did you through the lobbies range,
 To catch her with the doxies ?'

' Go to,' he cried ;
 I strait replied,
 ' To guess it I engage, Sir,—
 You found her where
You seldom are,
 And that is *on the stage, Sir.*'

' A hit,' quoth he, ' she grac'd the scene ;
 ' Now tell the lass's name too.'
 ' *Alas ! 'tis Mrs. F.* you mean ;
 And F. stands first for Fame too.'
 ' Then, prithee, say,
 From *Mrs. J.*

Great Shakspeare's shade was beckon'd ;
 And he presents
 His compliments
 To *Rosalind the Second !*

' Enough,' said I, ' thy name I'll use,
 For critics, cruel wretches,
 If I don't mind my *P's* and *Q's*,
 Will "*fill my bones with H's.*"'
 Quoth he, ' Report
Apollo's court

Sent Shakspeare their subpœna ;
 And that, of course,
 Will have great force
 By way of *notâ bene !*

DOCTOR SQUINTUM.

“WALK in, ladies and gentlemen; walk in!—shew your tickets, ladies and gentlemen, if *you* please; walk in and see the wonderful *Doctor Squintum* just arrived from Glasgow—the most magnificent preacher as ever was seen in this here world, or any where else: tumble up ladies—mind your pockets! Now Mr. Basilico, tip the gentlefolks a speech—here they come;—stand out of the way, you poor looking chaps, we wants no paupers here;—now’s your time—just a going to begin;—crow a little, if you please, Mr. Romeo. Don’t waste the precious minutes—come in and be saved, or stay out and be ——. Silence there, you little boys—mind the nobility:—never such another opportunity will offer so long as the world lasts. Now *Doctor Squintum*, here we are—quite full, Doctor—just a going to begin. Look at him, ladies—look at him—what a magnificent *cretur*—all his own hair—every bit of it, whiskers and all:—this here doctor is capable of seeing two sides of a thing at once, and keeps one eye upon earth, and the other upon heaven. Here comes the ministers!—and here comes the duchesses!—and here comes my lady, and all the rest of the Royal Society!—tumble up—tumble up!—now Mr. Basilico, shut the doors, and keep out the beggars.”—*Pew Opener’s Exordium.*

After which may be sung a new ballad, entitled and called,

DOCTOR SQUINTUM.

To the Tune of "*Nancy Dawson*."

Come beaux and belles, attend my song,
Come, join with me the motley throng,
The time is apt, the tide runs strong,
Your hearts no longer harden;
The world at once is pious grown,
And vice a thing no longer known,
For *Doctor Squintum's* come to Town,
To preach in Hatton-Garden.

The Doctor is a charming man,
A good deal on the Whitfield plan;
Men's vices he doth plainly scan,
Not delicately hint 'em.
A fire upon his flock he'll keep,
And treats them more like wolves than sheep,
Till some go mad—but more to sleep,
Oh! charming *Doctor Squintum*.*

Such crowds of fashion throng the door,
With Tickets number'd, to secure
"*Exclusion*" to the *pious poor*,
Who never pass the entry.
Humility the Scot doth teach,
In tones the hardest heart to reach,
But when he condescends to preach,
'Tis only to the Gentry!

The Chapel's like a playhouse quite,
When thronged on Mr. Liston's night;
The boxes—gall'ries, bursting tight,
Besides a very full pit;

* This may seem ill-natured, but is moreover true. An Irish friend of ours, who was at the show last Sunday, declared that he did not like Squintum so much then as he did before; for, said he, "The first time I heard him I slept mighty well, but to-day he made such an infernal noise, I could not get above a ten minutes' nap."—Squintum preached an hour and a quarter.

And there they crowd to hear their doom,
 From one who talks like Doctor Hume,
 And works and jerks like Lawyer Brougham,
 Exalted in a pulpit.

When wand'ring quacks expose their stuff,
 Themselves not quite absurd enough,
 They hire Jack Pudding fools to puff
 Their trash to ev'ry noodle:
 So *Squintum* zanies gets in pairs,
 As other humbugs do at fairs,
 And Montague upon the stairs
 Harangues with Cock-a-doodle.

Small Taylor leaves his teeming board,
 Saxe-Cobourg quits his shining hoard,
 And Poodle Byng gives up a Lord,
 To join the pious jostle!
 With lightning speed Lord Sefton flies,
 And Coke contrives betimes to rise,
 While little Bennet sits and cries
 At Holborn's high Apostle.

My Lord, the Duchess, and his Grace,
 All join the scrambling motley race,
 And Ministers in pow'r and place,
 Whose names—we scorn to print 'em;
 These leave their pastors in the lurch,
 And much it grieves us in the search,
 To find the *State* desert the *Church*,
 For such a thing as *Squintum*.

But vanity doth never know,
 At what to stop, nor where to go;
 His Sermons are attractive, so
 He undertakes to print 'em.
 This last manœuvre spoils the whole,
 For partisans, like Mistress Cole,
 Peruse, and cry, "God bless my soul!
 Are these by *Doctor Squintum*?"

Like that Hibernian blazing star,
 Great Mr. Phillips at the Bar,
 His metaphors his matter mar,
 Nor does he care to stint 'em :
 In holding forth, he tops his school,
 But readers find (then being cool),
 His sermon trash, the man's a fool—
 A very *Doctor Squintum*.

UNDE DERIVATUR.

*Humbly addressed to those enlightened Noblemen, Gentlemen,
 Merchants, and others, who contributed to entertain Don
 Antonio Zea, at the London Tavern.*

JOHN had a few hundreds to vest,
 When puzzled in what Stock to buy :
 The Patriots, Columbian advised,
 And the Chronicle echoed the cry.

But meeting his Pastor, good soul !
 Who knew not a Stock from a stone,
 Though a Scholar !—he asked what was meant
 By the term of “Columbian Loan ?”

“ A Loan's a thing lent—for what end,
 You ought to know better than I, John ;
 But its title—I do not know why,
 Means something that *takes in a Pigeon !*

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.—WINDSOR
REVELS, &c.

TUESDAY, the 12th of August, 1823, was a good twenty-four hours jubilee with the Windsor folk ; as, indeed, the 12th of August always is :—it being, as we heard a worthy Burgess observe, “ his Majesty’s *real* birth-day, and none of your George and the Dragon *shim shams* !” St. George’s Day, falling early in the spring, may do very well for the “ fashionable hemisphere” in London, because it chimes in with other gay days and galas, and routs, and does not interfere with the *rusticatory* arrangements of the fashionable hemisphere folks ; though certainly there is something curiously anomalous in celebrating on the 23d of April, an event which happened on the 12th of August. But this is the age of anomaly and newfangledness ; and if the worthies of Windsor are old-fashioned enough to prefer the *real* thing to the fanciful one—why their simplicity and right feeling are the more manifest ; their verity gets the upper hand of their courtesy ; and there let them rest. By the bye, *courtesy* seems to have been a scarce article in this part of the world lately ; and the Court and the Town have not gone hand in hand, as they did in the days of other times. By the courtesy of his late Majesty, of blessed memory, the Castle Terrace, and its delightful prospects, was always open to the public ; and there the Monarch loved to mingle with his People, the revered father of one vast and affectionate family.

“ We saw him oft on that terrace proud,
“ Surrounded by sights of gladness”—

But *now*—the Terrace is closed—it is a sealed book ; the good people of Windsor have lost much *profit* as well as one of their proudest privileges, and Messrs. the Public may seek elsewhere for their prospects—Richmond, for instance ; or the sister hills Highgate and Hampstead, or the top of St. Paul's, or the Monument on Fish-street-hill ; and if none of these please them, let them take a trip down to Derbyshire. There are lots of fine prospects in Derbyshire.

There was a terrible *brouillerie* about this same Terrace lately. The gates leading to it were closed in the course of the week, by order of Sir William Knighton. “Very well,” thought the worthies of Windsor ; “very well, Sir William, this is all very fine ! Though, perhaps, its no more than we might have *expected* ; and, at all events, it will be open on *Sunday* for the band to play as usual.” Ah ! heartless Windsorites ! you reckoned without your host ! Sunday came—not a very nice one for walking, certainly, but the elements themselves could not damp the existing anxiety to put the Terrace question to the proof—“better to know the *worst*, than the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy.” Accordingly at that hour when the promenade was wont to commence with the luxuriant appliances of martial music and unbounded prospect, the burgesses and their spouses, and their little ones ; and the beaux and their belles ; and the single blessed ones—spinsters unclogged in heart, but clogged in feet by the ingenious men of Bath ; and many strangers, ladies and gentlemen from the land of Cockaigne ; and country people ; and the Bachelors of Windsor not a few, assembled before the Terrace gates, looking—when they should open. Even the band of the Royal Fusileers was there, as usual,

with their bugles and trombones, and things ; but the gates would not open ! The burgesses looked black, and their spouses looked blue, and the venerable spinsters looked pink, and protested, but nevertheless the gates would not open ! The sentinel within, tramped to and fro on his post, and looked as blue as anybody—as blue and as hard as the iron bars of the gate itself—barring that he smiled now and then at the pithy protestations of the venerable spinsters. By and bye the band, to every body's surprise, began to march off with themselves. By this movement hope was extinguished, despair got uppermost, and great was the clamour of the tongues. At length, as the crowd showed no disposition to disperse, messages passed and repassed between the officials at the Castle, who were certainly very much to be pitied—placed as they were in a very pitiable and pitiful predicament : pitiable because full of pity at circumstances over which they, good souls, had no controul whatever. Grieved at seeing so many old and valued friends and neighbours stand kicking their heels before the iron bars of that inexorable gate, which erst was always hospitably open, it is believed that they would even have ventured to remonstrate with Sir William Knighton himself ! But Sir William was at his dinner in the King's Lodge, a-far off ; so remonstrance with him was quite out of the question ; and perhaps it was as well let alone, for what is the use of pestering a gentleman for that which he cannot grant ? At last, however, the commanding officer of the guard, suffering his gallantry to overwhelm his discipline, took upon himself to order the gate to be thrown open, and the band to come back again ; and every thing was instantly *comme il faut*, and as it used to be. But it

was "only for the nonce," for, it is said, the officer underwent reproof for his presumptuous gallantry; and Messrs. the Public, may depend upon it that they will not be allowed to luxuriate in castles, and terraces, and prospects, as they were wont to do. The courtiers defend these innovations on the principle of *chacun a son gout*. "If my father," said one of the funniest amongst them—"if my father was fond of fried beef and cabbage, does it follow that *I* must live upon bubble and squeak?" With his leave, though, there "is reason" even "in roasting of eggs."

But the birth-day jubilee! Faith, we had almost forgotten it, merry as it was; and it was a right merry one—any thing herein contained to the contrary thereof notwithstanding. Some of the wags here—"the Wags of Windsor," say it was made so particularly merry, by way of throwing a little sweet into the sour. They know their own motives best; and, whatever they may have been, that is their business, and not ours. To us, the loyalty and merriment seemed as "*real*" as the birth-day. The Bachelors of the —— but stop, every thing in its proper order—the Bachelors and their revels must not take precedence of the Court.

At the King's Lodge, embosomed in the venerable oaks of the Great Park, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble joys," his Majesty had a select dinner party. There were present at it, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who left the ocean breeze, and the glories of the Steyne, on purpose to do honour to the day. There were also the Duke of Dorset, the Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham, and the junior branches of their family; with Sir William Knighton, Sir Edward Nagle, Colonel Thornton, &c. It was quite a party *en famille*, we understand. The only sign about the

Court of birth-day celebration, was the annual ball given by the pages of the household to their friends, and the royal tradesmen. This ball was held at Cumberland Lodge ; and, maugre all opposition from an excessively sultry night, and its anti-comfortable concomitants, the dancing was kept up, with Almack-showing vigour, until almost six o'clock next morning. And we return, in their turn, to Windsor and its Merry Wives, and more especially to its *Bachelors*, as they call themselves—though, if report say truly, few of them are—but *n'importe*, we will not propagate the scandal.

Early in the morning—and a beautiful morning it was, a *day*, indeed, on which Sol snapped his fingers at St. Swithin, and fairly stared him out of countenance, the Bachelors of Windsor, decked with white and blue ribands—the white for virginity and the blue for loyalty, marched out, in jolly procession, with drums beating and colours flying, amidst the ringing of bells and the smiling of belles, to their celebrated and well-contested *Acre* ; and there having lashed their colours to the obelisk—the jubilee obelisk, erected by his late most gracious Majesty, they fired a four pound patterero, over and over again, till all the forest echoed, and the royal standard on the Castle steeple flew more flauntingly triumphant in the reverberating roar. On the *amphitheatrical* boundaries of “the Acre,” tents and marquees, and booths of all sorts, lay basking in the sunshine, some for exhibitions of many-legged sheep, and the “most *astonishingest* works of nature ;” and others for the dispensation of Ramsbottom’s best, porter and pop, mirth-moving *max*, and fragrant *shag*. Between these coverings of comfort and wonders, the banks were thronged with beauty and buxomness of

every grade—some from the boudoir and some from the buttery, and the level bottom of the Acre was kept open for the peculiar revels of the jolly Bachelors themselves.

These revels commenced with a cricket-match, played by Bachelors not exceeding twelve years of age, and the urchins exerted themselves gloriously. To this succeeded *whipping the ball*, in which ten or twelve sturdy blindfolded bumpkin Bachelors laid on each other with cart whips without mercy, covering themselves with shouts of laughter and floods of perspiration. Ginging matches, jumping in sacks, foot races, wrestling, and single stick or cudgels, followed; but at these two latter sports the Bachelors of Windsor are nothing. Their cudgeling is downright threshing, without the least attempt at science; and verily their heads must be hard heads, to take so many thwacks as they did before they would bleed. Between every bout the patterero was fired with thundering effect; and as the sun went down, the revels were wound up by a *pig-hunt*, to the great amusement of the ladies, and the great terror of the poor pig himself. He was a vigorous prick-eared fellow, with a short tail, well soped, and he sprunted about among their legs lustily, upsetting many a luckless bachelor, and displaying the garters of many a blooming damsel. There seemed, too, to be a sort of understanding between him and the master of the revels; for, whenever he was out of that necessary article—wind, he turned to the master of the revels, who instantly covered him with a large hamper as dexterously as Molly Chambermaid claps the extinguisher on the candle, and thus the hunters were repeatedly thrown out. At length he was caught, and seemingly not

much the worse for his exercise. It was commonly reported that Lord Francis Conyngham made the Bachelors a present of the pig, but we don't believe a word of it. We have no doubt the report was set on foot by the Bachelors themselves, in order to make the sport go off stylishly, and to give their pig an importance which he would not otherwise have enjoyed.

By the time the hunt was over it was nearly dark, and dancing and drinking was then all the rage, till the very booths themselves seemed to reel with jollity, and the never-failing patterero bellowed forth *bravo! bravissimo!*

"Oh! funny and free are a bachelor's revelries,

"Cheerily, merrily passes his life;

"Little knows he of connubial devilries, &c."

At night all the principal shops, the inns, and many private houses, were splendidly illuminated, and there was nothing but bell-ringing and music, and dancing, and drinking, and parading, until after midnight; and then every body (except the watchmen) went quietly to sleep.

THE DISPERSION.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"Away with this pouting and sadness."

AWAY with this spouting and madness,
Of speaking and moving—no more,
For this is the season of gladness—
The Parliament Session is o'er!

A a

The lawyers, the soldiers, the sailors,
 The Whigs—those who vote for the Crown—
 The bankers, Jews, saints, army tailors—
 In short, the whole world's out of town.
 Then away, &c.

Pale Brougham on the Circuit is fagging,
 With Scarlett, and Denham, and Raine;
 Wise Wood in his buggy's gone bagging,
 While Congreve goes dancing for Spain;
 Burdett is at home, growing older,
 Cam Hobhouse is murdering Greek;
 And Heber, in private, grown bolder,
 On Popery ventures to speak.
 Then away, &c.

Manners Sutton, promoter of knowledge,
 Abandons the bath and the beach,
 To lay the first stone of a college,
 And make a "right *national*" speech;
 Will Lamb has come posting from Brocket
 To speak in behalf of his dear;
 Lord John has run down by the "Rocket,"
 To sniff the fresh air on Ryde Pier.
 Then away, &c.

Sir Gerard, a great friend of Billy's,
 Has set up Dame Serres again;
 Lord Nugent has set off from Lillies,
 To set down the Lillies in Spain.
 Lord Deerehurst has gone out a-yachting;
 Sir Ronald to Durham's run down;
 Michael Angelo's pickling and potting
 For next winter's dinners in town.
 Then away, &c.

There's Twiss turned a bitter and stopper,
 There's Peel getting ready his gun,
 Old Pascoe is counting his copper,
 And Palmerston counting on fun;

Bomb Gordon is just come from Paris;
 Bob Wilson is gone to the war;
 Ned Ellice still fetches and carries,
 And Mab's at the King-street Bazaar.
 Then away, &c.

Grim Lambton is bleaching the yellow,
 Of which very much has been sung;
 Wrixon Becher is visiting Mallow;
 Grey Bennet is holding his tongue.
 While Hume finds his pleasure in labours,
 And still at his "*estimates*" fags,
 Tom Creevey's abusing his neighbours,
 And Sefton is grooming his nags.
 Then away, &c.

Fat Maule sends his heir half-a-guinea;
 Dick Martin stays rescuing dogs;
 Macdonald still looks like a ninny:
 Spring Rice has set off for the bogs.
 Peter Moore has gone steaming from Dover,
 To visit his favourite son:
 Duncannon gives dinners in clover,
 Rejoiced that his labours are done.
 Then away, &c,

Where Tierney is, seems quite a myst'ry,
 Where Davies is, nobody cares;
 Sir Jamie, projecting his hist'ry,
Lists of subscribers prepares.
 But why waste the time to count noses,
 To find them all out would be vain;
 Just wait till the present year closes,
 They'll be ready for *working* again.
 Then away with their spouting and madness,
 Of speaking and moving—no more,
 For this is the season of gladness—
 The Parliament Session is o'er!

HARMONY AT CONGRESS ;

OR, SHARPS AND FLATS.

"A M. SUDRE, at Paris, teaches what he calls a musical language, which is applicable to every instrument. Persons of all nations may converse with each other in music in this way, without the trouble of learning to speak a language*."—*Morn. Chro. Nov. 13.*

AT Congress, 'mid the various throng
Of every nation, every tongue,
But now a Babel-bother,
They'll laud the man who here hath found
How they, with all their "instruments of sound,"
May sweetly hum each other !

England by *notes*, and love of rest,
France by a *crotchet* is express'd,
Which very well exhibit 'em :
Fugues, *keys* and *bars* no where at fault,
While Spain is seen by *chords in alt*,
America *ad libitum*.

* It is never too much to be regretted, that that never too much to be lamented Orator, Lord Castlereagh, died before this discovery.

We have heard of a French dancing-master, who by music told a hackney-coachman where to drive. Not recollecting the name of the street, he pulled out his *kit*, and played "*Malbrook*," and the man drove him to *Marlboro'-street*. But a bet was lost by one who, we are told, undertook to go to a coffee-house, and with his *fiddle* call for "*mutton chops for two*;" it would not do—the waiter probably had no ear ! This, therefore, is no impeachment of M. Sudre's System. Dryden has taught us the power of music—

"Sooth'd with the sound, the King grew vain—
Fought all his battles o'er again :"—

We hope we shall have none of this at Congress ; but rather—

"The master saw the madness rise,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride."

This would be music-speaking to some purpose.

When *piano* is the People's case,
 Their Kings, expert in *thoro' bass*,
 Hold on, and *shake* the nations :
 The Jew's bary lends its dulcet tones
 To Stock Exchange, to speak of Loans,
 Of *fifths* and *eighths*, and *variations*.

Each longs to finger—Pæan days,
 When Southey's sackbut tunes the praise
 Of every Royal griper,
 Or any Minister, whose pipe
 Takes part in measures rotten ripe,
 While England pays the piper!

MARY BROWN OF NOTTINGHAM.

At Grub-street chapel, Sunday last,
 Where people could no longer cram ;
 In nankeen dress, with looks down-cast,
 Preach'd—*Mary Brown of Nottingham*.

Archbishops, bishops, prebends, deans,
 Followers and feeders of the Lamb :
 Know ye what woman's preaching means?
 Ask—*Mary Brown of Nottingham*.

Ye trenchermen,—divines so spruce !
 Who study near the river Cam ;
 If ye would value learning's use,
 Seek—*Mary Brown of Nottingham*.

Dissenters, ranters, calvinists,
 And papists of the Holidam ;
 Socinians, Arians, Methodists,
 Hear—*Mary Brown of Nottingham*.

Sweet preachers, grubs, and worms of earth,
 Men whose success is all a shame;
 Your eloquence is nothing worth,
 Since—*Mary Brown's of Nottingham.*

Quakers, both male and female, rise,
 Take off your hats and stand like *Pam* :
 The spirit moves you to be wise
 In—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Rabbins of Israel! quit the *law*,
 The brazen rod and golden ram;
 In all your tribes, you never saw
 Famed—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Grub-street, for poets once so great,
 For city cream and raspberry jam,
 Is now become a *pious* street,
 By *Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

PRESENT PURSUITS OF THE LEADING RADICALS.

Major Cartwright—Manufacturing MS. constitutions for Spain.

Tom Cleary—Retailing constitutions for the Major.

Hunt—Manufacturing powder—not *gun*-powder, but powder to make breakfast of, much cheaper and more wholesome than *gun*-powder tea.

Sir Charles Wolseley—Sighing in silence among the willows at Wolseley Hall—wondering what was become of “all that sort of thing,” and wetting his whistle with “water from the spring”—“Like hermit poor in pensive place.”—*Vide Old Ballad.*

Hone—Knocking down books instead of bishoprics, and preserving the fooleries of the ancients—instead of reforming the moderns.

Carlile—In quod; but doling out deism by deputy. Some thoughts of turning tinker again, when once fairly out.

Cobbett—Out of quod, and as brassy as ever.—N. B. Trying his hand in the straw-bonnet line, and saying nothing about the gridiron.

The Black Dwarf—Worn almost white with long service and hard work. Texts all exhausted, and trying to “make bricks without straw.”

Edmonds—Tickling the catastrophes of forty-seven grammarless urchins at Birmingham, and taking that opportunity of collecting materials for “a language composed of musical sounds.”

Gale Jones—Retained as the public advocate of the Triple X, at three shillings a speech—“whenever he has a few moments to spare from his professional avocations.”

Place—Writing strictures on artificial barrenness—an improvement on Malthus, intended to prevent the further propagation of the king’s lieges.

Johnson—Busy amongst his bristles, making Day and Martin teasers—and blowing up Mr. Hunt’s horse “Bob” for eating up all his oats.

Bamford—Ratted—and weaving “twill,” in Middleton. “Your weaver poor that weaveth twill.”—(*Vide Bamford’s Weaver Boy.*)

Dolby—Dabbling in sixpenny dramas—with every prospect of success; eschewing radicalism, and getting fat.

Griffen—Vending radical breakfast powder—and writing romances.

Bowie—Settled down into a man-milliner by day, and Sec. pro. tem. to the Eccentric Society by night. Van Diemen’s Land given up as a bad job.

Benbow—Rendering cheap “bawdry”—for the benefit of rising radicals.

Dugdale—Quartering himself upon Don Juan, like a grub in a gooseberry bush—and poisoning the mind of the million by permission of the L—d Ch——r.

Saxton—Working away “at ease,” as an operative printer in the general line—and qualifying his countenance for a companionship with Bardolph’s.

Waddy—In quod—next door to the treadmill.

Dr. Watson—Inoculating for the chicken pox—and puking infant radicals.

Cahuac—Gone—or going, to the land of the Blue Mountains—an historical fact. “Adieu ! my native land adieu !”

Sherwin—Hopp’d the twig—no notion of being “topp’d and rounded” by the “fall of the leaf ;” and quite a “hydrophobia” of the unfortunate Old Bailey.

Preston—Translating as usual for the Monmouth-street depôts,—tippling Mr. Hunt’s breakfast decoction, and singing—

“ A cobbler there is, and he lives in a stall,
Derry down, down, down derry down.”

THE GRAND REVOLUTION !

Tune—*The Tight Little Island*.

“ YE Whigs now attend, and list to a friend,

“ If you value a free constitution,

“ Ev’ry nerve let us strain for the Patriots of Spain,

“ And cry up their brave Revolution.

“ Huzza ! for the brave Revolution !

“ Success to the brave Revolution !

“ We’ll all to a man, bawl as loud as we can,

“ Huzza ! for the brave Revolution !

- " When Boney invaded their country, and waded
 " Through oceans of blood, to make Joe king,
 " We ne'er made a push, and cared not a rush
 " If Spain had a king, or had no king :
 " But then there was no Revolution !
 " No enlightening, wise Revolution !
 " They only fought then, for their king back again,
 " And not for a brave Revolution !
- " We once made a rout, most valiant and stout,
 " For Naples to throw off her yoke, Sirs,
 " But Tories so wary, vowed base Carbonari
 " Were thieves, and their valour all smoke, Sirs !
 " To naught came their grand Revolution !
 " Upset was their grand Revolution !
- " Poor, thick-headed calves, they were rebels by halves,
 " And made nought of their grand Revolution !
- " Then we spouted for weeks, in aid of the Greeks,
 " But they proved rather lax in their works, Sirs,
 " For the brave Parguinotes, in cutting of throats,
 " Excell'd e'en the murderous Turks, Sirs ;
 " So we gave up the Greek Revolution—
 " None thought of the Greek Revolution—
 " Folks cared not a straw whether Turkish bashaw
 " Ruled the roast—or the Greek Revolution.
- " But Spain, with true bravery—spurning her slavery,
 " Vows she'll have freedom, or die now,
 " And all that she'll need will be trifles indeed,
 " Such as arms, ammunition, and rhino !
 " Success to her brave resolutions !
 " And just to collect contributions,
 " At dinner we'll meet, in Bishopsgate-street,
 " In aid of her brave resolutions !
- So to feasting they *went*, on a Friday in Lent,
 And mustered what forces they could, Sirs ;
 There was Duke San Lorenzo, with plenty of friends, O,
 Great Sussex and Alderman Wood, Sirs !

The Spaniards pushed hard their petition
 For *money* to buy ammunition;
 But they met with a balk, for Whigs are all *talk*—
 With *nought else* would they help their petition.

They didn't ask Hume, for fear, in a fume,
 At the cost of the war he'd be nibbling,
 So they left him to fight in the Commons all night,
 With Palmerston's estimates quibbling.
 He there with much circumlocution,
 Moved many a wise resolution,
 While the still wiser Whigs were feasting like pigs,
 In the cause of the grand Revolution!

Don Holland of Kensington, while his Whig friends in town
 Grand tavern speeches were planning,
 Wrote a note just to tell the brave Arguelles
 How much wiser the Whigs are than Canning.
 "All England one feeling displays, Sir,
 "Never mind what the Minister says, Sir!
 "At him you may hoot, and the Council to boot,
 "For England is all in a blaze, Sir!"

As the Whigs had for years rung peace in our ears,
 When for *war* the whole nation did burn, Sirs,
 'Twould surely be hard, if they now were debarred
 From crying for *war* in their turn, Sirs!
 So Macintosh made an oration,
 As bold as a war proclamation,
 Then finished his boast with this apposite toast,
 "May *peace* be preserved to the nation!"

Then leave 'em to prate, and spout and debate,
 We all know there's nought but a *show* meant;
 Let 'em blow hot and cold—be shy, or be bold,
 As the humour prevails at the moment:
 Let 'em cry up the grand Revolution!
 The gallant and brave Revolution!
 And all to a man—bawl as loud as they can,
 Huzza! for the brave Revolution!

THE WANDERING JEW.

THIS very remarkable story is of considerable antiquity. It had gained full credit in this country before 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. "For in that year there came an Armenian Bishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches, who being entertained at the monastery at St. Alban's, was asked several questions relative to his country, &c.—Among the rest, a monk, who sat near him, inquired, 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person, named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion, conversed with him, and was still alive, in confirmation of the Christian Faith?' The Bishop answered, 'the fact was true;' and afterwards one of his train, who was well known to the Abbot, interpreting his master's words, told them, in French, 'that his Lord knew the person they spoke of very well; and that he had dined at his table a little while before they left the East; that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Castaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment-hall, struck him with his fist upon his back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I am indeed going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after, he was converted and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit of ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was

in at the time Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ—the Saints that arose with him—the composing the Apostles' Creed—their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person.”—Such is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Alban's, and living at the time of the above remarkable relation.—Since his era, many impositions have appeared under the name and character of the Wandering Jew, whose several histories may be seen in *Calmet's History of the Holy Bible*. See also *Turkish Spy*, vol. II. book 3, letter I.

SONG.

To a very old Tune—Ho boy, Hey boy.

Ho boy, hey boy,
 Come, come away boy,
 And bring me a Whig by the ear;
 A thorough-paced Whig, with an eye like a prig,
 And a voice like a jack-ass clear;
 In skull he be thick
 As Michael the “Chick;”
 In ears, let him rival Hume;
 Let him twitch without fail, like the devil's tail,
 His nose in the manner of Brougham.
 Like Jeffrey the Great
 Let the creature prate
 Three hours, and not say a word;
 Let him disemogue his wit, in the brogue
 Of the Knight of Waterford;

With Fergusson's grace,
 Give him Lambton's face,
 And the virtue of Tankerville's brood;
 With Creevey's good taste, Nugent's figure and waist,
 And the talents of Matthew Wood.

Let him charm the House,
 Like Juliet's spouse,
 Or like Bedford's mighty John;
 And mouth without teeth, with the vigour and pith
 Of herring-faced Hutchinson;
 Let him be as chaste,
 And select in taste,
 As that Chancellor, grey and gay,
 Who speech'd for the Queen, and to Gretna Green
 In petticoats ran away.

Let him be as pure
 As Abraham Moore,
 And the Gerald's Treasurer fair;
 Give him smiles as gay as those of Earl Grey,
 And Jarvy Sefton's air:
 Let him limp and beg,
 With a wound in his leg,
 Like the Vigo Corporal Bob;
 Let him rail against those, to whom he owes
 His dinner, like Cammy Hob.

Let him scowl with his eye,
 Like Tierney, sly;
 Let him spout like Ebrington,
 And, for State and Church, let him do what Birch
 And Denman, our members have done.
 Ho boy, hey boy,
 Take them away, boy,
 And hire a booth at the fair,
 For a halfpenny, ho—two Whigs we can show,
 All alive, all alive, I declare!
Cætera Desunt—Rogers would say *indecent*.

A NEW SONG.

Addressed to the Free and Independent Electors of *Peterborough*, on hearing that the celebrated Mr. Scarlett, late Member for that most pure and uncontrolled City, actually took the Chiltern Hundreds, and vacated his Seat for the Honour of being—a *Candidate* for the *University of Cambridge*.—*Vide*—Mr. Scarlett's Apologetic Letter to his late Constituents.

Tune—Bow, wow, wow.

“ ————— Bull,
 “ Amid the circus roars; provoked from far,
 “ By sight of Scarlet, and the sanguine war.”

DRYDEN.

You've often heard, in Sessions time, of Parliament Reform, Sirs,
 And none for such a measure than your Member was more
 warm, Sirs,

He'd speak for hours on the theme; corruption he prevented;
 And shocked at lordly influence—your City represented.

Bow, wow, wow.

When Cambridge Whigs and Papists too, their lib'ral suffrage
 proffer'd,

This Member left ye in the lurch, and took the votes they offer'd:
 Quite sure of representing them, he cut ye with a sneer, Sirs,
 And took the Chiltern Hundreds, *worth at least two pounds a*
year, Sirs.

Bow, wow, wow.

But ah, alas! in spite of Law, of Physic, and Divinity;
 Of punning Johnians, London ruffs, and all the scum of Trinity,
 Your Member in the *lowest place*, discovered he had blunder'd,
 When he had left ye, for *the Stewardship of a paltry Hundred*.

Bow, wow, wow.

There was a dog, the fable tells, once crossing a clear river,
 And in his mouth (his master's gift) he held a piece of liver;
 But seeing in the placid stream, another dog and meat, Sirs,
 He took it in his head to want *that Doggy's* meat to eat, Sirs.
Bow, wow, wow.

They say 'twas on the river Cam that this affair did happen;
 The dog alluded to is known to have a trick at snapping,
 He made a snatch at what he saw; so eager in his pranks, Sirs,
 And lost his *own*, which quickly was absorbed beneath the
Banks, Sirs.
Bow, wow, wow.

'Twas curious to observe the dog, who frisky was while prowling,
 Drop down his tail when thus deceiv'd, and cur-like fall to
 howling;
 In getting back what he had dropped, he never could succeed,
 Sirs,
 While all who saw it voted him *a stupid Dog*, indeed, Sirs.
Bow, wow, wow.

The fable I've attempted thus in doggrel verse to burnish;
 The moral is the part, my friends, which ye yourselves should
 furnish;
 And let your *Judas* understand you hold that proverb sound, Sirs,
 Which says, "between two stools the rump will always find the
 ground," Sirs.
Bow, wow, wow.

EPIGRAM,

*On a Man of the Name of Treble being apprehended for picking
 Pockets.*

Treble with London pickpockets, they say,
 Has long time held the *tenor* of his way:
 If this be true, and can be proved the case,
 Then *Treble's tenor* has been *thorough-base*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

DOMINE—*περι Φορου optimi* istius civis (Weare scilicet), plura dis-
serere sit tandem, vel per breve Spatium, concessa quies! ignoscat
quidem IPSE—

“ — Scirent si ignoscere *manes* ;”

Pro epulis istis (*apud* PROBERT) *Læstry gonensibus hoc* accipe quale-
cunque sit *carmen nostrum* quod animos hominum utinam reficiat et à
cæde et sanguine paululum distrahat!

Καὶ Εὐ χαίρει.

CARMEN PRÆNOMINUM;

Or, A SONG OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

SARAE NOSTRÆ DICATUM.

So they gave thee *a name*
From the time-stricken dame
In the what is it chapter of Moses!
'Tis the first of our troubles
In this greatest of bubbles,
When face, figure, or fortune opposes!

Ruth is given to flirt,
Julia's hemming your shirt,
Alas for the blood of Dictators!
Martha talks of a *spree* *,
And *Matilda* †, ah me!
Crusades it, in Bond-street, in gaiters.

NOTES VARIORUM.

* *A Spree*—Potius Esprit.—This being the common mode in which
that quality of mind in England manifests itself; it consists chiefly (as
is well known—but *we* write for posterity) in the fracture of lamps,
and in destroying the continuity of skin.

† *Ah me*—Potius, Ah, *she*;—we do not see what claim the *writer*
can have to the commiseration that properly belongs to *Matilda*.
(Voyez Matilde ou les Croisades, par Mad. Cottin). That it is a dis-
agreeable thing to go about in sloppy weather without *boots*, we learn
from Shakspeare—

“ Home *without boots*, and in foul weather too,
How 'scapes he agues, in the Devil's name?”

* *Euphemia's* a scold,
Jessy's forward and bold,
 And *Chloe* † gets redder and redder;
Grace is stiff as a post,
Fanny ‡ looks like a ghost,
 And for *Patience*, the D—I would dread her.

Flora's much overblown,
 Bel-esprit *Lydia's* grown;
 Long and sharp, like her nose, *Helen's* chin is;
Penelope paints,
Bridget vapours and faints,
 And *Celia's* a perfect *Erinnys* §.
 Had I been at thy christening,
 As attentively listening
 As when Simeon's voice became loose
 (For you'll grant me that ne'er a
 Name's harsher than *Sarah*,
 If you go the world over to choose).

Had it rested with me,
 Since poets foresee,
 Like prophets, as every one knows,
 I'd have thought of the bloom,
 And the beauty to come,
 And have christen'd thee nothing but *Rose*.

* *Euphemia* ab εὐ et φημι, blandè alloquor.

† *Chloe* χλωή, viridis—I hope to be excused for making the “*green one, red*,” or, as Kemble punctuated, the green, *one red*. For the rest, there were two men at Christchurch, in my time, who *rejoiced* in the cognomens (cognomine gaudet), the one of *green*, the other of *black s—ds*.

‡ *Fanny* comes from φαίνω, *fulgeo*, and *Lydia* was a very early Christian.

§ It appears superfluous to say any thing of *Erinnys*, she is well known in high society, and is supposed to be fond of a sort of dark coloured alcohol, which indeed may have been *Chloe's* misfortune, and the cause of her *redness*.

SUMMONS OF ROBERT QUARME.

Air—"Pibroch Dhonuil Duibh."

SWEET voice of Robert Quarme,

Sweet voice of Bobby—

Sound at the door th' alarm,

Sound through the lobby:

"Come away, come away,

"Hark to the summons!"

Come to the speech to-day,

Gentlemen Commons.

Come from each hiding place,

Club-house or stable—

Speaker and gold-mace

Are both at the table.

Come ev'ry great Whig, and

Small Whig who treats one,

Come ev'ry poor Whig, and

Rich Whig who seats one.

Leave uncourted the mobs,

The poor without shelter,

Leave unfinish'd your jobs,

Leave the throne and altar.

Leave the deer, for this year,

Leave red caps and white caps,

Come in your voting gear,

Great coats and night-caps.

Come, as good Whigs, come, whose

Speeches are longest,

Run as the dogs run, when

Scent lies the strongest;

Faster come, faster come,

Sefton, Duncannon,

Coke, Lambton, Warre, and Brougham,

Fyshe and Concannon.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather—
Wood walks with Joseph Hume,
Will with his father.
Through the streets take your seats,
Forward each man set;
BLACK ROD and ROBERT QUARME
Call to the onset.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Oh, ye ! who so lately were blythesome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away,
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead.

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance,
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he,
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn,
And the Moth, who was griev'd for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body and silently kiss'd her.

The corse was embalm'd at the set of the sun,
And enclos'd in a case which the Silkworm had spun ;
By the help of the Hornet, the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves, came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall ;
And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grubb left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
 And slowly led with him the Bookworm along;
 Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
 And wrote these few lines to be plac'd on his tomb:—

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;
 'Twas *here* we to Beauty our obsequies paid,
 And hallow'd the mound which her ashes have made.
 And *here* shall the daisy and violet blow,
 And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
 While under the leaf in the ev'ning of Spring,
 Still mourning her friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

LORD WAITHMAN'S TRIUMPH.

Tune—"Derry Down."

WHO'E'ER has seen London must needs know the Hall,
 Adorned with two Giants, so portly and tall—
 It is of that Hall that my muse fain would speak,
 And a dinner and ball given in it last week.

Derry down, down.

No Cockney alive can, I'm certain, remember
 A much finer day than the Tenth of November,
 When Waithman the mighty, began to prepare
 For the wonderful duty of being made Mayor.

Derry down, down.

His Lordship, who mingles the good with the great,
 Proceeded to Westminster, floating in state—
 No dangers he feared, since from proverbs he found
 There was not a chance that he e'er should be drown'd.

Derry down, down.

Judge Graham received him, and gave him such praise
As very old Judges bestow, on such days;
But Waithman was tickled with language so fine,
And bid the Recorder invite him to dine.

Derry down, down.

The oath then was tender'd, Lord Waithman was sworn,
And the sword and the mace at his coming were borne,
His oath did I say—the word came in pat,
You may turn to the *dictum* of Kenyon for that.

Derry down, down.

The forms all gone through, they returned with the tide,
To the stairs at Blackfriars, whence they were to ride,
And his Lordship desired the *cortege* to stop,
To take up his wife and his girls at the shop.

Derry down, down.

How grand 'twas to see my Lord Waithman go ride
In his great gilded coach, the whole length of Cheapside,
While the plumes of his daughters fulfilled the wise words,
That very fine feathers make very fine birds.

Derry down, down.

At Guildhall arrived, (trumpets sound his approach),
Lord Waithman abandoned his extra-sized coach,
And repaired to the chamber to take up his state,
Where wisdom and he guide the civic debate.

Derry down, down.

Mrs. Waithman prepared—all the company bowed,
The dinner's announced—how oppressive the crowd!
But my Lady, to make all the city folks stare,
Is led by the Son of a King to her chair.

Derry down, down.

In right of his rank and his figure, next comes
Lord Nugent, so famed for torpedos and bombs;
But poor Mrs. Waithman cried out—some say swore,
That she ne'er saw a Lord like his Lordship before.

Derry down, down.

In naming the guests, no praise the muse grudges;
 But no man of rank had arrived, save the Judges.
 Would they keep away from champagne and green fat?
 No; they were, indeed, too good judges for that!

Derry down, down.

Cam Hobhouse, whose waistcoat was covered with gold,
 And whose coat was too little his body to hold;
 Like a pigeon stuck up, seemed to stand on one leg,
 While escorting to table the elegant Peg.

Derry down, down.

The dinner went on, and though Probert and Thurtell
 Were absent, yet still their friends got through the turtle:
 The dishes were cleared—and the bottles passed quick,
 Till the ladies grew hazy—the gentlemen sick.

Derry down, down.

After dinner his Lordship—(Lord Waithman)—proposed
 A toast, by which most of his cronies were pözed,
 He gave in a bumper of claret, the "King!"
 ('Twas in hopes to induce his great brother to sing).

Derry down, down.

On gentlemen subject to coughs or the asthma,
 The dense fog of London acts just like miasma:
 For singing, the Prince said his lungs were too weak,
 But he kindly arranged it by offering to speak.

Derry down, down.

Seven toasts he proposed under seven pretences,
 'Till he frighten'd his friends out of their seven senses;
 But the Prince was determined to act Lord Mayor's fool,
 To shew that he was not afraid of John Bull.

Derry down, down.

Lord Nugent—whose health, one really would think,
 To look at his Lordship, no person need drink—
 Returned his brief thanks, but small Henry Grey
 Found no opportunity his speech to say.

Derry down, down.

Hume was brief, and more pleasing than ever before—
 But Macintosh dealt out a dose of his lore;
 This teacher at schools makes the most of his knowledge,
 For his speech of the tenth will still do for the College.

Derry down, down.

The mob getting tipsy, 'twas moved to proceed
 To the hall of debate, where my Lady had "*tea'd*!"
 For the young city dowdies, let what may befall,
 Will never go home without having a ball.

Derry down, down.

So pretty Miss Waithman looked all round the place
 For some decentish person of figure or grace;
 But such was the dearth, that she chose from the pack,
 To open the ball with her,—Major Camac.

Derry down, down.

The uproar was dreadful, and many the crates
 Of butter-boats, soup-tureens, dishes and plates,
 That fell by the hands of the mob in the hall,
 Who, unable to dance, still would keep up the ball.

Derry down, down.

In these dingy pleasures—in this smoky fun,
 The thing was continued till half-after one,
 When the company home in their "jarvies" were pack'd,
 For fear of infringing the new Vagrant Act.

Derry down, down.

A TOUCHING WRITER.

"It must be owned," said D'Alembert, "that nobody ever succeeded better in the doleful style than M. Arnaud, since every time that one reads any thing of his, one is really sorry."

WHAT IS AN EPIGRAM?

THE FIRST KNOWN ENGLISH EPIGRAM.

On a Scholar, who was pursuing his Studies successfully, but, in the midst of his Literary Career, married unfortunately.

A student at his book so plast*,
That welth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haste,
From welth to wo to run.

Now who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath *undone*.

* Pursuing his studies. Plast, so spelled for the rhyme, is placed,
—T. Warton.

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIGRAM.—BY LORD HERVEY.

A pleasing subject first with care provide,
Your matter must with nature be supply'd :
Nervous your diction, be your measure long,
Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong.
In proper places proper numbers use,
And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;
Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
But slower spondee coming thoughts suspends :
Your last attention on the string below,
To that your good or ill success you'll owe ;
For there not wit alone must shine, but humour flow.
Observing these, your Epigram completed,
Nor fear'twill tire, though seven times repeated.

}

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DEBATE.

[On the re-admission of strangers.]

A MEMBER rose on our return,
 But one whose name we could not learn,
 "Mr. Speaker"—(*Hear him! hear him!*)
 Mr. Speaker—(*Hear him, hear!*)—
 "Sir, I rise to"—(*Hear him, hear him!*)
 "Sir, I rise to—(*hear!*)
 Why all this interruptive cheering;
 These calls of *hear* prevent all *hearing*;
 Decorum meets with no regard here,
 And I insist, that in this House,
 There is no—(*Order, order, order!*)
 My Honourable and Learned Friend
 May strain his lungs, but I contend,
 And I will prove before I close,
 That"—(Here another Member rose)
 "Mr. Speaker"—(cries of "*Spoke!*")
 "Sir, I beg pardon; I appeal,
 Spite of that *spoke* put in my wheel,
 To—(*Order, order!—Spoke!*)
 Sir, I am on my legs again,
 Simply and purely to explain—
 No fact, I think, can be more clear,
 Than that the rulers of the State
 Are both corrupt and profligate;
 Of this there is no"—(*Question, question—Order,*
order!—Hear!)
 "Sir I defy all—(*Order, order!*)
 Sir, I defy the—(cries of "*Chair!*")
 Sir, I beg pardon—(*Hear him, hear him!*)
 Permit me, Sir, to beg your ear;
 I feel it an ungracious task,
 But—(*Hear him!*)—give me leave to ask,
 What have our Ministers been doing
 For these last five-and-twenty years,
 But travelling in the road to ruin,
 Hailing Corruption with loud cheers!!!

But, Sir, we must at length retrench—
(Loud coughing from the Treasury Bench.)
 My Honourable Friend may frown,
 And his phalanx may cough me *down*;
 But they distend their throats in vain,
 And they may cough me *up again*.
 But shall our desperate condition
 Cause—*(Laughter from the Opposition.)*
 But what *can* cause us to be worse,
 While leeches drain the public purse?
 And as to Party, who confides
 In *either*?—*(Laughter from both sides.)*
 Sir, I here swear by all that's dear
 'To'———*(Order, order!—Hear him, Hear him!—*
Order, order!—Hear!)
 —The Member's speech is here curtailed,
 From the loud uproar that prevailed.

A Ministerial Member rose.—

“My Learned Friend, who has spoke last,
 Does he—he scarcely can—suppose
 The age of honesty is past?
 With me, and those with whom, in fact,
 I have the honour, Sir, to act,
 Freedom's the sacred name we most
 Revere, and of all others boast;
 Her maxims are our polar guide,
 We spread their influence far and wide.

We never stray beyond their reach;
 Her rules we *honour*, they're our cable”—
 (Here some one said across the table,

“Then they are honour'd *in the breach!*”)
 The whisper passed not quite unheeded,
 The Member paused, and then proceeded
 To argue with his usual strength,
 And usual tone, and usual length.
 He spoke in terms sublimely warm,
 In praise of *moderate* reform.
 And sinecures, which, to discard,
 Would take from merit all reward.

On sinecures how much depends
 In forwarding important ends !
 And all impartial minds must own,
 The essential influence of the Crown
 Demands—" I disregard that sneer"—
 (Repeated cries of "*Hear him, hear !*")
 Much that was pregnant with allusion
 Passed quite unheard in the confusion.
 But order was at length restored.—
 " The labours of the Treasury Board,
 Those taxes which our commerce nourish,
 And under which our farmers flourish,"
 The Honourable Member said,
 " Could not too burdensome be made.
 When levied, they returned again
 To line our pockets, not to drain :
 Just as the dew drawn from the earth
 Returns in showers, which give birth
 To all the fatness of the land,
 And all the wealth that we command.
 Thus the revenue, tho' in peace,
*Increases as our means decrease**.
 Witness the excess of every quarter
 Above the corresponding—(*Laughter*)
 Above the corresponding—(*Hear,*
Hear !)—quarter of the former year."—
 He now had dropt his voice so low,
 We could but catch a word or so.
 He talk'd of measures, dates, and facts,
 The Constitution and Six Acts ;
 " Yes, Six ! for can we do with less
 Than *Six Supporters of the Press ?*
 Six Ensigns of our glorious Freedom !!
 If we had sixty we should need 'em.

* This, at first sight, would seem to be a mistake ; but our reporter vouches for its correctness. Indeed the assertion will be recognised, by those who are in the habit of attending the debates, as very common in the mouth of ministers. According to their representation, the public purse is like a well that becomes the larger *the more you take from it*.

The rights of freedom," he maintained,
 " Could never be too well sustained ;
 Those rights," the Learned Member said,
 Which God forbid he should invade.
 Here, breaking forth into a strain
 Of eloquence, *plus qu' humaine*,
 " Ever at Freedom's sacred call
 I trust that, let what will befall,
 Tho' England's every hope were lost,
 I shall be found, Sir, at my post."
 This said, he, with his usual ease,
 Launch'd forth again *in medias res* ;
 Express'd his fix'd determination
 That he'd support his country's name,
 Her strength, resources, reputation,
 Greatness, high character, and fame :
 Her cause was to his heart more dear
 Than — (*Order, order !—Hear him, hear !*)
 Than—but, in short, he would support
 More than our pages can report ;
 And having eulogized the Crown,
 He, to support himself, sat down.
 But both sides, as it now grew late,
 Became impatient of debate ;
 Two Members rose, and then a third,
 But neither of the three were heard,
 Midst calls for "*Question !*"—" *Hear !*" and coughing,
 And "*Order, order !*" and loud laughing,
 The House adjourned at break of day,
 After a sitting most severe ;
 And the whole chorus died away
 In cries of "*Order, order !*"—" *Chair !*"
 "*Question !*"—" *Order !*"—" *Hear him, hear !*"—
 "*Question !*"—" *Order !*"—" *Hear !*"

Finis.

Positively in January will be published,

PART I.

OF AN ORIGINAL WORK,

ENTITLED

THE ENGLISH SPY;

OR

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES AND SCENES

OF

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PROSE AND VERSE,

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- Point 6.—Miseries of London—A London Summer Morning—London Walkers described.—Vignette—The Rencontre.
- Point 7.—Miseries of Matrimony—Sample of a Quiet One—Miseries of Habit.—Vignette—The End of Misery.
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STRIKING REPRESENTATIONS OF THE VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

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PROSPECTUS.

At first appearing before the public, the Editor of a periodical publication feels it incumbent on him to promise with sincerity to expose his intentions, and to enlarge upon his means of amusing, if not of instructing his readers: he asks for their confidence and support, and promiseth improvement commensurate thereto. If he be a *new one*, he may be taken upon trial; and if he turn out serviceable, he is *continued*. Such was the case with the Editor of these Annals, while he was yet young in the public eye: he ventured to strike out upon a new tract, running parallel, indeed, with others, but steering clear of their *mode of cultivation*, and labouring harder for the soil than they—as became most evident to several good judges,—two or three of whom we shall quote presently. Now, however, that time and experience (which do so much for the *least wise*) have taught the Editor the length of his Reader's foot, and that they may be considered as *old acquaintance*, professions and expositions become alike unnecessary. He says, “look at this, and that, and the other Number of my Work; read the three volumes which are just completed; look at the embellishments, the *manner of getting up*, the *tout ensemble* (altogether), and pray consider that that is the way I mean to serve ye, and you know it.”

But, Sirs,—although all are satisfied,—yet do we contemplate further improvements as the Work proceeds, that shall at once prove our gratitude, and evince the improved state of the Fine Arts at the present day, so far as drawing and engraving are concerned; several very spirited engravings, after original drawings by EMINENT MASTERS, being in the hands of the artists, and intended to appear incessantly in the Twenty-first and succeeding Numbers of these Annals, *without any alteration in the charge*. To those of our Subscribers who have stuck to us through nearly two years of every varied Sport, we

need not profess veraciousness; they already know full well, that we would not "make the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the heart." To such of the public as may not be apprized of the merits of our plan, it may suffice to observe, that—

THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD, in all their boundless and healthful variety, and RURAL AMUSEMENTS, whatever shape or denomination they may take, form two of the grand divisions of our Work. HUNTING, SHOOTING, and ANGLING, with the collateral and necessary information upon the best methods of training the HORSE and the DOG, and of enticing the FINNY TRIBE from their native element, ever command our best attention. These are occupations which the Philosopher and the Naturalist might aspire to illustrate; because, while they give tone and vigour to the body, they contain not a particle of any quality that tends to debase the mind. There is not in the World a man who has less occasion for the doctor, the lawyer, or the parson, than your good-humoured, ruddy, healthy, and contented Sportsman; who loves a pack of hounds better than a pill-box,—prefers his mug of October to a brief,—and, if he does not break his neck over a five-barred gate, is certain to drop in a green old age, like a fine ancient Castle, whose foundations suddenly give way, without sufficient notice "to quit."

Well then, it is the noble Sports that form such Subjects, (and they are among the best the King possesses,) which find a prominent place in our pages; but they do not monopolize them: the populous City has its SPORTS, as well as the plain, the valley, and the stream. We shall, therefore, trace *Life in London*, as well as in the Country; and 'tis odds but we bag much game in both. We have our feats of manly strength and science;—we have our trials of skill, in the noble art of ARCHERY, once the terror of our enemies; in the active game of CRICKET; in the sinewy toil of QUOITS; in the graceful, yet muscular, pursuits of the FENCING-SCHOOL; and in the humble, but not inglorious, labours of PEDESTRIANISM. Here we have, too, in high perfection, the renowned exploits of our first-rate PUGILISTS to recount!!!

In short, there is not a fancy article, from the prize RING, down to prize SAILING, ROWING-MATCHES, SKATING, FIVES, RACKETS, BILLIARDS, and even ROUGE ET NOIR, which do not occasionally diversify our pages. Our eyes are everywhere, and our pen ever ready to fix imperishably the passing scene of the moment. Our Work shall be as a Mirror, in which the reader will see the forms of SPORTING LIFE, in all their gay and endless varieties, pass before him, while instruction and knowledge, appropriate to the subjects, will be blended with the more fascinating themes of amusement.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Already have appeared in this Work the following handsome Cabinet Pictures on Sporting Subjects, coloured close after Nature.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 The Frontispiece, representing fifteen several species of Sporting. | 14 Exterior View of the Stables of J. R. Scott, Esq. at Cheltenham. | 26 Fan, a celebrated half-bred Bitch. |
| 2 Going to Cover. | 15 Visit to the Fives-Court. | 27 Unkennelling. |
| 3 Race-Horses Exercising. | 16 Duck-Shooting. | 28 Skating Match at Chatteris. |
| 4 Grouse-Shooting. | 17 Interior View of the Stables of J. R. Scott, Esq. | 29 Ferreting Rabbits. |
| 5 Breaking Cover. | 18 Partridge-Shooting. | 30 Stag at Bay. |
| 6 Rattle and Clinker. | 19 Sportsmen Refreshing. | 31 Portrait of Colonel Thornton. |
| 7 Portrait of Jack Spigot. | 20 North American Deer. | 32 Portrait of Magistrate, a celebrated Stallion. |
| 8 Portrait of Piper. | 21 Pigeon-Shooting. | 33 Drawing a Badger. |
| 9 Portrait of Filho da Puta. | 22 Portrait of Theodore. | 34 Portrait of Tom Spring. |
| 10 Racing—Mounting. | 23 Pheasant-Shooting. | 35 Racing—Preparing for a Second Heat. |
| 11 Racing—Winning. | 24 Full-Cry. | 36 Duck Hunting. |
| 12 Game Cocks.—The Set-to. | 25 Portrait of Tom Hickman. | |
| 13 Gudgeon-Raking. | | |

Besides numerous Wood-Cuts on the pages, and many exquisitely engraven prints, that, by the mode of execution, admit not of colouring.

Every Six Numbers of this interesting Work form a Volume, three of which are complete, and may be had, handsomely half-bound, price 17s. each; in these is recorded every occurrence and improvement connected with Field Sports, subsequently to January, 1822, and may be considered as a complete

REGISTER OF SPORTING SUBJECTS.

We copy the following paragraphs, un mutilated, from the columns of a provincial print (*The Doncaster Gazette*) much devoted to sporting subjects, in which (as will be seen) the judgement of the writer has been brought to bear most freely and discriminatively upon our labours. It may be urged, that *vanity* hath prompted us to prefix these extracts to our Annals; or, more probably, the desire to procure for our sporting publication a patronage fully commensurate to the pains bestowed upon getting up and adapting it to the taste of the times, mainly induceth the Publishers to be beholden to strangers for a character. The reader shall attribute the present step to which cause best suits *his fancy*, for it certainly does belong to one or the other, if not to both of them; and, after several months expended in deliberating, (as will be seen by comparing dates,) we submit to be motived without murmuring.

"ANNALS OF SPORTING AND FANCY GAZETTE.

"Or this very interesting and entertaining Magazine, the *third* number is just come to hand, and enables us to comprehend more fully, the plan and intentions of the Editors, for, it appears, there are

more than one, besides the contributions of several practical correspondents, which they constantly solicit and frequently receive. We cannot, therefore, better occupy our columns than by indulging a few minutes' observation on its contents, its embellishments, and the *nouvelle manner* in which it has been hitherto conducted; for the title, taken simply, does not convey a full and adequate notion of the *varied pleasures* developed in its pages, nor of the *finished manner* of its execution, as regards the *extensive knowledge* displayed concerning every species of sport, the excellent typography, or the inimitable *CABINET PICTURES*, two of which, *finely coloured*, accompany each number. In all these departments a *decided superiority* over similar publications is evident and striking; indeed, the Projectors (or Publishers) appear to have judiciously employed that peculiar talent which is most *au fait* in each particular department, and, by the aid of talent thus congregated, they produce a monthly sporting *bijou* of unusual lustre,—*brilliant* to the eye, *pungent* to the taste, and, to the mind, a source and means of constantly recurring *instruction, pleasure, and delight*.

"The price, also, is matter of no small consideration to the Sportsman and Lover of Gymnastics: for *half-a-crown* a month the reader has here the whole collected information, as to whatever is passing, or all such topics, throughout the entire kingdom and parts abroad; together with particular treatises or essays upon the discoveries daily making on all sporting subjects or matters connected therewith; so that none may now be at a loss where to seek for expositions regarding the most modern *sporting knowledge* of this improving age. In the *first division* of the Work are arranged, monthly, those essays or familiar dissertations on the various subjects that constitute the Sportsman's delight; not a single *out-door sport*, of the great variety that presses upon our notice, escapes the lynx-eyed Editor and his able coadjutors, whilst the in-door amusements are not wholly neglected.

"Among many more subjects already treated of, in this *first division*, may be briefly enumerated—"the Horse and the Dog," those main auxiliaries of our pleasures; their achievements, their diseases and capabilities; "on Angling, and on Archery; on Gymnastics; present Game-Laws and ancient Hunting Statutes; History of Racing; Field-Sports, generally:—Fox-Hunting; Coursing; Shooting; Grouse, Partridges, &c.; Skating and Horse-Shoeing; most of which are illustrated by *descriptive cuts upon the pages*, that, by their exquisite execution, charm the eyes of the *mere Virtuoso* in what they call "cut-printing," who may not admire the sports they represent. Already upwards of thirty of those *beautiful little pictures* are inserted.

"Passing over the *second division* awhile, we come to the *third*, in which are recorded the *actual occurrences* of the month, and this appears to us the *practical illustration* of the *first Part*; it is thus titled,—"*Sporting Occurrences in the month past*; with such Notices of Rarities in Natural History as pertain to the Chase, the Turf, the Stud, and the Ring, and such other Intelligence as may interest "the Lover of Athletic Sports generally." This whole Part is a *highly-pleasing* monthly treat to the general reader, whose mind may not be devoted to the sports of the field, of the turf, or of the ring. Many curious particulars in natural history are introduced, with occasional *novel and curious disquisition and enrichments* of the passing events, that evince a long and laboured attention to the subjects that come to be described as having happened in the course of the month. We might cite a score or two of examples, but let a few suffice, as *samples of the Editor's manner* of handling the otherwise dry matters of fact given by the daily press. At page 61, the horses of Mr. Hay's hunt are reported ill; hereupon the writer offers some *judicious advice* as to the proper treatment in such cases, and resumes the subject at page 136. "The Smithfield Cattle-show" comes to be described at page 64; and the article contains much *new information* which had escaped the Editor of the Farmer's Journal, and every other report of that Show. "Duels" are detailed, as making part of "the manful exertions" it is his task to record but, with a happy *naïveté*, the fanciful writer turns those disgraceful meetings into *ridicule*, which appears to us the likeliest method of bringing such *affairs* into deserved disrepute.

"After observing that the Editors of this Miscellany hitherto pay but little attention to *Turf-affairs*, though they promise to enlarge upon these hereafter as the season comes on, we turn back to the *Second Part*, or "Fancy Gazette;" the main object of which is, "to record faithfully and with vigour, accounts of the *forceful exertions* of all animated nature, and chiefly the manful contests that elevate the present race of Britons far above all precedent." Upon this part of sporting pursuits we forbear to enlarge, as not being exactly to our particular taste; but if the thing itself is *permitted*, (and we see no effectual remedy,) if the Editor's word is to be taken, or the opinions of Mr. Windham to be respected, that, "to the spirit thus kept alive among the people, we owe our *independent principles*, our *existence as a nation*" as well as a noble despatch of *insidious attacks*, and an ardent love of *fair play*," why, truly, we cannot see our way out of the dilemma, but must, "*se defensio*, fight on," as the Fancy Editor would express himself. For this is the way in which he *mixes up* apt quotation and actual fact of the commonest kind, giving out the *chaff* (as he calls *talking*) in the high flown *lingo* of the Cockney-school, which species of patch-work composition led us to lament (before we became more familiar with his style) that so much erudition should be found covered, as it were, in the *carbon* of the Fancy Ring. But such perversions are *characteristic* of the age in which we live; and, if the *manners of the men* who are so engaged signify any thing, their correction may be safely trusted to this gentleman, who minces the matter not a tittle with the *rougher sort*, and constantly upholds those he terms "the *better sort*" of pugilists. The consequence has been, these are becoming gentlemen and persons of property, we find, with some portion of intelligence and much suavity, neither of which could be found among "the men" of the Ring twenty-five years ago, when we resided in London."

Vide Doncaster Gazette of March, 1822.

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Sportsman's Repository,

COMPRISING A COMPLETE

SERIES OF HIGHLY-FINISHED ENGRAVINGS, representing the HORSE and the DOG in all their Varieties, executed in the Line Manner, by Mr. John Scott, from Paintings by Marshall, Reinagle, Gilpin, Stubbs, and Cooper; accompanied with a Comprehensive Historical and Systematic Description of the Different Species of each, their appropriate Uses, Management, Improvement, &c.; interspersed with interesting Anecdotes of the most celebrated Horses and Dogs, and their Owners; likewise, a great Variety of Practical Information on Training, and the Amusements of the Field. By the AUTHOR OF "BRITISH FIELD SPORTS."

IT would be difficult to imagine any selection from the great storehouse of Nature more likely to merit general attention, or to excite general interest, than the one to which we now invite Public Notice. Of all the animals in the Creation, (with the exception of those which minister to our carnivorous appetites,) it would be impossible to name two which are so intimately associated with our wants, our pleasures, and our attachments as the HORSE and the DOG. To the former we are indebted for the power of transporting ourselves from place to place with speed and comfort, and for the means of participating in the manly and healthful Sports of the Field; while the labours of Agriculture and the pursuits of Commerce are no less indebted to it for increased activity and productiveness. Independently, indeed, of our recreation, it would be difficult to imagine any extensive operations of man which do not derive a large portion of their importance and utility from the use of this noble animal. From the well-bred hunter down to the hapless drudge in the sand-cart, through all the intermediate gradations, we see the valuable properties of the Horse made available to the wants and pleasures of man. Can it be doubted, then, that a work which professes to unite the embellishments of Art with the inquiries of science, in developing all the varieties of this animal, will meet with an adequate patronage?

But it is not on this ground alone that it aspires to patronage. It takes a wider range, and, by including in its design, the history, the qualities, and the different breeds of the DOG—that half-reasoning friend and companion of man—it enlarges its claims to general reception. Who is there that has not, at some period of his life, acknowledged the influence of an attachment between himself and his dog? Who is there that does not recognise in this faithful, vigilant, sagacious, humble, and silent, friend, the possessor of qualities which are not always to be found in the human and more talkative friend? Poetry and eloquence have not disdained to employ themselves in celebrating the virtues of the Canine Race; and the historian of it may hope to have his theme applauded.

It is only necessary further to observe that the literary execution and graphic embellishments of this work are not unworthy of the subjects delineated. With respect to the latter, the Proprietors confidently anticipate that the names of the Artists employed are a sufficient guarantee; while the former is the production of the leisure hours of an experienced Sportsman.

The following are the Subjects of the Plates which embellish the Work, viz.

HORSES.

- | | |
|---|---|
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Congreve, William	Kilwarden, Lord	Sterne, L.
Cook, Capt. James	King, Dr.	Swift, Dean
Corneille, Peter	Kneller, Sir Godfrey	Thomson, James
Cowley, Abraham	Knox, John	Thornhill, Sir J.
Cowper, William	Kotzebue, Aug. Von	Thurlow, Lord
Craumer, Archbishop	Lambert, John	Tillotson, Archbishop
Cromwell, Oliver	Latimer, Bishop	Tooke, Horne
Cromwell, E. of Essex	Laud, Archbishop	Tournefort, Joseph
Cumberland, R.	Lavater, J. C.	Vincent, Dr.
Curran, J. P.	Lettson, Dr.	Voltaire
Curtis, William	Linnæus, C. Von	Walcott, Dr.
Darwin, Dr. Erasmus	Locke, John	Waller, Edmund
De Lolme, J. L.	Luther, Martin	Walpole, Horatio
Digby, Sir Kenelm	Lytleton, Lord	Walpole, Sir Robert
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Drake, Sir Francis	Mason, William	Warburton, Bishop
Dryden, John	Melancthon, Philip	Warton, Thomas
Ellenborough, Lord	Middleton, Sir H.	Washington, Gen.
Essex, Earl of	Milton, John	Watson, Bishop
Eugene, Prince	Montrose, Marquis	Watts, Dr.
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Falkland, Lord	Morland, George	White, H. K.
Fenelon, Archbishop	Morton, Earl of	Wickham, William
Fielding, Henry	Murphy, Arthur	Wilkes, John
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